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THE

WORKS

46645

OF THE CELEBRATED

Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

CONTAINING,

Perjur'd Husband.	Wonder, a Woman Keeps a Secret.
Beaux's Duel.	Man's Bewitch'd.
Gamester.	Gotham Election.
Basset Table.	Wife well Manag'd.
Love at a Venture.	A Bickerstaff's Burying.
Love's Contrivance.	Bold Stroke for a Wife.
Busy Body.	Artifice.
Marplot in Lisbon.	Stolen Heiress.
Platonic Lady.	
Perplex'd Lovers.	
Cruel Gift.	

With a New Account of her LIFE.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Knapton, C. Hitch and L. Hawes, J. and R. Tonson, S. Crowder and Co. W. Bathoe, T. Lownds, T. Caslon, and [illegible] Kearsly.

M.DCC.LXI.

1761

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THE

WORKS

OF THE CELEBRATED

Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.
PERJURD HUSBAND.
BEAUX'S DUEL.
GAMESTER.
BASSET TABLE.
LOVE AT A VENTURE.
STOLEN HEIRESS.

LL 18a

LONDON:

Printed for J. KNAPTON, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, J. and R. TONSON, S. CROWDER and Co. W. BATHOE, T. LOWNDS, T. CASLON, and W. KEARSLY.

M.DCC.LXI.

TO THE

WORLD.

BE it known that the Person with Pen in Hand is no other than a Woman, not a little piqued to find that neither the Nobility nor Commonalty of the Year 1722, had Spirit enough to erect in *Westminster-Abbey*, a Monument justly due to the Manes of the never to be forgotten Mrs. *Centlivre*, whose Works are full of lively Incidents, genteel Language, and humourous Descriptions of real Life, and deserved to have been recorded by a Pen equal to that which celebrated the * Life of *Pythagoras*. Some Authors have had a *Shandean* Knack of ushering in their own Praises, sounding their own Trumpet, calling Absurdity Wit, and boasting when they ought to blush; but our Poetess had Modesty, the general Attendant of Merit. She was even asham'd to proclaim her own great Genius, probably because the Custom of the Times discountenanced poetical Excellence in a Female. The Gentlemen of the Quill published it not, perhaps envying her superior Talent; and her Bookseller, complying with National Prejudices, put a fictious Name to her *Love's Contrivance*, thro' Fear that the Work should be condemned, if known to be Feminine. With modest

* Madam *Dacier*.

Diffi-

Diffidence the ſent her Performances, like Orphans, into the World, without ſo much as a Nobleman to protect them; but they did not need to be ſupported by Intereſt, they were admired as ſoon as known, their real Standard, Merit, brought crowding Spectators to the Play-houſes, and the female Author, tho' unknown, heard Applauſes, ſuch as have ſince been heaped on that great Author and Actor *Colley Cibber*.

Her Play of the *Buſy Body*, when known to be the Work of a Woman, ſcarce defray'd the Expences of the firſt Night. The thin Audience were pleaſed, and cauſed a full Houſe the Second; the Third was crowded, and ſo on to the Thirteenth, when it ſtopt, on Account of the advanced Seaſon; but the following Winter it appear'd again with Applauſe, and for Six Nights ſucceſſively, was acted by rival Players, both at *Drury-Lane*, and at the *Hay-Market* Houſes.

See here the Effects of Prejudice, a Woman who did Honour to the Nation, ſuffer'd becauſe ſhe was a Woman. Are theſe Things fit and becoming a free born People, who call themſelves polite and civilized! Hold! let my Pen ſtop, and not reproach the preſent Age for the Sins of their Fathers.

In antient Days the Men of France, urged by ſelfiſh and jealous Fear, made a Law called Salique, but that it has not always inſured Safety to their Government my Sex have oft been witneſs, and particularly when the Statesmen of that Nation were obliged to ſeek Aſſiſtance from *Joan of Arc*, who gained the Title of Maid of *Orleans*, from the Preſervation ſhe afforded that City, and could any old Woman act more indifferent than the Ruler now does with his Colonies, Ships, or Finances? The *Engliſh* Men, to give them their Due, have been more ſenſible of our natural Abilities, and not ſo barbarous as to exclude us from the Chance of Reigning, and during the Time it has fell to our Lot, as Mrs. *Centlivre* ſays, "What cannot *England* boaſt from Women? "The mighty *Roman* felt the Power of *Boadicea*'s Arm; "*Eliza* made *Spain* tremble; and *Anne*, the greateſt "of the three, has ſhook the Man that aim'd at univerſal Sway."

When

When I reflect on the French, I cannot forbear mentioning, with Anger, the *Spaniards*, who, since the Time their Kingdom was over-run by the Moors, have imbosed and shut up their Wives as it were, in Prisons. Is not this a barbarous Practice? Can the Nation be called civilized, that confines as wild Beasts that Part of the Creation, always acknowleged to be the most mild and gentle, and can it be expected that *Mahomet* shall find a Paradise, who has taught his Followers that Women come not there? These Doctrines are unreasonably inconsistent, and arise only from Prejudices which it is high Time should be exploded, and our Sex enjoy the Liberty which they have a natural Right to.

This Justice I must do the present Race of Mankind, their Eyes now seem open to Conviction, they acknowlege the real Merit of our Poetess, and of some other female Writers. The Nobility of Dublin lately went in Crowds to see the heretofore least regarded of her Plays, *viz. Marplot*, * and Miss *Macklin* has long shone in a Play of Mrs. *Centlivre's*, called *The Wonder*.

A Poet is born so, not made by Rules; and is there not an equal Chance that this Poetical Birth should be female as well as male? Women are allowed to have a large Share of bodily Perfections, and if properly cultivated by Education, I believe those of the Mind would equally shine. Let both Sexes be placed at Cambrille, and see if Man has any Claim to Superiority; and are there not many Sciences easier learnt than that, and some other Games at Cards? Do not our Sex best understand the Art of Dress, and the Economy of Household Affairs; or are we deficient in other Matters which we have the same Opportunity of learning. To superficial Observers our Intellects may appear inferior to those of Men, but this can only be from a Comparison of our Skill in Things we have had no Experience in (such as War, Shipbuilding, &c.) with a Man's whole whole Employ has been to learn one of these Branches.—I could with that some young Ladies of my Acquaintance, now in Boarding-Schools, had classical Education, which would

* Revived by Mr. *Woodward*.

im-

improve their Minds, furnish them with a more general Knowlege, and of course better fit them for Converſation, and the Management of Buſineſs. Have not Women Hearts largely filled with Humanity, and other ſocial Virtues, Parts equally bright, a Diſcernment of Right and Wrong equally acute with thoſe of Men? and of our Oratory, I call to Witneſs both *Europe* and *America* which have heard Mrs. DRUMMOND, with her *New Light*, leading Mankind from Darkneſs. We are allowed to have more native Modeſty, that everlaſting Charm, than the Sex that lords it over us, and I have oft obſerved, that the moſt ignorant amongſt the Men are the moſt impudent, and from thence conclude that if our Sex had a better Education, it would decorate and add Charms to that Modeſty. We have been depreſſed and taught to entertain an humble Idea of our Genius, which not being exerted, we loſe the Influence we might have over our preſent Maſters. Oft have I ſeen, in private Life, an illiterate churliſh Fool of a Huſband tyrannize over the Will, and with barbarous Inſult, compel the Reaſon and good Senſe of his Wife, to give Place to his Folly, and this on no better Foundation than Cuſtom, eſtabliſhed by Laws, the Handyworks only of Men.

Our Employment is chiefly in Retirement, and private Life, where our Actions, not being conſpicuous, are little regarded: but the *preſent Days* have ſeen a Genius employed in tranſlating, and illuſtrating, *Epictetus*, and the Empreſs of *Germany* convinces the World that ſhe is a Politician fcarleſs even of the Horrors of War.

A pleaſing Proſpect I've lately had, now the Works of the ingenious Lord *Corke*, and the not leſs ingenious Mr. *Samuel Johnſon*, who have took Pains to tranſlate a large Part of Father *Brumoy's Greek* Theatre, and were not aſhamed that their Labours ſhould be joined to thoſe of Mrs. *Lenox*. This convinces me that not only that barbarous Cuſtom of denying Women to have Senſe, begins to be rejected as fooliſh and abſurd, but alſo that bold Aſſertion, that Female Minds are not capable of producing literary Works, equal even to thoſe of Men, now loſes Ground, and probably the next Age may

be

be taught by our Pens that our Geniuſes have been hitherto cramped and ſmothered, but not extinguiſhed, and that the Sovereignty which the male Part of the Creation have, until now, uſurped over us, is unreaſonably arbitrary: And further, that our natural Abilities entitle us to a larger Share, not only in Literary Deciſions, but that, with the preſent Directors, we are equally intitled to Power both in Church and State. To reform the firſt, was our Author's laſteſt Employ, and ſhe ſhewed herſelf Miſtreſs of the Subject in her Treatiſe which diſcloſes and confutes the Errors of the *Church of Rome*.

In her early Days ſhe was inclined to be very gay, being left an Orphan before ſhe was twelve Years of Age, her Father, Mr. *Freeman*, of *Holbeach*, in *Lincolnſhire*, having at that Time been dead, nine Years; thus was the Princeſs of Dramatic Poets left without a Guide, but her native Wit ſoon brought her into Fame. The Spirit of Poetry was born with her, for before ſhe was ſeven Years old ſhe wrote a very pretty Song, and adapted it to a ſprightly Tune, which became a diſtinguiſhed Country-Dance.

Her Education was ſuch as the Place of her Nativity afforded; where tho' ſhe had but ſmall Inſtruction, yet by Application to Books, ſhe ſoon became Miſtreſs of the *Latin*, *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, and *French* Tongues. Before ſhe attained the Age of fifteen ſhe was married to the Nephew of Sir *Stephen Fox*, who left her a young Widow of ſixteen, which State ſhe was ſoon perſuaded to change, in Favour of Captain *Carrol*, who was killed in a Duel about a Year and a half after his Nuptials. Soon after, *viz.* in the twentieth Year of her Age, ſhe wrote her Play of the *Perjured Huſband*, and in a ſhort Time gained ſome Eminence in the literary World. Her Wit procured her the Intimacy of the facetious Mr. *Farquhar*, and her theatrical Knowledge was the Cauſe of her great Intimacy with Mr. *Wilks*, and Mrs. *Oldfield*; the latter diſtinguiſhed our Poeteſs by ſpeaking the Prologue to her firſt Play, and generally thoſe great Actors filled the principal Characters in her Comic Performances.

At

At this Time an Intimacy was kept up betwixt her and the moſt eſteemed Writers of the Time. Sir *Richard Steele*, ſpeaking to the Public in his Tatler, thus mentions her *Buſy Body*; "The Plot and Inci-"dents of the Play are laid with that Subtlety and "Spirit which is peculiar to Females of Wit, and is "very ſeldom well performed by thoſe of the other "Sex, in whom Craft in Love is an Act of Inven-"tion, and not as with Women, the Effect of Nature and Inſtinct." Mr. *Rowe* favour'd her with his Friendſhip, aſſiſted her in compoſing the Tragedy called the *Cruel Gift*, and wrote the Prologue to her *Gameſter*.

After a Widowhood of about ten Years, Mrs. *Carrol* again ventured on the Marriage State with Mr. *Centlivre*, a *French* Gentleman, with whom ſhe lived comfortably many Years, rich in Fame and poſſeſſed of Plenty, which annually aroſe from her Poetical Skill; and at her Death, which happened in 1722, when ſhe was near forty-five Years old, ſhe left many and valuable Ornaments of Gold and Jewels, preſented to her by the Royal Family, Prince *Eugene*, and Perſons of Diſtinction, but theſe Treaſures her Huſband did not long enjoy, for about a Year after he died, and was put into the ſame Grave, in the Pariſh Church of *St. Martin's in the Fields*. Thus drop'd ſhe, RARA AVIS IN TERRIS, after having by her own Works erected a Monument more laſting than that of Marble.

THE

THE

Perjur'd Husband:

OR, THE

Adventures of VENICE.

A

TRAGEDY.

PREFACE:

I SHOULD *not trouble my Reader with a Preface, if Mr.* Collier *had taught Manners to* Maſks, *Senſe to* Beaus, *and Goodnature to* Criticks, *as well as Morality to the Stage; the firſt are ſure to envy what they can't equal, and condemn what they don't underſtand; the* Beaus *uſually take a greater Liberty with our Sex than they wou'd with their own, becauſe there's no Fear of drawing a Duel upon their Hands; the latter are a Sort of rude ſplenatick Men, that ſeldom commend any thing but what they have had a Hand in. Theſe ſnarling Sparks were pleaſed to carp at one or two Expreſſions, which are ſpoken in 'em Aſide by one of the inferior Characters in the Drama; and without conſidering the Reputation of the Perſons in whoſe Mouths the Language is put, condemn it ſtrait for looſe and obſcure: Now (with Submiſſion to better Judges) I cannot believe that a Prayer-Book ſhould be put into the Hands of a Woman, whoſe innate Virtue won't ſecure her Reputation; nor is it reaſonable to expect a Perſon, whoſe Inclinations are always forming Projects to the Diſhonour of her Huſband, ſhould deliver her Commands to her Confident in the Words of a Pſalm. I heartily wiſh that theſe that find Fault with the Liberty of my Stile, wou'd be pleaſed to ſet a Pattern to the Town, by retrenching ſome of their Debaucheries, for Modeſty thrives beſt by Example. Modeſt Language from the truly Virtuous is expected; I mean ſuch as will neither act ill, nor ſuffer ill to be acted: It is not enough that* Lucy *ſays ſhe's honeſt, in having denied the Brutal Part; whoever thinks Virtue centers in that, has a wrong Notion of it; no, Virtue is a tender Plant, which cannot live in tainted*

Ground; Virtue is what the Air of Flattery cannot blast, nor the vile sordid Dress of Gain poison; and she that can withstand these two Shocks, may be stil'd truly Virtuous. I ask my Reader's Pardon for my Bluntness, but I hope none of my Sex so qualified will condemn me for exposing the Vices of the seeming Religious.

I fear there are but too many hit by the Character of Signora Pizalta; *I wish, for the sake of the reverse Party, there were fewer, or they better known, since the malicious World are so apt to judge of Peoples Inclinations by the Company they keep; which is sometimes authentic, but not always an infallible Rule. I shall say little in Justification of the Play, only desire the Reader to judge impartially, and not condemn it by the Shortness of its Life, since the Season of the Year never promised much better Success. It went off with general Applause; and it is the Opinion of some of our best Judges, that it only wanted the Addition of good Actors, and a full Town, to have brought on a Sixth Night, there having been worse Plays, within this Twelve-month, approv'd of.*

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

By a GENTLEMAN.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

SUCH dreadful Laws of late 'gainſt Wit are made,
It dares not in the City ſhow its Head.
No Place is ſafe; each Cuckold turns Informer,
If we make merry—it muſt be in a Corner.
And here's To-night, what doubly makes it ſweet,
A private Table, and a Lady's Treat:
At her Reflections none can be uneaſy,
When the kind Creature does her beſt to pleaſe ye.
Humbly ſhe ſues, and 'tis not for your Glory
To inſult a Lady—when ſhe falls before ye.
But ſince no human Wit can ſtand the Teſt,
With Gorman! *and the* Champion of the Weſt!
She'll fill the Liſts, and then you cannot ſlight her,
(With Honour ſafe) for ſhe's a fair Inviter.
Expects no Favour, but at Honour's Call,
Defies the boldeſt Briton *of you all;*
Whate'er's her Fate, ſhe's ſure to gain the Field,
For Women always conquer, when they yield.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Count Baſſino, *a* Savoyard, *married to* Placentia, *and in Love with* Aurelia,	*Mr.* Mills.
Armando, Baſſino's *Friend*,	*Mr.* Simpſon.
Alonzo, *a* Venetian *Gentleman, betrothed to* Aurelia,	*Mr.* Thomas.
Pizaſto, *a Noble* Venetian,	*Mr.* Norris.
Ludovico, *a* Frenchmam,	*Mr.* Fairbank.

WOMEN.

Placentia, Baſſino's *Wife*,	*Mrs.* Kent.
Aurelia, *a young* Venetian *Lady, betrothed to* Alonzo, *but in Love with* Baſſino,	*Mrs.* Oldfield.
Forella, *her Woman*,	*Mrs.* Baker.
Lady Pizaſto, Pizaſto's *Wife*,	*Mrs.* [illegible]
Lucy, *her Woman*,	*Mrs.* Lucas.

Maſkers, Dancers, Singers, and Attendants.

SCENE, VENICE, in Carnival-Time.

THE

THE PERJUR'D HUSBAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtains fly up, and discover a Maſk in Pizalto's *Houſe*. Pizalto, *Lady* Pizalta, Lucy; Ludovico *talking to Lady* Pizalta; Baſſino *and* Aurelia *talking together*; Florella *and other Maſkers*.

A Spaniſh *Entry*.

While the Dance is performing, enter Armando, *and gives* Baſſino *two Letters, which he opens and reads.*

Lady Pizalta *and* Lucy *advance to the Front of the Stage.*

Lady Pizalta.

O H! *Lucy*, I'm undone———
That Stranger there has charm'd my Heart: I feel
The Pow'r of conquering Love; quick, quickly tell me,
What ſhall I do to eaſe this racking Paſſion?

Lucy. Nay, Madam, I fancy your Paſſion has little Occaſion for Lenitives; it blazes ſo violently at firſt, 'tis like to be ſoon extinguiſh'd.

L. *Piz*. Dear *Lucy*, don't triſle with me; but contrive, imagine, do any thing, to bleſs thy Love-ſick Miſtreſs

with the Sight of that dear Man: And as an Earnest of further Rewards, here, take this ———

[*Gives her a Ring.*

Lucy. Madam, I receive your Commands with much Joy, but your Present with more ——— [*Aside.*] I'll try what this projecting Brain can do, and if you step into the next Room, I'll soon give you an Account of my Proceedings. [*Exit L.* Pizalta.

Bass. Ye Gods!
What have I done, that you pursue me thus!
Why did you e'er decree that I should wed
A Wife I now must hate? Why did I see
The bright *Aurelia?* Why am I thus torn
'Twixt Love and Duty? Oh! what Pangs, what Torments
My Soul endures! Oh! my *Aurelia!*

[*Exeunt omnes, but* Lucy & Ludov.

Lucy *pulling* Ludovico *by the Sleeve.*

Lucy. Sir, Sir, one Word with you.

Lud. Your Business ———

Lucy. May one ask you a civil Question, and be resolv'd?

Lud. Hum—A civil Question, sayst thou? What's it, prithee, a Night's Lodging? If so, pull off thy Mask, and I'll resolve thee instantly —— But I never strike Bargains in the Dark.

Lucy. I don't know, Sir, but it may tend to that, by way of Proxy, at the long run: But at present my Commission reaches no further than to know your Lodgings; if any Thing comes on't, I fancy 'twill not displease you.

Lud. (*Aside.*) Hum——This is but [illegible] in Intrigues, I find ——Egad, I'm like to be pretty well employ'd during the Carnival——Well, considering I am a Stranger here, this Hit may be a lucky one, and the Lady handsome——Egad, I'll fancy her so at least, wer't but for the Pleasure of Expectation.

Lucy. What are you studying, Sir? Are you so long resolving whether you shall accept a Lady's Favour, or not?

Lud. No, faith, Child: I am not over-scrupulous in these Matters ——Let her be but Woman, and we shan't disagree ——And so thou mayst tell her —— There's a Direction for thee. [*Tears the Superscription of a Letter and gives it her.*

[*Exit* Ludovico.

Lucy.

Lucy. Frank and eaſy, *a la mode de Paris*——Well, theſe indifferent Sparks charm more than all your cringing Fops——Now for my Buſineſs—Let me ſee——I'll to my Lady, ſhe'll write; I'll carry the Letter, and the Devil will turn Saint, if I don't bring 'em together, and merit a further Recompence

By Coupling many have their Fortunes made;
I only want Preferment, not my Trade.

[*Exit* Lucy.

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to Baſſino's *Lodgings, and diſcovers the Count in his Night-gown, a Table with Lights, and Letters lying on the Table.*

Baſſ. All Things lie huſh'd in peaceful Silence here:
All but *Baſſino*'s Mind——Oh! happy he
Who lives ſecure and free from Love's Alarms,
But happier far, who, Maſter of himſelf,
Ranges abroad without that Clog, a Wife.
Oh! rigorous Laws impos'd on Free-born Man!
On Man, by bounteous Nature firſt deſign'd
The Sovereign Lord of all the Univerſe!
Why muſt his generous Paſſion thus be ſtarv'd,
And be confin'd to one alone?
The Woman, whom Heaven ſent as a Relief,
To eaſe the Burden of a tedious Life,
And be enjoy'd when ſummon'd by Deſire,
Is now become the Tyrant of our Fates. [*Takes up a Letter.*
But hold, *Baſſino!* whither does thy Paſſion
Hurry thy wandering Reaſon: Let this Letter
Re-call the Fugitive, and fix thy Senſes
On duteous Love————A Wife, ſo young, ſo fair,
So excellent, whoſe Charms not three Months ſince
Did fire thy Soul; a Wife, who dotes on thee;
A Wife to whom thou ſworeſt eternal Love———
By Heaven, I ſwear again I will be true.
This Thought again reſtores my Peace of Mind——
No, charming Wife; no dear *Placentia*, no,
Thou ſhalt not beg in vain: I will return. [*Kiſſes the Letter.*
But who comes here—My Friend *Armando?*

Enter Armando.

Arm. Dear Friend, I heard
The Conflict of your Passion, and my Joys
Are now compleat, since Virtue gains the Day.
Baff. Yes, dear *Armando*, the Conflict is o'er,
And I'm resolv'd to fly to my *Placentia*.
Arm. Cherish that Thought: By Heaven your Resolution
Transports my Soul with Joy!
A kind, a virtuous Wife waits your Embraces;
A Wife, who like a Turtle mourns the Absence
Of her dear Mate. Haste then, my Friend, to drive
That Cloud of Sorrow which o'ercasts her Mind,
And, like the Sun, dispel her gloomy Thoughts.
Baff. Thanks for your Counsel ———
You like a God support my feeble Virtue.
This very Morning I'll prepare for *Turin*,
Where Time and Absence will deface the Image
Of that bewitching Beauty, which now haunts
My tortur'd Mind—Yet, first I'll take my Leave
Of this fair Charmer———And Heaven grant
That I may see her unconcern'd———
Arm. My Lord, what d'you mean?
Have you well weigh'd the Danger of this Visit?
Baff. What Danger can there be?
Arm. Danger! my Lord—Consider well how feeble
Our Reason is against the Pow'r of Beauty———
Baff. My Resolution's firm; no Charm can shake it.
Arm. If not her Beauty, fear her Syren Tongue;
Fear her endearing Prayers, her fond Reproaches,
Her tender Sighs, her Vows, her trickling Tears.
Nay, if all these prove vain, fear her Despair,
A Woman, an abandon'd Woman's Rage.
Baff. Were there more Dangers, yet I'll stand 'em all:
My Honour bids me pay this parting Visit:
My Heart shall have no share in what I'll speak.
Trust me this once, and be yourself a Witness,
Baffino can controul unlawful Love.———
Arm. My Lord, 'tis with Regret I see you go,
May Heaven assist you in this dangerous Strife.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Aurelia's *Chamber*; *She in an Undress with* Florella.

Aur. No more of that—Cease thy ungrateful Suit,
Alonzo is a Man I cannot love;
I own he's witty, generous, and brave;
Has all the Charms that Nature can bestow
To fire a Woman's Heart————Yet I'm insensible,
His very Sight chills all my trembling Spirits;
Therefore, name him no more—I charge thee do not.
Flor. Madam, I've done—Yet shall I be permitted
To ask a Question? Are you then resolved
Ne'er to admit a Passion in your Breast?
Aur. Oh! Dear *Florella*, press not a Confession,
Which but too well my Eyes themselves disclose.
Alas! I love—I love to such Excess,
That tho' I know I'm lov'd again, my Mind
Is still perplex'd with Doubts and jealous Fears.
Flor. You love and are belov'd! Then sure you reach
The Height of human Bliss, and bounteous Heaven
Can scarce give more——But who's the happy Man;
Is it not Count *Bassino*?
Aur. Oh! charming Name; there's Musick in that Sound!
Yes! Count *Bassino* is the Man I love.
Canst thou now blame my Coldness to *Alonzo*?
Flor. Forgive me, Madam, if I dare presume
To speak my Sentiments: I must confess
Bassino is a Man of excellent Virtue;
His Education at the Court of *Savoy*
Has still refin'd what he receiv'd from Nature;
His Person too is charming————
And, what most Women court, he has a Title——
But then consider, you are unacquainted
With his Estate, and tho' his Equipage
Denotes an ample Fortune, yet we see
Many a Stranger here, during the Carnival,
Who makes a Figure by industrious Gaming.
As for *Alonzo*, he was born at *Venice*,

Of noble Parents; his Estate, a large one———
Even from his Youth you had his amorous Wishes,
And as he grew in Years his Love increas'd:
You lov'd him too——Nay, which is more, your Father
Approv'd your mutual Loves, and at his Death
Bequeath'd you to *Alonzo*.

Aur. Oh! my *Florella*, thou hast rouz'd a Thought,
Which will for ever break *Aurelia*'s Rest.
I know my Father's Tenderness to me
Made him confirm *Alonzo*'s Suit, for then
I lov'd *Alonzo*———
But were my gentle Father still alive,
I'm sure he would not cross my Inclinations,
But, Oh! name not my Father; I cannot bear
The sad Remembrance of so great a Loss. [*Weeps.*

Flor. But fear you not t'offend his peaceful Ghost,
By breaking with the Man he destin'd yours?

Aur. 'Tis not my Fault: and just Heaven must forgive
What Heaven decrees———Yes, 'tis my cruel Stars
That make my Heart inconstant to *Alonzo*,
'Tis with Regret I break my plighted Faith;
In vain I strive to check my new-born Love,
I cannot, cannot live without *Bassino*.

Flor. Madam, I wish your Passion ne'er prove fatal,
But much I fear this inauspicious Match.

Enter Bassino, Armando.

Aur. May Heaven avert th' unlucky Combination
Of our presaging Thoughts: For, know, I tremble too—
But here's the Man that will dispel my Fe[ars]
Arm. to *Bass.* My Lord, remember
To keep your Resolution.
Bass. to *Arm.* Yes—I will keep it—[To *Aur.*] Madam,
you will pardon
A Morning Visit, when you know what Reasons
Press'd me to fix it on this early Hour.———
By Letters from the Court I was last Night
Commanded to return with Speed to *Venice*,
And thence set out for *Vienna*, to represent
My Sovereign Liege in solemn Embassy.

This

This Day I must prepare to take my Journey,
Tho' 'tis with killing Grief I leave my dear,
My fair *Aurelia*——— [To *Arm.*] Now, my *Armando.*
Arm. My Lord, 'tis well: But still be on your Guard,
The dreadful Shock comes on———
Aur. This Day be gone! What means my Lord! Oh! Heaven,
My boding Fears are come to pass: I see
A Cloud of Woes just ready to o'erwhelm me.
Is't possible! how can that Form divine
Harbour such Treachery! Is then *Bassino* false?
Say, perjur'd Man, how often did you swear
This happy Day should make you mine for ever!
How can you now forget your solemn Vows?
Why have I met with this inhuman Usage?
Bass. Madam, my Prince's Orders———
Are absolute: My Honour is concern'd.
Aur. Must a vain Title be preferr'd to Love?
But no—You never lov'd——'twas base Deceit.
Curs'd, curs'd dissembling Men! Their flattering Tongues
Can feign a Passion that will look like Love,
Till by Degrees they get us in their Power;
Then with bold Impudence they draw the Vizor,
And shew the Cheat that mock'd our credulous Hopes.
Faithless *Bassino*,
How oft you swore your Love could ne'er expire:
How oft you swore one Smile of mine had Charms,
Even above the Glories of a Crown.
Those were the Oaths I fondly did believe;
Those Words convey'd a Poison to my Heart,
And even now I feel its mighty Force:
My Head turns giddy, and my trembling Knees
Betray their sinking Burden———
Alas! I faint, I die———
[*She faints*, Bassino *runs and embraces her.*
Bass. Oh! stay, my Love, my Life, my Soul, my all:
The Conflict's past, and I am thine again,
But she is breathless! Oh! ye rigorous Gods,
Give back her Soul, or let my own be plung'd
To dark *Elysium*——Oh! my dear *Aurelia!* [*Hugs her.*
Arm. Is this your Resolution? By Heaven, I blush

To

To call you Friend. Your Wife, my Lord, remember
Your Wife———
Baff. Curse on that Name———
Urge me no more to follow your Chimera's,
Left you oblige me to break off that Friendship
You blush to own———Oh! my *Aurelia!*
Aur. aside. How sweet is treacherous Vice! how ea-
Fond Man purfues his Ruin! [gerly
All Arguments were vain———yet still one Way remains,
Which cannot fail, to stop the Progress of this impious
His Wife, by my Direction, comes to *Venice:* [Love.
Her Sight will soon awake his slumbering Virtue,
At least it will retrieve *Aurelia*'s Senses. *Exit* Armando.
Aur. recovering. Where am I? Where's my Lord, my
false *Baffino?*
Baff. Here, here, my Soul, my charming Dear.
Aur. thrusts him off. Hold off—Approach me not—
urge not my Rage,
Or with this Dagger I'll revenge my Wrongs
On thy perfidious Heart———But, oh! his
Heart's too hard,
Even for temper'd Steel—Therefore I'll sheath it here.
[*Offers at her Breast:* Baffino *snatches the Dagger, and throws himself at her Feet in a distracted Manner.*
Baff. Oh! hold———forbid it Gods!
I am the curfed Cause, and I must die.
Oh! who could bear my Load of mortal Woe!
Ye heavenly Powers bestow the Stroke of Grace,
And rack *Baffino:* Let your vengeful Thunder
Now crush my guilty Head!——Or thou, Oh! Pitying
Earth,
Open thy Bosom, and conceal my Crime. [*Tears the Ground.*
Aur. Is he then mine again! [*Falls down.*
Look up, my Lord, my Love, my Life!
My dear *Baffino!* 'Tis *Aurelia* calls.
Let me for ever fold thee in my Arms,
And beg thou'lt never speak of parting more.
[*Embraces him.*

Both rise, and embrace in an Extasy.

Baff. Oh! never, never———

The

The Poles shall meet, the Sun and Moon invert
Their wonted Motion e're I part from thee.
I fondly try'd how much I was belov'd,
And since you're true, my Bliss is now compleat.
Aur. Was't but a Trial? then my Griefs are vanish'd,
And I am lost in Joy———*Bassino*'s mine;
[*They embrace again.*
Bass. Thine, thine for ever: And this happy Day,
Shall end *Aurelia*'s Fears———Ha———
This Day, said I, but where's *Placentia* then?
My Wife *Placentia!* Little does she think
What Baseness I intend—Oh! racking Thought!
But 'tis resolv'd, I'll change nor think no more:
I'll try to plunge, and reach the blissful Shore;
And if I sink, yet still this Hope's my Friend,
I'll snatch my Treasure e're my Course I end. [*Aside.*
Aur. My Lord, what makes you pause?
Bass. The ravishing Thoughts of mighty Joys to come
Kept me in Extasy and made me dumb;
When on thy snowy Breast dissolv'd I lie,
What Monarch can there be more blest than I?
[Bassino *leads her off with a languishing Air.*

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Sure, if my Eyes deceive me not, I saw
Aurelia with the Count just parting hence:
Dissolv'd in Love, and languishing they seem'd.
Damnation———
I cannot bear the Thought—I'll after 'em.

Alonzo *going.* *Enter* Florella.

Flor. aside. Ha———*Alonzo* here! I must prevent a Discovery.
Alon. *Florella* here! she comes opportunely——she may inform me of what I yet but fear———Good-morrow, *Florella:* How fares my Love, my dear *Aurelia?*
Flor. Signior, Good-morrow; you are an early Visitant.
Alon. Not for a Man in Love; but answer me, How does *Aurelia?*

Flor.

Flor. Well in Health——Only she's now and then in a little Fit of Melancholy, such as usually proceeds from timorous Doubts about that dreadful State of Matrimony. You know the Time draws nigh that gives her to your Arms.

Alon. By Heaven! 'Tis an Age, there's six Days yet to come.

Flor. An Age, indeed, if he knew all. [*Aside.*

Alon. But haste, *Florella*; lead me to my Dear,
She only can contract that tedious Age
Of lingring Pain, and sooth it with her Smiles.
Say, is she alone?

Flor. Yes——No——
Oh! Heaven! What shall I say? [*Aside.*
She's, she's a——

Alon. Ha——What means this faultering Answer?
All's not right, and my Suspicion's true.

Flor. Signior, my Lady is not dress't, and I shall displease her, in admitting even you, without her Leave.

Alon. Ha——not dress——Take heed you mock me not;
Nor think to blind me with your feign'd Excuse:
For in your guilty Face I read the Truth.
Come, tell me who's with her? is't not *Bassino?*

Flor. aside. Oh! Heaven! What shall I say?

Alon. Nay, nay, no Study: Lying will not do:
I saw 'em part from hence, just now I saw 'em.
Harkee, sweet Mistress, how long have you practis'd
This subtle Trade? I find you're much improv'd.
Hell and Damnation——quickly, tell me
What did *Bassino* give for his Admittance?
I'll double the Reward——but she's not dress't for me——
Oh! damn'd damn'd Sex!

Flor. Sir, pray, what do you mean?

Alon. To see *Martha*——see her instantly——
Nay by Heaven! I will——All Opposition's vain.
By the revenging Power of Love I swear,
Tho' in *Bassino's* Arms, I'll drag her thence,
Only to cast her from my Sight for ever;
Nor shall she live to laugh at my Shame.
What tho' the Marriage Rites be not perform'd,

Yet

Yet I may call her Wife. Her Father gave her to me;
And her own Vows have fix'd my Heart in her's.
Must then *Alonzo* be deny'd Admittance,
Under that poor Pretence that she's not dress't?
Whilst base *Bassino* lies dissolv'd in Pleasures
On her perfidious Breast——Oh! killing Thought!
She makes my Name of Husband infamous,
Even before the Priest has join'd our Hands.
I'll in, and if th' Affront I tamely bear,
May Heaven deny me at my latest Prayer.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Ludovico's *Lodgings.*

Ludovico *solus.*

Lud. Who waits?

Enter Mountaine.

Mount. Did you call, Sir?

Lud. Mountaine, run to Signiora *Ronquilla,* and tell her I have done with her for ever, if she does not send this Evening the hundred Ducats she promised to lend me——And harkee, as you come back, acquaint Signiora *Corsara* I shall be busy To-morrow, and desire she will put off her Visit till another Day.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

Mount. Sir, there's somebody at the Door.

Lud. See who 'tis.

Mount. Sir, a Gentlewoman desires to speak with you.

Lud. A Gentlewoman! admit her——Well,
'Tis a great Fatigue to oblige the whole Sex.

Enter Lucy.

Oh! what News from your Lady?

Lucy. This will inform you, Sir. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Lud. reads. Hum, hum, a Letter——*Tho' it may seem improper for one of my Sex to make the first Step in an Amour, yet you ought to consider, that the rigorous Confinement*

fragment we are under all the Year round, may, in ſome Meaſure, excuſe the Liberties we take during the Carnival. If you have the Courage to meet me, I ſhall be at four in the Afternoon in the Piazza d'Elpagna, *inviſible to all but yourſelf.*———Well, I believe all Women in *Venice* are wild for Gallants.

Lucy. Sir, what Anſwer ſhall I return to my Lady?

Lud. aſide. Egad———I am in Doubt whether I ſhall throw my Time away on this Intrigue or no———Harkee Child, ſtep into the next Chamber, and I'll anſwer your Meſſage inſtantly———— [*Exit* Lucy. Let me ſee—— [*Reads in his Table-Book*] *Monday*, at Two in the Afternoon, I am to meet Signiora *Belleza* at her Nurſe's——She's a pretty Rogue, and ſo I'll go—At Three of the Clock, Signiora *Dorinda*, the Senator's Wife, at the *Indian* Houſe——Pſhaw, ſhe's an old Acquaintance,———I ſhan't go——At half an Hour paſt Three, the Counteſs *Wrinkle*, who preſented me with a Gold-hilted Sword——Silly Fool! does ſhe think I'll beſtow one of my Viſits on an old ſhrivelled Piece of Antiquity, for a trifling Preſent, not worth above three-ſcore Piſtoles———At a Quarter paſt Four, my Semſtreſs *Dorothy Steenkirk*, who ſupplies me with Linen,—Oh! this Viſit may be put off for a new Intrigue—And ſo I'll acquaint the Meſſenger. [*Exit* Ludovico.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Chamber in Signior Pizalto's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Pizalta, Lucy.

Lady *Piz.* DID you deliver my Letter to *Ludovico*, *Lucy*?

Lucy. Madam, I did; I found him in his Study, reading the Lover's Watch, which he ſwears does not at all agree

agree with his Constitution. He hates Injunctions of Love, like those of Penance: For the one, says he, is no more pleasurable to the Body, than the other beneficial to the Soul.

L. *Piz.* What a fine Gallant I'm like to have with these Principles! Well——what did he say to a Summons from a Woman of my Quality? Did it not make him wish the Time of Assignation were sooner than the Appointment in the Letter?

Lucy. He first hum'd over your Billet; and pausing a while, he desired me to stay for an Answer in a next Room; then coming to me, he ask'd me what Countrywoman you were? For, said he, if she should prove an old Acquaintance, I would use her damnably—But when I had assured him you never saw the Outside of these Walls, he began to have that Desire which all Men have to a new Face.

L. *Piz.* Very well; and what then?

Luc. He strait enquir'd whether you were black, brown, fair, old, young, Maid, Wife or Widow? I told him you was a wretched Wife to an old, impotent, rich, covetous, noble *Venetian*; beautiful, young, generous, and of a fair Complexion. He hugg'd me at these Words, seem'd transported with the News, and swore that in Intrigues a Wife was most suitable to his Temper; for, said he, there's neither Children to father, nor Honour to repair: And where his Pocket and Liberty are safe, he is contented to venture his Body and Soul.

L. *Piz.* Excellent Maxims!

Lucy. In short, Madam, he says he has had several Bills of this Nature drawn upon him of late, and how much his Stock may be exhausted, he knows not; but however he'll meet you, and if he cannot answer your Expectation, he'll give you Earnest.

L. *Piz.* You talk merrily, Girl; I hope you did not tell my Name. I should be loath to trust a Man of his Character with my Reputation at first Dash.

Luc. No, Madam, I only told your Quality.

L. *Piz.* That's well: Oh! Reputation, what several Sorts of Slavery do we undergo to preserve thee! for to

he

be thought virtuous, we are forced to be constantly railing against Vice, tho' our Tongues and Maxims seldom agree.

Lucy. Alas! Madam, that Pretence is grown too common: For the Men now take it for granted, that a Lady is very near surrendering, when once she holds out that Flag of Defiance.

L. *Piz.* Well—Men use us very barbarously: They will neither suffer us to be honest, nor allow us to be thought so———Here, take this Key, and secure every thing that concerns my Reputation: And if my Husband wakes ere I come back, you may easily find some Excuse to prevent his Enquiries: for the Carnival allows us more Liberty, than at other times we dare pretend to——— I know thy Honesty, and will rely upon't.

Lucy. Yes, indeed, Madam, I am honest at the Bottom.

L. *Piz.* Well, I'll be gone: 'Tis about the Hour. [*Ex.* L. *Piz.*

Enter Pizalto.

Lucy. Good Luck attend you, Madam———Oh! Heavens! here's my Lord———Madam, Madam, Madam———Oh! Lord, what shall I say, now she's gone?

Piz. Hist, hist, *Lucy:* Don't, don't, don't call your Lady, for I have a Word or two to say to thee in private, and have waited for this lucky Opportunity a great while———

Lucy, aside. Now *Venus* be prais'd, I hope he has found some Business of his own, that may give my Lady an Opportunity to mind her's.

Piz. Well, *Lucy*, well,—canst thou guess my Business now?

Lucy. No, indeed, Sir—But I'm certain, an old Man's Business can't be great. [*Aside.*

Piz. [*Gives her a Looking-glass.*] Here, Child, this will tell thee—Look in't, look in't, I say———Ah! ah! thou hast a pretty pouting Lip, a delicate roguish Eye; such an Ogle, such a Cast——Ah! Rogue——Faith, thou'rt very pretty: And, in short, if any one rival

rival thy Lady, it will be thee, *Lucy*———Egad, I have Fire in me, yet,

Lucy, aside. O' my Conscience, and little too, I believe: Yet I wish he has enough to serve my Ends. I'll make my Fortune———Lord, Sir, what do you mean? I rival my Lady! Heaven forbid; I would not injure so good a Woman for the World———

Piz. Pshaw, pshaw—Where's the Injury done to her, Child? Adod, I'll give thee a hundred Crowns.

Lucy. No Injury, say you, my Lord? Why, I wonder you should be so jealous of my Lady, and preach such religious Maxims to her, when your own Principles are quite opposite.

Piz. Look ye, Child, a Man may do that, which would look abominable in a Wife———A Woman's Reputation is a nice Thing——

Lucy. 'Tis so———and therefore 'tis but Reason I should take Care of mine.

Piz. Prithee, no more of that: Thy Reputation shall be safe; I'll marry thee to my Gentleman.

Lucy. Gentleman—Valet! Faugh—And what Good will a hundred Crowns do me, when my Virginity is gone? Indeed, if you lov'd me as much as you say, and would make my Fortune, (for I should love extreamly to be a Lady) I cannot tell how far you might persuade me———I know my Reputation would be safe in your Hands.

Piz. Make thy Fortune! Why, I've known some of our Nobles marry a Wife with less than a hundred Crowns———But adod, thou'rt a charming Girl, and therefore I'll make it a hundred Pistoles—What say'st thou now, *Lucy?* Ah! adod, I must buss thee; [*Kisses her.*] Ah! Rogue, methinks I'm a young, lusty, vigorous Fellow again———Thou shalt find I am, Girl.

Lucy, aside, I believe I shall fail you, old Gentleman. Well, my Lord, make it up a thousand Pistoles, and I am your's, else I'll die a Maid, I'm resolv'd.

Piz. A thousand Pistoles, why thou art the most unconscionable Wench in *Italy*: Why, 'tis a Price for a Dutchess in some Countries. Come, come, prithee be reasonable, *Lucy?*

Lucy.

Lucy. Reasonable! why you don't ask a reasonable Thing———Look you, you know my Mind, I'll not bate a Penny——I'll warrant my Lady will give me two hundred at least for my Discovery. [*Going.*

Piz. aside. Udslife! she won't tell my Wife, sure, I'm ruin'd if she does; I'd rather give her two thousand ——— Hold, hold, *Lucy*, sweet *Lucy*, prithee come back ——— Faith, thou'rt so charming, I can deny thee nothing———Come, it shall be what thou will——Come now, Rogue, let's retire to thy Chamber———

Lucy. Nay, nay, no entring the Premises, till you have paid the Purchase.———

Piz. Adod, thou'rt a Wag ——— Come in then, and I'll discharge the Debt: Thou art a cunning Gipsy. [*Exit* Pizal.

Lucy. You shall have Reason to say so, e're I have done with you, old Gentleman———For I am resolv'd to shew you a Trick, and preserve my Virtue. [*Aside.*

For did base Men within my Power fall,
T' avenge my injur'd Sex, I'd jilt 'em all.
And would but Women follow my Advice,
They should be glad at last to pay our Price.

[*Exit* Lucy.

SCENE II.

The Piazza d'Espagna *in* Venice.

Enter Lady Pizalia *solus.*

L. Piz. Not come yet! ungrateful Man! must a Woman of my Quality wait?
How have we lost our Pow'r since the Creation?
When the whole World had but one single Lord,
Whom every Creature readily obey'd?
Yet he, that mighty he, caught with a Smile,
Flew to th' Embraces of the tempting Fair,
But now each puny Sinner dares to cross
A Woman's Inclinations———

Enter Ludovico.

Oh! are you come, Signior? I suppose you have
Some other Assignation, that made you miss
My Hour——Pursue it pray——I'll not interrupt you—
Your Servant——— [*Going.*
I hope he'll not take me at my Word. [*Aside.*

Lud. Nay, nay, Signiora, why this Passion? [*Stops her.*
You sent me a Challenge, and I, like a Man of Courage, am come to answer it———Pray don't let a Quarter of an Hour break Squares——I own it was a Fault to make a Lady wait; but Friends, Madam, Friends and good Wine are the Devil———Come I'll make you amends.

L. *Piz.* Friends and good Wine! I suppose those Friends were Female ones———

Lud. No, Faith: You shall judge of that———But suppose they were——Why should you be angry that I did not fly with the desired Haste, as long as I am come time enough to give you Satisfaction——Besides, I han't seen your Face yet, and for aught I know, it mayn't reward my Complement in coming now——Prithee, Child, unmask, and then I'll tell thee more of my Mind.

L. *Piz.* The Devil take this Fellow——and yet methinks I love him for his Indifferency——[*Aside.*] You talk as if you were unskill'd in the Art of Love: Don't you know that Expectation feeds more than twenty tasted Pleasures?

Lud. Hum——some Sort of Fops it may: But I'm none of those——I never give my Opinion of a Dish till I've tasted; neither do I care to dine often on one Sort of Meat without changing the Sauce——But when that Cloud's withdrawn, how long I shall keep my Resolution I know not.

L. *Piz.* Say you so! Why then the only Way to preserve your Appetite is to feed you slenderly; or only let you see the food, but not to taste.

Lud. Faith, Madam, I'm no Camelion, but Flesh and Blood———Therefore these Prescriptions are of no

Use

Uic——One Sight of that dear charming Face of your's, would be more obliging to your humble Servant.

L. *Piz. envies.* Well, Sir, what think you? Is there any thing in this Face worth your Regard?

Lud. Ah! by Heaven, an Angel——Oh! Madam, now blame yourself for my Neglect, for had you sent the Picture of her in whom all those Beauties center, I had in this Place waited the Coming of my Goddess, or rather flown on the Wings of eager Love, to meet my Fair, tho' in the Arms of ten thousand Dangers——Say, my charming Angel, do you forgive me? But why do I ask? your Eyes assure me you do; at least I'll force a Pardon from these dear, soft, ruby Lips.

[*Kisses her in Extasy.*

L. *Piz.* Hold, hold! been't so lavish——a sparing Gamester is the likeliest to keep in Stock——whilst a profuse Hand at one Cast throws all he has away.

Lud. To fear that, were to doubt your Charms, in which a Lover is sure to find constant Supplies——But we lose Time——Let's retire to my Lodgings, where I'll give thee the best Proofs of my Love I can?

L. *Piz. aside.* Well! He's a charming Fellow——Oh! how happy are Wives in *France* and *England*, where such as he swarm!

Lud. Come, Madam, come——Why, what do you mean by this Delay? Consider I'm a Man, a mortal, wishing, amorous Man——

L. *Piz.* And consider I'm a Woman——

Lud. aside. Ay, ay: That I know: At least I hope to find you such——or I would not be in such Haste——

L. *Piz.* And have a Reputation to preserve.

Lud. Oh! Lord, what a damn'd Turn's here? Reputation, say you? Egad, I find all Women make Reverence to that mysterious Word. [*Aside.*] What! Are not you married, Madam?

L. *Piz.* Yes, what then?

Lud. Why then you have a Reputation to preserve——that's all.

L. *Piz.* All, Sir? yes, and all in all to me——Do you consider what Country you're in, Sir?

Lud.

Lud. Yes, Faith, Madam; and what Constitution I am of too. I know Murder is as venial a Sin here, as Adultery is in some Countries; And I am too apprehensive of my mortal Part not to avoid Danger——Therefore, Madam, you have an infallible Security——if I should betray you, I bring myself into Jeopardy, and of all Pleasures, Self-Preservation is the dearest.

L. *Piz.* A very open Speaker, I vow.

Lud. Ay, Madam, that's best——Hang your creeping, cringing, whining, sighing, dying, lying Lovers—— Pugh! Their Flames are not more durable than mine, tho' they make more Noise in the Blaze.

Sings:

Hang the whining Way of Woeing,
Loving was design'd a Sport.

L. *Piz. aside.* The Duce take me if this Fellow has not charm'd me strangely——Well, the Carnival is almost over, and then must I be shut up like a Nun again——Hey! Hoa! This Time will be so short——

Lud. Let's make the better Use on't then, my Dear. We will consider when we have nothing else to do, but at present there's a Matter of the greatest Moment, which I must impart to you——Therefore, come dear Rogue, come——

L. *Piz.* [*Looking on her Watch.*] Hold——I have outstaid my Time, and must return Home instantly, to prevent Discoveries.

Lud. Faith, Madam, this is not fair——to raise a Man's Expectation, and then disappoint him! Would you be serv'd so yourself now?

L. *Piz.* I'll endeavour to disengage myself from my jealous Husband, and contrive another Meeting.

Lud. But will you be sure to [illegible] again?

L. *Piz.* I give you my Hand as a Pledge——

Lud. Kisses it. And I this Kiss in Return——Adieu, my Charmer.

L. *Piz.* Signior, farewel. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Baſſino, Alonzo.

Baſſ. Well, Sir, your Buſineſs———
Alon. It is to tell you———
You are a Villain.
Baſſ. Ha———
Alon. And that as ſuch
I ought to have treated you before the Face
Of falſe *Aurelia*———But I ſcorn to follow
The barbarous Cuſtom of my native Country.
I ſeek with Honour to revenge my Wrongs;
Therefore, Sir, draw———
Baſſ. This Action ſpeaks you noble—be likewiſe juſt,
And let me know the Cauſe that moves your Anger.
By Heaven I'd rather call you ſtill my Friend,
Than be your Enemy———Yet, if I wrong'd you,
I'll give you Satisfaction———
Alon. Trifler, away———Too well thou know'ſt the Cauſe;
And now would'ſt ſooth my Wrongs with Flattery.
But my Reſolve is fix'd as Heaven's Decrees:
And one of us muſt fall——Let the Survivor
Diſpoſe of that baſe, falſe, perjur'd *Aurelia*,
As both his Love and Honour ſhall direct.
If my propitious Stars defend my Life,
You ſhall not die alone——Th' adulterous Fair
Shall bear you Company——Now draw.
Baſſ. Oh! hold.
One Moment hold, I muſt unfold this Riddle:
Adulterous Fair, ſay you?
Alon. Yes, She's my Wife.
Baſſ. Ha———your Wife!
Sure there's a Curſe entail'd upon that Name. [*Aſide.*
What! your real Wife?
Alon. If the Command of an expiring Father,
And her own Vows can make her mine, ſhe's ſo:
Indeed the Marriage Rites are yet to come,
Which ſilly the delay'd theſe two Months paſt,
On ſlight Pretence of finiſhing the Time
Of mourning for her Father———But 'tis plain,
I was a Property to your baſe Love.

And

And only design'd to fill up your Place,
When surfeited you should return to *Turin*.
Hell———Furies! Draw, or in my just Revenge,
I'll pin you to the Earth———
Bass. Oh! Woman! Woman! [*Aside.*
Yes, I will draw——But ere the fatal Stroke
Is past Recal, I swear *Aurelia*'s Virtue
Is clear and spotless, like *Diana*'s self:
Nor was I prompted on this early Visit,
But with Design to take my last Farewel,
Having last Night receiv'd my Prince's Orders
To haste to *Turin*———Therefore if I fall,
I hope she'll meet with Mercy———Now come on.
Alon. Hold, hold, my Lord; Oh! could I credit this,
I would ask Pardon, and entreat your Friendship.
Bass. 'Tis true, upon my Honour———
But if you doubt my Words, I'm ready———
Tho' I have Reason to decline this Combat,
At least at present———Oh! *Placentia!* [*Aside.*
Oh! my *Placentia!* why should I abuse thee?
Alon. My Lord, you seem disturb'd———
Bass. Oh! *Alonzo! Alonzo!*
Should I acquaint you with my wretched Fate,
You'd find that Life itself is grown a Burden,
I cannot bear, since I can ne'er be happy.
But 'tis a Story that must ne'er be told,
Let it suffice, to settle your Repose,
That *Turin* holds the Cause of my Misfortunes.
Alon. Then I am happy: [*Aside.*
My Lord, I wish 'twere in my Power to serve you,
I'd do it as a Friend———
Bass. Generous Sir, I thank you;
As far as I am capable, I am *Alonzo*'s. [*Exit* Alonzo.
Oh! Force of treacherous Love! to gain my End,
I wrong a Wife, a Mistress, and a Friend. [*Exit* Bassino.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Aurelia's *Lodgings.*

Enter Aurelia, Florella.

Aur. OH! how I tremble for my dear *Baſſino!*
Haſte, fly, *Florella*, bring me News he lives,
Or elſe expect to ſee thy Miſtreſs die.
Flor. Madam, be patient———
Conſult your Reputation, and conſider
That the leaſt Noiſe you make on this Occaſion,
Reflects upon your Virtue———
Aur. Away, away———Talk not of Reputation,
When Love's in t'other Scale—But what can ſhock my Reputation;
Heaven's my Witneſs, I ne'er lodg'd a Thought,
For Count *Baſſino* that could wrong my Virtue.
Perhaps the Gods purſue me with their Hatred,
Becauſe I break my Promiſe to *Alonzo*.
But then, why did they not ſecure me his?
Why muſt weak Mortals be expos'd to Paſſions,
Which are not in our Power to ſubdue,
And yet account for what they prompt us to?
But I will think no more———Almighty Love,
Now hear my laſt Reſolve———if angry Heaven
Refuſed to guard my dear *Baſſino*'s Life,
Aurelia too ſhall fall, and leave his Murderer
Account for ever———

Enter Alonzo.

Flor. Oh! Heaven! where will this end?
Aur. Ha——— [*Aſide.*
The Gods have ſent him to decide my Fate,
How now! how dare you meet my angry View?
Or think I'll e'er forgive the baſe Affront
This very Day you offer'd to my Fame?
Juſt Heaven rejects not a Penitent,
Therefore

Therefore I cannot think that fair *Aurelia*,
Whoſe Charms are all divine, ſhould fail in Goodneſs.
Oh! let my Love atone for my raſh Deed:
The Count and I are Friends, why ſhould *Aurelia* be
more ſevere?

Aur. He lives, bleſt News!
Do then raſh Actions ſpeak your Love to me?
Muſt I in publick bear with your Inſults
Before I'm yours? what muſt I then expect
When the ſtrict Ties of Marriage ſhall confirm
Your jealous Paſſions?
No, you have taught me to avoid the Shelf
I was juſt running on———know, baſe *Alonzo*,
That from this Moment I reſume my Freedom,
I diſengage you from your former Vows,
And will henceforth be Miſtreſs of myſelf.

Alon. Ha——— [*Aſide.*
This ſudden Coldneſs has another Spring
Than my raſh Carriage———Oh! my jealous Fears;
But I'm reſolv'd to trace her winding Thoughts,
And fetch the Secret forth———
Madam, I hope you do but try my Love:
I cannot think *Aurelia* would be falſe.
Beſides, you can't recal what's regiſter'd in Heaven.

Aur. Then ſtay till we come there———There you'll
have Witneſs.

Alon. Witneſs!
Oh! faithleſs, perjur'd Woman, can'ſt thou think
Upon thyſelf, and bid me call my Witneſs?
Yes, you are mine———By all the Gods you are.
And ſhall there be a Power on this Side Heaven,
To ſtop my Bliſs? No———by my Love I ſwear.
I now can gueſs at your perfidious Meaning,
And tho' that cowardly Villain ſlily thought
To blind me with a Tale his Guilt had fram'd,
'Tis plain he is your Minion———[illegible] Courage
To own his Treachery.

Aur. Detracting, ſlanderous Villain!
How dare you treat me thus?
Oh! for the Look of a fierce Baſiliſk,
To puniſh this audacious Inſolence!

C 6 *Alon.*

Alon. Marry thee! No——by Heavens, I'd rather
Be rack'd to Death——And for thy vile Injuſtice,
None ſhall enjoy thee, while this Sword is mine.
[*Lays hold on his Sword.*
Nor ſhall your Lover 'ſcape, to ſerve your Luſt,
Till he has forc'd a Paſſage thro' this Breaſt.
[*Points to his Breaſt.*
Aur. Oh! my *Baſſino.* [*Aſide.*
Oh! cruel Man! Are not you then contented
To wreak your Spite on poor *Aurelia?*
Why muſt your Rage involve the Innocent?
Oh! let me fall your Paſſion's Sacrifice;
Let my Blood waſh the Stain you fix on me,
But do not blaſt your Name with baſe Revenge.——
Alon. By Heaven! ſhe doats on him! Oh! cunning Woman!
But this Pretence won't ſerve to ſave his Life;
I'll not be caught again——No, *Syren*, no.
Baſſino dies——Nor will I leave to Fortune
The vengeful Stroke, but take a ſafer Way.
Aur. Oh! Heaven! [*Kneels.*
What Words ſhall I invent to ſooth his Rage, [*Aſide.*
And ſave my dear *Baſſino?* Oh! *Alonzo.*
My once lov'd Dear, will you not hear me ſpeak?
Oh! I conjure you by our plighted Love's,
Whoſe Purity outſhone the Stars above,
Hear me this Time, then uſe me as you pleaſe.
Alon. Oh! Woman, Woman!
Aur. If e'er *Aurelia*
So much as in her Thoughts did wrong *Alonzo*,
May ſudden Death purſue her perjur'd Steps:
Heaven forgive [*Aſide.*
The Perjury, ſince I've no other way
To ſave *Baſſino*'s Life.——
Alon. *Aurelia*, riſe—— [*Raiſing her.*
Oh! could I credit this [illegible] happy were *Alonzo!*
But ſomethi[illegible] that thou art forſworn;
And yet thou ſeeſt [illegible] fair as Truth itſelf;
How is it poſſible that Guilt can look
With ſo divine a Face?

Aur.

Aur. Oh! kill me inſtantly: kill me, I beg you, kill me;
Let me not linger out an Age in Pain,
For ſuch is every Moment of your Anger;
I cannot bear to live in your Diſpleaſure.
Alon. By Heaven ſhe's true———
Hence frivolous Fears be gone———ſhe's only mine.
Come to my Breaſt, my bright *Aurelia*, come.
[*Embraces her.*
To that ſoft Shrine that holds that Sacred Image,
Which triumphs o'er my Soul, and graſps it all,
I knew my boundleſs Treaſure, and the Thought
Of loſing thee had rais'd my Love to Madneſs.
But now I'm calm—No more ſhall that fierce Paſſion,
Rude Jealouſy, diſturb my peaceful Mind.
Do but forgive the Faults my Rage committed,
And you will find our Loves will grow the purer;
Juſt as the Sky looks brighter when the Storm
Is chas'd away, and *Phœbus* ſmiles again.
Aur. Since both have been to blame, let it ſuffice,
We both repent, and will offend no more.
Alon. Oh! never, never,
I'll ne'er ſuſpect you more—Only reſolve me this—
Aur. What is it?
Alon. Why was *Baſſino*
Admitted to your View, and I denied?
Aur. He came to take his Leave, and 't had been rude
Not to admit a Man of his high Birth
On this Occaſion; nor was you denied,
But thro' Woman's Fears of your Suſpicions.
She thought you would miſconſtrue the Count's Viſit,
As you have really done——I blam'd her for it,
Indeed, this is the Truth—I hope *Alonzo*
Believes me now———
Alon. Believe Thee! Yes——As willingly as Martyrs
A State of endleſs Joy.
I will ſo love, my Dear, that [illegible]nkind
Shall look with Envy on our mutual Bliſs.
I'm like a Merchant toſt at Sea by Storms,
Who his laſt Courſe with Pray'rs and Toil performs;
And the rich Cargo ſafely brought on Shore,

He hugs it thus, and vows to part no more.
[*Embraces her.*

Aur. So in a flow'ry Mead a Serpent lurks,
And the unwary Traveller surprizes,
Where he suspects least Danger! Cursed Cheat. [*Aside.*
Oh! that I could disclose the fatal Story!
But it must never out———I beg, *Alonzo*,
You'd leave me for a while, and rest secure,
You have my Love———

Alon. Then the bright Sun in all his circling Turn,
Cannot behold a Man more truly happy,
What you command, I readily obey.
Farewel, my Dear. [*Exit* Alonzo.

Aur. Where art thou now, *Aurelia?*
How wilt thou 'scape that dreadful Precipice,
On which thou art hurried on by thy fatal Passion?
With conscious Horror I deceiv'd *Alonzo*;
I hate this base Treachery, but 'twas unavoidable:
The Truth had been more fatal———
More fatal!———No———For I must never wed
My dear *Bassino*, whilst *Alonzo* lives.
Oh! the distracting Thought! what shall I do?
Why! die *Aurelia:* That's the only Way,
To keep thy Vows to both—Ha——die, said I?
But whether then? who knows what Punishment,
Just Heav'n prepares for guilty Souls like mine.
But I must think no more, lest I grow mad with Thought,
If there's a Power that guards us here below,
Oh! look with pitying Eyes on poor *Aurelia:*
Appease the Tumults of my anxious Fear,
And load me with no more than I can bear.
[*Exeunt* Aurelia, Florella.

SCENE II. *Lady* Pizalta's *Lodgings.*

[illegible] Pizalta, Lucy.

L. *Piz.* Well, this Girl is an admirable Girl! What would half the Ladies in [illegible] give for such a Servant?

Lucy. (*Aside.*) I truly you have Reason to say so, for 'tis not the last Intrigue I have manag'd for you———Oh! dear Madam, your Ladyship does me too much Honour—

Honour———But how do you like your new Servant, Madam?

L. *Piz.* Oh! above all Men living, *Lucy:* He has the most bewitching Conversation I ever met with——Say, is there no way to contrive a second Meeting? For I'm impatient till I see the dear Man again———The End of the Carnival draws near, which is indeed the End of Life to me: For then must I be coop'd up with Age: Condemn'd to an eternal Coughing, Spitting, Snoring and Ill-nature———Then let me make the best of Life ———since Hell cannot have a worse Plague in Store than I have felt already.

Luc. Indeed, Madam, I pity you: And wish 'twere in my Power to free you from this old wither'd Log, but tho' that's impossible, yet I may do you some little Services to make Life's tedious Journey pleasant———Let me see, I have it———What would you say now, Madam, if I should contrive a Way to have your Lover in your own Chamber?

L. *Piz.* That were worth a King's Revenue———— Speak, quickly, how, how, good *Lucy?*

Luc. Why, thus: He shall put on my Cloaths, and in my Place attend you.

L. *Piz.* Rare Contrivance! but my Husband, *Lucy?*

Luc. Oh! let me alone, Madam, to manage him: He is defective in Sight, you know; and not mistrusting any thing, will not be over curious: But if he should, I have a way to bring you off——My Life on't——This Plot may be of Use to my Design, I'll manage it with Care. [*Aside.*

L. *Piz.* Oh! the Pleasure of hearing my Husband lie coughing and calling me to Bed: And my answering him, I'm coming, Dear; and while he imagines me in the next Room undressing, I'm happy in the Arms of my *Ludovico.* Certainly there's as much Satisfaction in deceiving a dull jealous Husband, as in getting a new Gallant; were it not grown so common [illegible] Tradesman's Wife must have her Gallant too———and sometimes makes a Journeyman of the Apprentice e'er his Indentures be half out———'Tis an insufferable Fault, that Quality can have no Pleasure above the Vulgar, except

it be in not paying their Debts. Well, dear *Lucy*, I admire thy Contrivance——About it instantly——

Lucy. (Aside) About it instantly! is that all? I must have my t'other Fee first.——I will, Madam; and you may expect your Lover instantly But, Madam, what's to be done with your brocade Night-Gown you tore last Night? it can ne'er be mended handsomely.

L. *Piz.* Nothing to be done without a Bribe I find, in Love as well as Law——Well, *Lucy*, if you manage this Intrigue with Care and Secrefy, the Gown is yours.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, my Lord desires to speak with you.

Lucy, Madam, I'll go about your Business: Your Ladyship's very humble Servant. [*Exit* Lucy.

L. *Piz.* Tell him I'm coming——[*Exit* Page.] Now by way of Mortification, must I go entertain my old jealous Husband. [*Exit Lady* Pizalta.

SCENE III. *The Piazza.*

Enter Ludovico *singing.*

Give me but Wine, that Liquor of Life,
And a Girl that is wholesome and clean,
Two or three Friends, but the Devil a Wife,
And I'd not change State with a King.

Enter Lucy.

Luci. What singing, Signior! Well you're a pleasant Gentleman——

Lud. Ah! my little female *Mercury*, what Message bring'st thou? Ha——will thy Lady bless me with another Sight——Ha——How——When? where? I am all in a Flame——

Lucy. Come along with me, Sir, I'll help you to an Extinguisher presently.

Lud. If thou meanest thy Lady, with all my Heart——But

But I can tell thee, she'll rather prove Oil, than what you speak of————But, say, where am I to see my lovely Charmer?

Lucy. In her Chamber————

Lud. Good! But how the Devil can that be done?

Lucy. Nay, without the Help of a Conjurer, I assure you; if you dare take me for your Pilot, I'll warrant you Success in your Voyage——I'll set you safe in the Island of Love; 'tis your Business to improve the Soil.

Lud. I warrant thee, Girl; do you but bring me there once, and if I play not my Part, may I never more know the Pleasure of an Intrigue.

Lucy. Which, if I mistake not, is the greatest Curse can fall on you——Well, you must suffer a small Metamorphosis: What think you of personating me a little? That is, dressing in my Cloaths, and waiting on your Mistress in her Bed-chamber—Ha————

Lud. Egad, I'm afraid I shall make but an awkward Chamber-maid, I'm undisciplin'd in dressing a Lady's Head————

Lucy. Oh! Sir, your Commission won't reach so high as the Head: I believe my Lady will excuse little Matters: You can undress, I suppose.

Lud. Oh! the best and the quickest of any Man in *Venice*. But a Pox on't—Can't find no other way?——I, I, I,——I like Petticoats in their proper Places, but I don't care to have my Legs in 'em.

Lucy. And so you resolve against it? Ha————

Lud. No, not absolutely resolve, Child: But—a——

Lucy. But what, Sir!

Lud. Nothing—I will follow thy Directions, whatever comes on't. Now lead the way, for nothing suits better with my Humour than a Friend, a Bottle, a new Mistress and a convenient Place. [*Exit* Lucy, Ludovico.

SCENE IV. Pizalro's *Lodgings.*

Enter Pizalro *with a Band in his Hand.*

Piz. Well—My Wife's a fine Woman! a very fine Woman! But a Pox she's a Wife still, and this young

Jade runs in my Head plaguily: Well————here 'tis under my Hand; a Thouſand Piſtoles——A great Sum for a Maidenhead, as Maidenheads go now-a-days——Ah, had I been young now.

A Fiddle and a Treat had bore the Prize away,
But when we old Fools doat, they make us pay.

Enter Lucy.

Oh! are you come! Here, here, *Lucy:* Here's a Fortune for thee, worth twenty Maidenheads, adod! I have not ſo much Money by me at preſent, but there's Security. [*Gives her the Bond.*

Lucy. Your Lordſhip's Bond's ſufficient————Well, but that I am ſatisfied my Reputation is ſafe with your Lordſhip, or twice the Sum ſhould not have prevail'd—Go to my Chamber, my Lord, I'll but ſtep and ſee if my Lady wants any thing, and I'll be with you inſtantly.

Piz. You won't ſtay, *Lucy?* Ah, Girl, buſs thy Lady's Chucky; now, do now————

Lucy. Oh! Lord! not here, we ſhall be diſcovered.

Piz. Well, thou art a cunning Sinner: make haſte, *Lucy*, doſt hear? [*Exit* Pizalto.

Lucy. You're in mighty Haſte, old Gentleman! but I ſhall deceive you,

My End is gain'd; I have my Fortune made,
Man has not me, but I have Man betray'd.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Armando's *Lodgings.*

Enter Armando, Placentia.

Pla. OH! *Armando!*
Thou more than Friend to the distress'd
Placentia!
Say, how shall I regain my lost *Bassino*,
My false, perfidious Husband? [*Weeps.*
Arm. Dear Madam, moderate your Sorrow:
Reserve those Tears to move *Bassino*'s Heart,
Mine is all Pity: You may rest secure
Of all the Arguments a Friend can use
To bring him back to your endearing Arms.
Virtue's not quite extinguish'd in his Breast,
Therefore I hope the Sight of bright *Placentia*
Will rouze his slumb'ring Reason——
Pla. Oh! *Bassino! Bassino!*
Oh! wretched Woman! Oh! that I had dy'd
E'er I had known him false: Then I were happy:
And tho' contented with his second Choice,
He with a pitying Sigh, perhaps, had grac'd
My Memory——
Oh! all ye Powers that virtuous Love inspire,
Assist me now: Inform my vocal Organs
With angel Eloquence, such as can melt
His Heart of Flint, and move his former Kindness.
(Aside.) But if that fail, I will remove the Cause
Of both our Woes——Yes, that happy Charmer,
That Rival of my Love shall surely die.
Arm. Doubt not of the Success; What Heart of Steel
Could ere resist such Beauty dress'd in Tears?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Count *Bassino* enquires if you are within.
Pla. Oh! Heavens! how I tremble!

Arm.

Arm. Lucky Opportunity———ſhew him up.
Madam, be pleas'd to ſtep into that Cloſet,
Till I can ſound the utmoſt of his Thoughts,
And ſhew him naked to your ſecret View.
Then when he's in the Height of impious Paſſion,
You like a Bolt from Heav'n ſhall ruſh on him,
And ſtrike his Folly dumb.

Pla. Almighty Powers, whoſe providential Care
Is ever kind to virtuous Innocence,
Oh! help me now in this Extremity. [*Exit* Placentia.

Enter Baſſino.

Baſſ. How does my Friend *Armando?*

Arm. My Lord, *Armando*'s well,
And wiſhes you were ſo.

Baſſ. Doſt thou diſcover ought that gives thee Cauſe
To doubt I am not well? Indeed I think
I am in perfect Health———

Arm. My Lord, I ſhould be glad
To find that Fever of your Mind abated
In which I left you laſt———

Baſſ. (*Aſide.*) I muſt diſſemble now,
Elſe I'll ne'er gain my Ends—my dear *Armand*,
That Fever thou ſpeak'ſt of, is now ſucceeded
By a cold Ague-Fit: The bare Remembrance
Of my unlawful Paſſion ſhakes my Soul.

Arm. Such ſudden Cures have often prov'd pernicious,
And we have Reaſon to ſuſpect a Wound
Too quickly heal'd———

Baſſ. Not when thou know'ſt what Balſam I applied.

Arm. There's ſcarce a Balm for the deep Wounds of Love,
Beſides Poſſeſſion, and I cannot think
You have enjoy'd *Aurelia.*

Baſſ. I ſwear I have not———
But I enjoy my Reaſon by thee Reaſon:
And who purſues Vice, can never cheriſh
A Thought againſt himſelf: For ſuch I call
Whatſoever keeps me from my lawful Wife,
My dear *Placentia*, to whoſe Arms I'll fly

With

With all the eager Haste of a fond Bridegroom.
There I shall revel in the virtuous Pleasures
Of a chaste Bed—Oh! my Friend *Armando!*
My dear *Placentia*'s Friend! can'st thou forgive?
Indeed I'm penitent, and will offend no more.

Arm. My Lord, these are the Words you spoke before:
What greater Reason have I now to think
You'll keep your Promise?

Baff. Pride, Honour, Justice are come to my Aid,
And Love too feeble to withstand 'em all,
Has left the Field to my victorious Reason.
Pride, with the Prospect of my future Greatness,
Allures me to return with Speed to *Turin*,
T'obey my Prince's Orders.
Honour and Justice tell me I'm *Placentia*'s,
And that *Aurelia* is *Alonzo*'s Bride.
To him she gave her Virgin Vows: Nay, more,
To him her dying Father did bequeath her;
He loves her too, and shall not be depriv'd:
My Passion is subdu'd, and I'm resolv'd
Myself to give *Aurelia* to *Alonzo*.

Arm. If this be true, then you are my Friend again:
But how came you to learn *Aurelia*'s
Engagement to *Alonzo?*

Baff. I have it from himself, who an Hour since,
With eager Fury sought to 'venge on me
His injur'd Love, and challeng'd me to fight:
I chose with Justice to defend my Life,
And quit *Aurelia*, rather than to vanquish
In such a Cause—*Alonzo* strait embrac'd me,
Call'd me his Friend, and vow'd I should not go,
Till I had seen him join'd in solemn Marriage
With bright *Aurelia*———This I readily granted.
Canst thou believe me true?

Arm. My Lord, I do believe you———
And am o'erjoy'd to hear your Resolution:
By Heaven! there's more Glory in subduing
Our wild Desires, than an embattl'd Foe.
Now do I wish his Wife had never come. [*Aside.*

Baff. Armando, thou'rt my Friend, and on that Score
I must desire you to repair to *Turin*,

With

With all the Speed you can, to bear theſe Letters
To our great Prince, and beg he will excuſe
My ſtay for three Days more——And here this Letter
Bear to *Placentia*——ſpeak to her the kindeſt
The ſofteſt Things thy Fancy can ſuggeſt.
I ſhall make good thy Promiſe———
My dear *Placentia!* Oh! that ſhe were here,
Panting and warm within theſe longing Arms!
'Tis a long Age ſince I did ſee her laſt!
But come, my Friend, you muſt this Hour ſet forward.

Arm. With all my Heart: But 'twill not be amiſs,
Before I go, to fix the Victory,
Which conquering Virtue in your Breaſt has gain'd;
And if what you pretend be real Truth,
I have a welcome Preſent for *Baſſino*.
Madam, come forth———

Enter Placentia.

Baſſ. What do I ſee! my Wife! This was a lucky Plot: [*Aſide.*
Hypocriſy did ne'er befriend me more.
This was not like a Friend—why ſhould *Armando*
Diſturb her ſoft Tranquility of Mind,
And give her ocular Proofs of my Diſloyalty?
Oh! my *Placentia!* my beloved Wife! [*Embraces her.*
Oh! that I ſhould e'er think to wrong my Dear!

Pla. My Lord, waſte not a Sigh on my Account.
My Joys are infinite, ſince you are mine,
And what is paſt I eaſily forget.
Nay, let me beg for Pardon: For I know
I have offended you in coming hither.
I ſhould have waited this Return of Virtue:
Or, if abandon'd, ſilently have mourn'd
My Loſs, without upbraiding my lov'd Lord.
All this I ſhould have done, but mighty Love,
[illegible]ful for Duty to withſtand,
Guided my [illegible]
In hopes my Preſence would retrieve your Heart.

Baſſ. Gods! that this Woman were *Aurelia!* [*Aſide.*
Thou Wonder of thy Sex! thou beſt of Women!

I

I bluſh to think that thou haſt heard my Folly:
Yet ſince your Love cancels your juſt Complaints,
You make me doubly bleſt: And I'll reward
This excellent Goodneſs with eternal Fondneſs.
Oh! that thou hadſt been here! Not all the Beauties
That *Venice* holds could have diverted me;
No, not one Moment from my dear *Placentia*.
Long Abſence is the Bane of new-born Love,
But Fate ſhall ne'er have Power to part us more.

Pla. Oh! my dear Lord, your Goodneſs is too great:
And I'm o'er-paid for all my Sorrows paſt.
Armando, ſay, is not he wondrous kind?

Arm. Madam, I told you Virtue
Was ſtruggling in his Breaſt; and that it might
O'ercome his vicious Love, I thought your Preſence
Was requiſite———And now, my Lord, I hope
You will forgive me, ſince all the Endeavours
I us'd before had been in vain. I once
Deſign'd to let *Aurelia* know your Marriage;
But then perhaps ſhe would not have believ'd me:
Let this plead my Excuſe in ſending for *Placentia*
Without your Knowledge.

Baſſ. I muſt not let him ſee I am concern'd. [*Aſide.*
I know 'twas Friendſhip all, well-meaning Friendſhip:
I only am to blame: But I'll retrieve
My Credit in your Heart, and ſtill deſerve
The Name of Friend—And thou, the beſt of Wives,
Shalt ne'er have Cauſe to doubt my conſtant Love.

Pla. Oh! my *Baſſino!* this Exceſs of Kindneſs
Exalts me o'er all Mortals, if you're true,
There's not a Blaſt within the Power of Fortune
Can ſhock my Happineſs.

Baſſ. Thou ſhalt ne'er find me falſe, I ſwear thou ſhalt not.
Oh! that I could engage
She would return to *Turin* with *Armando*; [*Aſide.*
For if ſhe ſtays, I never can enjoy
My bright *Aurelia*, and by Heaven I will,
Altho' ten thouſand Lives ſhould pay the Purchaſe.

Pla. My Lord, you ſeem diſturb'd.

Baſſ. It troubles me

You

You can't appear in *Venice* with a Train
That may beſpeak the Rank you hold in *Savoy.*
Pla. to *Arm.* Oh! *Armando!*
He is ſo kind, I wiſh I ne'er had come!
What if I offer to return with you?
Arm. Madam, you will do well:
For I myſelf cannot ſuſpect him now.
Pla. My Lord, let not my Preſence here diſturb you;
I doubt your Love no more, and to convince you,
I will go back before 'tis known I'm here.
Beſides, 'tis fit I ſhould prepare all things
To welcome you at home.
Baſſ. (aſide.) Bleſt Opportunity!
Fortune I thank thee: Would my Dear then leave me
So very ſoon? Alas! 'twill be an Age
Ere I return to *Turin:* Three long Days;
No, my Dear, no; I will not part from thee,
Not leaſt this Night, my Love———
Pla. Will then *Armando* ſtay?
Baſſ. No, my beſt Hopes, he inſtantly departs
With Letters to my Prince.
Pla. Then ſuffer me to go this very Moment.
Three Days will ſoon be o'er, and your Return,
Shall make me fully bleſt———If I ſhould ſtay
'Twould look like baſe Diſtruſt, and I can't think
Baſſino would be falſe———
Baſſ. (aſide.) Oh! Heaven! that I were not!
Arm. Indeed, my Lord, I think you're truly happy.
Scarce does any Age produce ſo good a Wife.
Baſſ. Oh! that I could reward this wondrous Goodneſs!
Pla. My Lord, what makes you ſigh?
Baſſ. To part from thee: But ſince 'tis your Deſire,
It ſhall be ſo. *Armando,* to thy Charge
I here commit the Treaſure of my Soul,
Take Care of her, and think that on her Safety
My Life depends.
Arm. My Lord, I hope you do not doubt my Care.
Baſſ. Dear Friend, I do not——
May Heaven's Bleſſings ſtill attend my Love,
My dear *Placentia.* *Embraces, and goes to lead her off.*

Pla.

Pla. As many more guard my *Baſſino.*

Baſſ. (aſide.) A ſudden Horror ſeizes all my Limbs: I tremble at the Thought of this baſe Deed——

[*Pulls out his Handkerchief, and drops a Letter, which* Armando *takes up.*

Ha——Tears uncall'd for bathe my guilty Eyes——
Gods! either give me Virtue to withſtand
This impious Love, or Courage to purſue it
Without Remorſe; for I'm but half a Villain.

[*Exeunt* Baſſino, Placent.

Arm. opens the Letter A Letter! and to *Aurelia!* now Curioſity prompts me to know the Subject——What's here?

Reads. *I have diſpatch'd* Armando *to the Court of* Savoy, *and found Pretence to ſtay behind*——

Falſe treacherous Man!

This Night I give a Maſk at my Lodgings, which, I hope, will divert Alonzo, *till the Prieſt has joined our Hands; and while all the Company are engaged in Mirth, I'll ſteal to the dear Arms of my divine* Aurelia.

Oh! Villain, Villain! Monſtrous Villain!
Oh! poor *Placentia!* But I will prevent
His Policy, and break his wicked Meaſures.

[*Exit* Armando.

SCENE II. Pizalto's *Lodgings.*

Enter Pizalto *ſolus.*

Piz. Why, what makes this young Jade ſtay ſo long? Adod, this is to pay before hand——Ha——methinks I hear a Laughing and Giggling in my Wife's Apartment; I muſt know whence their Mirth proceeds. Ho! here's *Lucy* coming——Harkee you, Sirrah, why did you make me wait ſo long? Nay, I'm reſolved you ſhan't eſcape me now——*Goes to the Door, and pulls in* Ludovico *in* Lucy's *Cloaths, whoſe Commode falls off in the Struggle, and diſcovers his bald Head.*] Oh! Benedicite! What have we here? A Man diſguis'd in my Wife's

Wife's Chamber! and I unarm'd! Oh! Curst Minute!——Speak, thou wicked Prophet, thou Son of Iniquity, what cameſt thou here for? Ha——Thou Prieſt of *Baal*, to offer Sacrifices on the Altar of my Wife? Oh! my Head! my Horns weigh it down to the Ground already———Within there, bring me my Sword and Piſtols.

Lud. A Pox on all Petticoats——What a Devil ſhall I ſay now? Oh! for a Sword! that would be of more Uſe to me now than my Tongue.

Enter Lady Pizalta.

Piz. Oh! thou wicked fallacious Woman!

L. Piz. What ails my dear Chucky? Why doſt thou call for Arms, Deary?

Piz. To cut down that vile Creeper which over-runs thy Garden of Virtue———

L. Piz. [*aſide.*] Now Impudence aſſiſt me. Ah! Heavens! What's here? A Man in Diſguiſe? A Thief it muſt be——Raiſe the Servants——Oh! Heaven! we might have had all our Throats cut in our Beds——Now for *Lucy*, for I am at a Loſs to come off. [*Aſide.*

Piz. No, no, I warrant, you know he is more gentle in Bed.

Lud. [*aſide.*] Oh! the Devil, what does ſhe mean? Death, Hell and Furies! if I come off now, catch me at this Sport again, and hang me———

Enter Lucy.

L. Piz. Oh! are you there, Miſtreſs? How came this Man here in your Cloaths? Ha! Gentlewoman—

Lucy. [*aſide.*] How confidently ſhe aſks the Queſtion, as if ſhe knew nothing of it! How muſt I [illegible] her off—For Reaſons you muſt not know, Madam.

Piz. Ah! Thou wicked Pair of Bellows to blow the Fire of Iniquity! Why, thou art the very Caſement thro' which thy Miſtreſs ſucks the Air of Abomination—

Tell

Tell me, I say, how he came here, and for what—— and be sure it be a substantial Lie, or 'twill not pass.

Lucy. [*aside.*] All my Hopes are in her Impudence.

Lucy to *Pizal.* Harkee, Sir, one Word with you—— Do you remember our Agreement To-night?

Piz. Why, what of that? ha———

Lucy. Then imagine what I design'd that Gentleman for: I'm honest, Sir, that's all———

Piz. I'm honest, Sir, that's all—[*Mimicking her Tone.*] Honest! with a Pox———What! and so you honestly provided a Companion for my Wife in my Absence—ha——

Lucy. No, Sir, I design'd him for your Companion in my Absence——This is the Business he was dress for: Therefore no more Words, but believe my Lady honest, or all shall out.

Piz. Oh! the Devil! this shan't pass, Hussy——Do you think I'll be cuckolded, jilted, bubbled, and let it pass for a *Christmas* Gambol. Adod, give me my Bond again, or——or—— [*Holds up his Cane.*

Lucy. No———hold there, Sir: Women and Lawyers ne'er refund a Fee: But 'tis your best Way to be patient now, I'll not take Blows.

L. *Piz.* Why all this Whispering? Why mayn't I know the Business?

Piz. I am mistaken if you have not known too much Business already: But I am right enough serv'd——— I had more Ground before than I could manage; I had no Need of my Neighbour's.

Lucy. Right, my Lord; Ground that lies fallow will breed Weeds in Time; but you'rs is clear yet.

Piz. Damn your Jests: I shall expect a better Account, do you hear? I'll find a Servant to see you out of Doors. [*To* Ludovico. [*Exeunt* Pizallo *and Lady.*

Lud. Well, this was an admirable Lift at a Plot!— She has brought me off now——And if e'er they catch me at this Music again, I'll give 'em Leave to make an *Italian* Singer of me———No more Intrigues in Disguise——— if it had not been for the Waiting-Woman now, I might have been hang'd for a Thief.

Lucy. What all amort, Signior, no Courage left?

Lud.

Lud. Faith, not much———I think I have lost my Manhood with my Breeches———This Transformation may suit with Gods, but not with Mortals of my Humour———Come, prithee, good Mistress *Lucy*, help me to my proper Shape again; for tho' I have a natural Inclination to Petticoats, I hate 'em upon my own Back. [*A Flourish of Music within.*

Lucy. Hark! I hear Count *Baffino*'s Music: He gives a Mask To-night; you are already dress't for Masquerade, won't you stay and take a Dance?

Lud. Egad, I'd rather dance a Jig with thee elsewhere: Faith thou'rt a pretty Girl—and hast a good deal of Wit too———But then, Pox on't, thour't honest, thou sayest, thou cannot swallow a Pill, except 'tis gilded over with Matrimony.

Lucy——And that turns your Stomach, I warrant.

Lud. Why, Ay: Faith my Stomach is damn'd squeemish in these Matters: Yet, egad, if I could find one with half as much Money as thou hast Wit and Beauty, I'd marry, and live honest.

Lucy. That is, you'd marry her Money———

Lud. One with the other, Child: There's no living upon Love thou knowest———Tho' Faith I could live well enough too.

Lucy. Well, suppose I help you to a Lady with a round Sum; you'd keep your Word, and marry her?

Lud. I am a Gentleman, I scorn to break my Word.

Lucy. Well, Sir, come to the Mask, and I'll engage you a Mistress, if you are not over-curious.

Lud. With all my Heart:

I'm now resolv'd to leave this Wenching-Trade:
For no Man's safe upon a Hackney Jade;
Th' Allay of Danger makes the Pleasure Pain,
A Virtuous Wife will always be same.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Mask in Bassino's *Lodgings.*

Bassino, Alonzo, Armando, *in a Disguise*; Placentia *in Man's Cloaths, Signior* Pizalto, *Lady* Pizalta, Lucy, &c.

An Entry of three Men, and three Women of several Nations.

Bass. I Can't imagine where I dropt my Letter:
Pray Heaven it be where none can ever find it.
Gods! Let me once enjoy her, then call on me
Your Store of Plagues, and I will meet 'em all.

Enter Ludovico, *singing.*

Lud. Ah! Mistress *Lucy!* I'm come thou see'st——I expect thou shalt be as good as thy Word, Child——is the Lady here?

Lud. The Lady is forth-coming, if you are still in the same Mind?

L. *Piz.* My Lover here! Harkee, *Lucy.*

Lucy. By and by, Madam, I am catering for myself now———Well, Sir, will two thousand Pistoles do?

Lud. I must humour her——[*Aside.*] Ay Child.

Lucy. Why then I take you at your Word, Sir, and can produce the aforesaid Sum——[*To* Piz.] With a little of your Assistance, my Lord.

Lud. (aside) Hum———A pretty Wife I am like to have———Catch me there if you can———

Piz. Ha———How's that?

Lud. How! Mistress *Lucy*, worth two thousand Pistoles?

Lucy. Ay: And I have a very good Pay-master for one Half of it too—Do you know this Hand, my Lord? [*To* Pizalto.] *(Shews the Bond.)*

Piz. (aside.) Confound your jilting Sneer.

Lud. Ha, ha, ha———What, a thousand Pistoles a Dish, my Lord? I hope you don't change often, ha——ha———

Piz.

Piz. Huſſy, I'll be reveng'd———'Tis all falſe, 'tis counterfeit.

Lucy. Ha—ha—But it had been current Coin, if I had ſuffer'd you to put your Stamp upon't———in my Bed-chamber, my Lord———

L. *Piz.* How, Miſtreſs, have you trick'd my Husband out of a thouſand Piſtoles, and never told me of it?

Lucy. Nay, Madam, don't frown———Remember you have trick'd him out of ſomething too, which I never told him of—Don't urge me to more Diſcoveries.

Lud. (aſide.) So———Here's Trick upon Trick: But, Faith, you ſhall never trick me out of my Liberty. I'm not ſo fond of a Wife to marry a Chamber-maid, tho' with ten Times as much Money: And ſo, ſweet Miſtreſs *Abigail*, your humble Servant. [*Exit* Ludovico.

L. *Piz. (aſide.)* The Jade has me upon the Hip—I muſt be ſilent.

She who has her Huſband's Bed abus'd,
Can ne'er expect ſhe ſhould be better us'd. [Exit.

Lucy. Ha———What! my Lover gone! With all my Heart: Better now than after; for whilſt I have my Fortune in my own Hands, I ſhall have no Need to ſue for a ſeparate Maintenance, and get nothing for it neither.

Arm. to *Pla.* Now, Madam, go: May Heaven be propitious
To your Deſigns: I'll ſtay and watch *Baſſino:*
And when he goes, will follow with *Alonzo.*

Pla. Oh! my ſick Fancy frames a thouſand Forms,
Which tell me that our Meeting will prove fatal,
And warn me not to go, what ſhall I do?
Muſt I bear calmly my *Baſſino*'s Loſs?
Why do I tremble thus?
Sure it can't be the Fear of Death———No, for if
I go not I muſt loſe him, and that's more
Than Death to me———and if I go, I can but fall,
And Life without him is the greater Woe,
Therefore I'll on, I'll uſe the ſofteſt Words
That Tongue can frame to ſooth her into Pity,

And

And dissuade her from this impious Marriage.
If I succeed I am compleatly happy,
If not, I'd rather die than live with Hate,
But first, curst Rival, thou shalt share my Fate.
[*Exit* Placentia.

A Flourish of Musick.

Bass. 'Tis now the Time——But whither do I go?
Shall I a Maid, a Wife, a Friend betray?
No matter————
All Arguments are vain, where Love bears Sway.
[*Exit* Bassino.

A SONG.

When the Winds rage, and the Seas grow high,
They bid Mankind beware,
But when they smooth and calm the Sky,
'Tis then they would ensnare.

So the bright Thais *Kindness shows,*
By frowning on her Lovers,
For Ruin only from her Brows,
When she her Charms discovers.

Piz. Come now, Gentlemen and Ladies, be pleas'd to walk into the next Room, and take a small Collation —But where's my Lord *Bassino?* Come, Gentlemen, he's gone before us.

Arm. Where we will quickly follow. *(Aside.)* *Alonzo*, a Word with you— [*Exit Omnes.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber in Aurelia's *House.*

Two Arm-Chairs. Aurelia *sola.*

Aur. I wonder much at my *Bassino*'s Stay:
Oh! Love! how swiftly fly thy Hours away

When we are bleſt! How tedious are thy Minutes
When cruel Abſence parts two longing Lovers!

Enter Florella.

Is my *Baſſino* come? ſpeak———

Flor. No, Madam, a young Stranger deſires to ſpeak with you: He ſays, you are not acquainted with his Name, but will ſoon with his Buſineſs, which is ſomething of great Import, that can be told to none but yourſelf.

Aur. A Stranger Buſineſs with me! I know of none I have with Strangers—Heaven! what's this?
I feel a ſudden Throbbing in my Heart,
As if 'twas conſcious of ſome fatal News— [*Aſide.*
Womaniſh Fears———Admit him—(*Exit* Florella)
it muſt be
One of *Baſſino*'s Friends, whom he intruſts
To be a Witneſs of our Marriage Vows.

Enter Placentia, *in Man's Cloaths.*

Pla. Madam, I was inform'd that Count *Baſſino*
Was to be here—and having Things t'impart
That much concern him, I made bold to come———
Aur. Sir, I expect him ſtraight—if you're his Friend
I will account you mine—Be pleas'd to ſit. [*Both ſit.*
Pla. My Brother, Madam, is extremely happy
In being favour'd by ſo fair a Lady———
Aur. Your Brother, Sir! is then my Lord your brother?
Pla. Madam, he is.
Aur. Then I may call you Brother too;
For all the ſolemn Vows of Love have paſs'd
'Twixt him and me—And bliſsful *Hymen* waits
With lighted Torch to tie the ſacred Knot,
Which ſhall be done this Hour———
Pla. This Hour! ſay you? Oh! Madam, have a Care:
You tread inchanted Ground, and e'er you know
What Path you take, you're hurried to Deſtruction.

Aur.

Aur. Where lies the Danger?
Pla. Oh! 'Tis a fatal Tale, yet you muſt hear it;
Therefore ſummon your Courage to your Aid,
For you will need it all, whilſt I relate
The fatal Story———
Aur. Ah! how I tremble!
Say, is he dead? has any murderous Villain
Kill'd my *Baſſino?*
Pla. No—he is well in Health: but his diſtemper'd Mind
Is of a wild and feveriſh Diſpoſition,
Longing to taſte, what taſted will undo him.
Aur. Your Speech is all a Riddle: Pray ſpeak plainer:
But yet, e'er you proceed, if Count *Baſſino* lives,
I care not what muſt follow, ſince he's mine.
Pla. No, he's not yours—Nor ever muſt.
Aur. 'Tis falſe———There's not a Pow'r on Earth can part us:
Perhaps,
You think my Blood too baſe to mix with yours———
But, Sir, your Brother loves me, and in Love
All Ranks are equal———
Pla. No———I wiſh that were all:
But there's a greater Obſtacle———He—is—married—
Oh! Gods! unfortunately married!
Aur. Married!
Pla. Yes,———Married———to my Siſter,
To my unfortunate, abandon'd Siſter.
Oh! do not you conſpire t'undo her quite;
It is enough, ſhe's falſe *Baſſino*'s Wife.
Aur. Gods! Married!
And is it poſſible! Oh! faithleſs Men!
Oh! Truth! Oh! Juſtice! Whither are you fled?
Now all my Fears and Horrors are explain'd.
Pla. I'm glad I reach'd this Place in Time, to hinder
Thoſe Ills that muſt have waited on your Marriage,
Now it is in your Power, both to be happy,
And, in ſome Meaſure, make my Siſter ſo. [*Both riſe.*
Aur. A Paradox in Nature———Bid *Aurelia*
Be happy, when you rob her of her Heaven!
Her dear *Baſſino!*

Indeed your Sister may be counted happy,
If she's his Wife—Ha—Wife—By Heaven! 'tis false—
No, no—He has no other Wife but me———
He is not married, you bely him basely———
He cannot be so treacherous———

Pla. Madam, I swear, whate'er I said is Truth—
Do but defer this Marriage for a Day,
And if I don't produce convincing Proofs,
May all the Plagues a Woman can invent
Fall on my perjur'd Head———

Aur. Defer our Marriage—No, by Heaven I will not.
I can't suspect him—Neither do I think
You durst maintain this Story to his Face.

Pla. Madam, I dare; nay, which is more, I'll die,
Or vindicate my injur'd Sister's Honour———

Aur. Bold Arrogance!
Oh! That he were but here to answer the Affront!
Perhaps he may have wrong'd your Family:
Debauch'd your Sister; for which you would force him
To marry her?———But, I must tell thee, Boy,
He's mine already: nor would he forsake me
To hold Command o'er all the Universe.

Pla Oh! Heaven! must I bear this!

Aur. Nay, expect more, if he should find you here,
'Tis not your being Brother to his Mistress,
That will secure you from his just Revenge.

Pla. Revenge! Nay, then away with all Disguise,
Pity be gone———And in its Room fell Rage
Take place, that I may dash that haughty Insolence
That dares to treat me thus—Know, Madam,
I am his Wife—his lawful wedded Wife.
With borrow'd Shape I came to try your Virtue,
Which I have found so light that the least Puff
Of wanton Love will blast it———Else my Visit
Had met a better Welcome—Here with Sword in Hand
I'll wait his coming. [*Draws.*
And as he enters, pierce thy haughty Breast.
I know he loves thee, and therefore 'tis brave
Revenge to let him see thy dying Pangs:
Thy parting Sighs will rack him worse than Hell.

Aur. His Wife! Oh! Insolence!

In

In vain you waſte your Breath, it moves not me:
So much I love him, ſo much I'm belov'd,
That ſhould an Angel from yon Heaven deſcend,
To tell me he's marry'd, I'd not credit him,
Kill me if you dare—He will revenge my Death:
That pleaſing Thought gives Courage to my Soul:
To live without him would be Death indeed!
No—he'll ne'er leave me for a common Thing,
For ſuch I'm ſure thou art———

Pla. Common!. Proud Wretch——by Heaven that Word gives Wings
To my Revenge—Vile Creature, die— [*Stabs her.*

Aur. Help,—Murder, murder———

Enter Baſſino.

Baſſ. Ha—That to thy Heart——[*Kills* Plac.] Wer't thou a Demi-god
And durſt attempt this Shrine, thus ſhould'ſt thou fall—

Pla. (Falling.) Oh! *Baſſino*! Oh!

Aur. Oh! hold, my Lord, what has your Raſhneſs done?
I only ſhould have dy'd———I'll not upbraid
Your Treachery—No, 'tis the Hand of Heaven
That guides the Stroke that takes my guilty Life,
For being faithleſs to *Alonzo*.

Baſſ. Talk not of Death, my fair, my dear *Aurelia*;
That very Sound does harrow up my Soul.
But who art thou, whoſe ſacrilegious Hand
Durſt to profane the Temple of my Love?

Pla. I am your Wife—Your loving Wife *Placentia*.
Oh! pardon this raſh Deed; blame jealous Love—
And grace me with a Sigh, that I may die contented.

Baſſ. My Wife! and kill'd by me!
Under what Load of Miſeries I ſtand!
Oh! Horror! Horror! Infinity of Guilt!
Hurl now your vengeful Bolts, Almighty Powers,
On my devoted Head!
Oh! I have wrong'd you both: Deceiv'd you baſely:
Thus proſtrate on the Ground, let me beg Pardon:
[*Throws himſelf on the Ground.*

I do not ask it with Deſign to live.
Aur. Oh! dear *Baſſino* live:
And try to ſave her, for ſhe's innocent:
We only are in Fault———
I urg'd my wretched Fate with impious Language,
For which I beg Forgiveneſs: Generous Lady,
Let not my Soul depart with Guilt oppreſt.
Pla. As I forgive you, ſo may Heaven me.
Baſſ. Oh! *Placentia!* Oh! my Wife!
Aur. One thing more, and I'm happy———
Were but *Alonzo* here, that I might aſk
Forgiveneſs for my Falſhood! But, alas!
My Spirits faint within my frozen Veins,
And every Thing ſeems double to my Sight:
Oh! How I dread the uncertain future State!
Baſſ. Unhappy Maid! Oh! my once dear *Aurelia!*
Curſt, Curſt *Baſſino!* Oh! my Wife! How dare
I ſtand the View of both theſe injur'd Women!
Oh! Heaven! Why name I Heaven! Heaven will not hear
A Wretch like me———No, even Hell wants Torment
Proportion'd to my Guilt—Oh! my *Placentia!* Oh!
Pla. Oh! my dear Lord, I cannot ſee you thus:
Live, live, my Lord; be happy when I'm dead.
Nay, for your Sake, I wiſh *Aurelia* too
May live to make you happy———
Baſſ. Oh! hold!
Heap not more Curſes on me by your Kindneſs:
I wiſh that ſhe might live, but not for me,
Only to clear me from her guilty Blood———
Oh! *Placentia!*
Pla. Riſe, my Lord, riſe: Do not indulge your Woe,
Your Sighs atone for all, and make e'en Death a pleaſure———
I ſee him coming, he will ſoon be here———
Baſſ. No, I will never riſe: ne'er ſee the Day.
The Sun would bluſh to ſhine on ſuch an impious Wretch.
Here let me lie, and tear with theſe curſt Hands
[*Tears the Ground in a diſtracted Manner.*
A Paſſage thro' the Earth, and hide my Face for ever.

Alon.

Alon. (Within.) Where where's this Villain? Where's *Baſſino?*

Aur. 'Tis *Alonzo*'s Voice.
Oh! fly, my Lord, fly from his juſt Revenge.

Enter Alonzo *haſtily.*

Baſſ. Fly———
Where ſhall I fly from Juſtice? No, Heaven is kind
In ſending him to help my Journey forward.

Alon. Where's *Baſſino?*

Baſſ. (Riſing.) Here Sir, I ſtand.

Alon. Then there ſtands a Villain———Ha—what
Do I ſee!———*Aurelia* murder'd!
Oh! treacherous Maid, thy Love has coſt thee dear,
Think on thy broken Vows, and call to Heaven for Mercy.
Thy Death I will revenge, becauſe I lov'd thee once.

Aur. Oh! *Alonzo*, pardon me.

Alon. to *Baſſ.* Now Villain, now what Story, what Pretence
Canſt thou invent to avoid my juſt Revenge?
Oh! that I ne'er had liſt'ned to thy Tongue!
Thy baſe perfidious Tongue! Then all theſe Murders
Had been prevented, and thou curſt in Hell———
Thou monſtrous Fiend———

Baſſ. You talk too much—Let's ſee what you can do:
Thus I return your Villain———

Alon. Take thy Reward. [*They fight*, Baſſino *falls.*

Enter Armando.

Arm. Hold! hold: Oh Gods! I'm come too late,
What has my fatal Friendſhip done!
Ha———*Placentia* too—curſt Letter!

Baſſ. My Friend *Armando!* Oh! I bluſh to ſee thee:
But let me have your Pardon———now I need it.

Arm. Oh! firſt pardon me———
For I have been the Cauſe of all this Miſchief.
Whilſt my officious Friendſhip ſtrives to ſave you,
I bring you all to this unhappy End.

Say, can you pardon me?

Baſſ. I do———

And Oh! my Friend! had Virtue been my Guide,
As it was thine, I ſtill were truly happy.

Aur. Where am I?
Why do I hover thus 'twixt Reſt and Miſery?
Oh! good *Alonzo*, ſay you pardon me,
And let me die in Peace, elſe full of Horror
My guilty Soul muſt wander in the Shades
Of gloomy Night, and never, never reſt.

Alon. Thou haſt my Pardon, and with it this Promiſe
Never to love again———

Aur. Oh! you're——too———kind—and I want—
Breath to thank——you——Farewel. [*Dies.*

Baſſ. Oh! *Placentia!* [*Embraces her.*
Thus in thy Arms my Thread of Life ſhall break.

Pla. My Lord, my Huſband, Oh! come nearer yet,
That I may take a parting Kiſs, to ſmooth
My Paſſage to the Realms of endleſs Night. [*Kiſſing him.*
So—Now—I die———much happier than I lived.
Farewel——— [*Dies.*

Baſſ. Farewel, fair Excellence! Thou beſt of Wives!
But I ſhall quickly follow—Yet before I go,
I beg, *Alonzo*, let my Death atone
For all the Injuries my Life has done you.
Oh! ſpare my Memory, when I'm no more.

Alon. By Heaven!
I ſee ſuch Virtue ſtruggling in thy Breaſt,
As makes me wiſh I could prevent the Flight
Of thy departing Soul———

Baſſ. No, no———I would not live:
Hadſt thou not come, my Hand had ſet me free,
But now I fell more nobly, and leſs guilty.
My Friend, my dear *Armando*,
Haſte to inform my Prince, *Baſſino* reſts:
But hide, if poſſible, my Shame: And let
One Grave hold both this wretched Corps and mine,
Oh! my *Placentia*——— [*Dies.*

Alon. Unhappy Pair! But far more wretched me!
For I muſt live, and live without *Aurelia!*
Tho' I'm convinc'd ſhe lov'd me not, I can't

Baniſh

Banish her Image from my Love-sick Mind,
Oh! that I ne'er had seen the charming Fair!
Arm. The Gods are just in all their Punishments:
And by this single Act, we plainly see
That Vengeance always treads on Perjury;
And tho' sometimes no Bolts be at us hurl'd,
Whilst we enjoy the Pleasures of this World;
Yet a Day awaits, a Day of general Doom,
When guilty Souls must to an Audit come;
Then that we may not tremble, blush, or fear,
Let our Desires be just; our Lives unsullied here.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE EPILOGUE.

By Mr. B———.

Spoken by Mr. Jo. HAINES.

TOO long the Poets brought before the Bar,
Have with their bold Accuſer wag'd the War;
They now plead Guilty: And confeſs the Stage
Has been immoral, and debauch'd the Age.
Nay, they will mend—But wiſh that in their Station,
All Men were pleas'd to forward Reformation.
Firſt, let no Politicians, with vain Fears,
About ſucceeding Kings create new Jars:
Let Lawyers now no more perplex the Laws,
Nor with malicious Quibbles ſplit a Cauſe;
Let Magiſtrates conſider—'tis but fitting,
That as they take down Bills, they'd put down cheating;
Let our young Heroes, who would be Commanders,
Brag leſs o'er Coffee, and fight more in Flanders;
Let Cheapſide *Doctors in a frantic Fit,*
No more make impious War with ſacred Wit;
Let City Wives (but that's too hard a Taſk)
Mimick no more Town-Ladies in a Maſk,
Nor from their Prentices the Favour aſk;
Let no old caſt-off Miſs aſſume the Saint,
Let Cowards ceaſe to huff, and Beaus to paint;
Let at yon Corner Houſe the Wits and Bards,
Gain by Religion, what they loſe at Cards;
Let ſnarling peeviſh Criticks ceaſe to bite,
Or in a falſe Sublime dull Plays to write;
Let Galleries no more for Judges ſit,
But leave to the bright Boxes, and the Pit,
Their lawful Empire o'er immortal Wit.
When all this heavy Taſk is well perform'd,
We dare engage the Stage ſhall be reform'd.

THE
BEAU'S DUEL:
OR, A
Soldier for the Ladies.
A
COMEDY.

THE PROLOGUE.

By a GENTLEMAN.

WHAT Hazards Poets run, in Times like these,
Sure to offend, uncertain whom to please:
If in a well-work'd Story they aspire,
To imitate old Rome's *or* Athen's *Fire,*
It will not do; for strait the Cry shall be,
'Tis a forc'd heavy Piece of Bombastry.
If Comedy's their Theme, 'tis ten to one
It dwindles into Farce, and then 'tis gone.
If Farce their Subject be, this Witty Age
Holds that below the Grandeur of the Stage.
Our Female Author, tho' she sees what Fate
Does the Event of such Attempts still wait;
With a true British *Courage ventures on,*
Thinks nothing Honour, without Danger won.
She fain wou'd shew our great Fore-Fathers Days,
When Virtue, Honour, Courage, wore the Bays;
Fain wou'd she kindle up those fading Fires,
That warm'd their Noble Blood to fierce Desires.
When the Bold Hero, after tedious Wars,
With Bleeding Wounds adorn'd, and Glorious Scars,
From Conquest back return'd with Laurels Crown'd,
Where from the Fair, their just Rewards they found.
She thinks't a Crime in any one to dare,
Or hope to gain a Conquest o'er the Fair,
Who ne'er cou'd boast a Victory in War.
Let but your Arms abroad successful prove,
The Fair at home shall crown your Toils with Love.

THE EPILOGUE.

By the AUTHOR.

YOU see Gallants 't has been our Poet's Care,
To shew what Beaus in their Perfection are,

EPILOGUE.

By Nature Cowards, fooliſh, uſeleſs Tools,
Made Men *by* Taylors, *and by* Women, Fools:
A Fickle, Falſe, *a* Singing, Dancing *Crew*,
Nay now we hear they've Smiling Maſters *too*;
Juſt now a Frenchman *in the Dreſſing-room*,
From teaching of a Beau to Smile, was come,
He ſhew'd five Guineas——Wasn't he rarely paid,
Thus all the World by Smiles *are once betray'd*;
The States-man *Smiles on them he wou'd* undo,
The Courtier's Smiles *are very ſeldom* true,
The Lover's *Smiles too many do believe*,
And Women Smile *on them they wou'd deceive*;
When Tradeſmen *Smile, they ſafely* Cheat *with Eaſe*;
And ſmiling Lawyers *never fail of* Fees.——
The Doctor's Look the Patient's Pain beguiles,
The Sick Man lives, *if the* Phyſician Smiles:
Thus Smiles *with Intereſt Hand in Hand do go*,
He ſureſt ſtrokes, that Smiling gives the Blow;
Poets, with us this Proverb do defy.
We live by Smiles, *for if you* frown *we die*.
To pleaſe you then ſhall be our chief Endeavour,
And all we aſk, is but your Smiles for ever. [Going.
Hold——I forgot, the Author bid me ſay,
She humbly begs Protection for her Play:
'Tis Yours——She Dedicates it to you all,
And ſure you're too generous to let it fall;
She hopes the Ladies will her Cauſe maintain,
Since Virtue here has been her only Aim.
The Beaus, ſhe thinks, won't fail to do her Right,
Since here they're taught with Safety how to fight.
She's ſure of Favour from the Men of War,
A Soldier is her darling Character;
To fear the Murmurs then wou'd be abſurd,
They only Mutiny when not prefer'd.
But yet, I ſee ſhe does your Fury dread,
And like a Priſoner, ſtands with Fear half dead,
While you are Judges, do her Sentence give,
If you're not pleas'd, ſhe ſays ſhe cannot live.
Let my Petition then for once prevail;
And let your gen'rous Claps her Pardon ſeal.

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Col. Manly, *in Love with* Clarinda.	*Mr.* Cory.
Capt. Bellmein, *his Friend.*	*Mr.* Booth.
Toper, *an Enemy to Matrimony, and a Friend to the Bottle.*	*Mr.* Powell.
Sir William Mode, *a Fop, in Love with* Clarinda, *and countenanced by her Father.*	*Mr.* Bowman.
Ogle, *a Fortune-hunter, a conceited Fellow that fancies every Body is in Love with him.*	*Mr.* Pack,
Carefull, *Father to* Clarinda.	*Mr.* Fieldhouſe.

WOMEN.

Clarinda, *in Love with* Manly.	*Mrs.* Prince.
Emilia, *her Couſin, an Heireſs, newly come out of the Country.*	*Mrs.* Porter.
Mrs. Plotwell, *formerly a Miſtreſs to* Bellmein.	*Mrs.* Lee.
Maid to Clarinda.	

A Serjeant, Drummers, and Servants.

The SCENE LONDON.

THE

THE BEAU'S DUEL:

OR, A Soldier for the Ladies.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Colonel Manly.

Colonel.

HOW do Men labour to fool themſelves? What Pains did I ſpare, or Excuſe did I not invent, to perſuade my Friends I was going another Way, to get rid of their troubleſome Ceremony, that wou'd have waited on me Home; and all this for an Opportunity only of taking a Turn or two before this Window.

Oh Love! How powerful are thy Charms, thus to unman, and ſend me like a Boy, gaping after imaginary Joys.

Not all the Hazards of a Soldier's Life could ſo much affect me, as the dreadful Apprehenſion of diſpleaſing this Girl.

What-

Whatever I do, whether I eat or drink, whether I ſleep or wake, whether I'm at Home alone, or abroad in Company, my Thoughts are ſtill of her: She's always preſent, I can ſee nothing but her; I can hear nothing but her, I can think of nothing but her; and in ſhort, I care for nothing but her.

'Tis Happineſs enough for any Man to love and be beloved by ſuch a Woman; ſhe's ſo Beautiful, ſo Agreeable, and ſo Loving; yet ſo Virtuous, ſo Chaſte, and ſo Conſtant, that if her Father's rigid Oppoſition were remov'd, nothing could add to the Bleſſing which lies in Store for me.

Enter Captain Bellmein, *goes within two or three Yards of the Door, then ſtops ſhort, looks up.*

Capt. Ho, this muſt be the Houſe—But what the Devil am I the better for't, the Doors are lock'd, Windows barr'd, my Miſtreſs aſleep, and I may return like an Aſs as I came, without ſo much as being dream'd of—Can Love, that never fails its Votaries at a pinch, inſpire no Stratagem now? Egad I was never more able to offer him a plentiful Sacrifice; and did my Miſtreſs know with what warm deſires I come, ſhe'd meet me half Way, or ſhe deſerves to die a Maid.

Col. The more I think, I ſtill perplex myſelf the more; like a poor Fly in a Spider's Web, by labouring to get looſe, I work myſelf faſter in the Toil.

And why ſhould I ſtruggle any longer with what I can't maſter? or deſire to be without what I'm perſuaded is the greateſt Bleſſing in the World———

I am reſolved I will love on——[*Turns ſhort upon the Captain.*] Ha! a Man and if I miſtake not, mad *Bellmein*, whom I left at the *Roſe*; he's upon ſome amorous Deſign, but is too open to hide any thing from his Friend. I'll accoſt him.

Good-morrow, Captain, I commend your early Induſtry, you are chuſing ſome fortify'd Piece of Virtue to lay a manly Siege to.

Capt. Ha! Colonel, Good morrow to you with all my Heart: No Faith, I never lay the Formality of a Siege;

Siege, 'tis your honourable Lovers are forced to undergo that Drudgery; whene'er I meet any, as I rarely do, that resist the Shock of my first Assault, I fairly draw off to the next, who are sure to surrender upon more easy Terms.

Col. So you take all by Storm, plunder the Garrison, fire their Quarters, and march off in Triumph.

Capt. What I do can't be comprehended by constant puling Lovers.

They can't bear those strong Joys we suck from our lusty Draughts of Love; like weak-sighted Birds, they fly about in Twilight of Pleasure, not able to bear the Meridional Heat and Pleasure of it.

One kind Glance crowns your Hopes, and raises you to the highest Happiness; but then a Frown, or sour Look, Colonel, throws you down again to Despair. So that———

Col. Have a care Captain, how far you launch out in this Strain, lest you be too like our modern Widows, who exclaim most against a second Husband, when they are just upon the Point of having one.

Capt. So that from my laughing at honourable Lovers as you call them, you would learnedly infer I am one myself.

Col. Nay Railery apart, it has been seriously observ'd that you are———

Capt. What?

Col. Very much alter'd of late.

How! Faith I think myself the same Man, I have the same Appetites, the same Desires, that ever I had.

Col. Ay, but you saunter about in solitary Places, avoid your Acquaintance, and when you can't escape them, are more uneasy than a rich Miser with a borrowing Friend: And here now I find you out of your Way, addressing yourself to senseless Wood and Stone.

Capt. Ay, my Friend, but this senseless Wood includes a more beautiful *Daphne* than e'er the *Delian* God pursued; a Girl so bright, so sparkling, and what recommends her much more to me, so coming, [*Embraces him.*] that had she lived in the Days of *Venus*, she would have rival'd that Goddess and out-done her too in her own Attributes.

Col.

Col. Have a Care you don't miſplace your Worſhip, for to my particular Knowledge no ſuch Perſon lodges in this Houſe.

Capt. To my more particular Knowledge ſuch a Perſon does lodge in this Houſe, and in the Room that looks out at that Window too.

Col. Ha! *Clarinda* lodges there, 'tis true; but that ſhe's ſuch as he deſcribes is falſe——Yet ſhe's a Woman, and where Diſſembling grows ſo much in Uſe, Perfection muſt be a Stranger. I'll for a while lay by the implicit Lover for the more inquiſitive jealous Man, and try him farther. [*Aſide.*] Well, I may be deceived, but how do you know you are ſo too?

Capt. Why Faith, ſince I know you to be an honeſt Fellow, and a Man of Honour, I don't care if I truſt you with the Secret, upon Condition your Aſſiſtance ſhan't be wanting upon Occaſion.

Col. 'Slife I ſhall be drawn in to help him away with my Miſtreſs [*Aſide*] If ſhe be ſuch as you deſcribe, I believe you will have no great Occaſion for help. But to the Purpoſe.

Capt. Why you muſt know, that in this Houſe lives a damn'd poſitive ill-natured old Fellow.

Col. I know it too well, or by this Time his Daughter had been out of your Reach. [*Aſide.*

Capt. And that there's a young Lady, his Daughter, Niece, or ſomething.——

Col. Ay, very probable. What then?

Capt. Why, that likes my Perſon, that's all.

Col. How do you know this?

Capt. Know it? I have infallible Signs of it; ſhe makes Aſſignations with me, and keeps them; receives my Addreſſes, Letters and Songs, nay ſings them too; and if theſe ben't Signs ſhe likes me, the Devil's in't.

Col. Well, but her Name—I'll yet believe *Clarinda* innocent, and 'tis ſome one elſe he miſtakes for her. [*Aſide.*

Capt. Nay, now faith, Colonel, you are unreaſonable, you know 'tis not fair to tell Names.

Col. Not tell me her Name! then I ſhall think you trifled with me all this while, and ſcorn the Friendſhip I offer.

Capt.

Capt. I'll rather tell you all I know, but as for her Name, Faith and Troth I know no more hers than ſhe does mine; her deſire to be unknown herſelf, made her the leſs preſſing, I ſuppoſe, ſo that we freely paſs among ourſelves for *Celadon* and *Cloe*, as you may ſee by this Song, if you'll be at the Pains of reading it? 'tis the laſt I ſent her, and tho' inconſiderable in itſelf, receives from her Voice ineſtimable Value.

Col. O' my Soul, the very Song I heard *Clarinda* ſing, 'tis ſhe paſt all Doubt.

Capt. What, at a ſtand *Colonel!* Ha! What means all this Concern?

Col. 'Tis for you, my Friend; that Woman you admire I know to be the moſt cunning, treacherous, and falſe Diſſembler, nay worſe, if worſe can be, in the World; I would adviſe you to proceed with Caution; for Huſbands, *Captain*, too late repent, when they can't quit the Ill.

Capt. Ho, if it be only my Dangers that diſturb you, I'll ſoon eaſe you of that Trouble; Marriage is not the Courſe I ſteer, we never admit ſo ſour a Thought to turn our more pleaſant Converſation.

Col. How, not marry! what then does all this tend to?

Capt. Phoo, that's unreaſonable again; why nothing, nothing but a little harmleſs Mirth or ſo.

Col. On my Soul he deſigns to debauch her. [*Aſide.*

Capt. Ha! the Colonel in his Dumps again, there's ſomething in't I don't underſtand. [*Aſide.*

Col. Harkee, Captain, I know you have Courage, and always took you for a Man of Honour, therefore think it worth my while to tell you this Woman you have been ſo free with is one I have a long Time loved, therefore expect you'll give me unqueſtionable Proofs of what you have ſaid, or meet me with your Sword, and ſo leave you to prepare yourſelf for which you think moſt proper. [*Going.*

Capt. Hey day! Have I been all this while making a Confident of my Rival, and telling my Secrets to the only Man I ought to hide them from? Now I perceive what 'twas made him ſo teſty, but he ſhan't part thus. Lookee,

Lookee, Colonel, to ſhew how much I value your Friendſhip, I'll conſent to what you propoſe; and tho' Fighting may be of leſs Trouble, yet for your Eaſe I'll undertake to make out what I've ſaid.

Col. Upon that Condition I'll call you Friend again; but if you ſhould fail, you had beſt look to it.

Capt. Here's ſome Company coming this Way, let's retire till they paſs, then I'll tell you our whole Intrigue, and leave you to judge whether I have Reaſon to think as I do. [*They withdraw.*

Enter Sir William Mode.

Sir *Will. Le Reviere.*——[*Lavic*] Sir [Sir *Will.*] Blifter me if you don't ſpeak plain *Engliſh*! I ſhall have the World think I'm ſuch a Sloven as to keep an *Engliſh* Valet: do you hear, if you don't mimick 'em better I ſhall turn you away.

Le Rev. Me vil take al de Care imaginable, Sir.

Sir *Will.* Very well. Is the Muſick all come?

Le Rev. Yes Sire, here be de Fidle, de Hautbois, de Courtel, and Baſe Vial, dey be all deſpoſe for to receive your Command.

Sir *Will.* 'Tis very well d'hear, do you marſhal them in Order before this Window, and ſee they be ready to ſtrike up as ſoon as I give the Word. [*The Colonel and Captain appear.*

Capt. What the Devil's here, another Lover? What think you now, Colonel; your Miſtreſs muſt be more than Woman if ſhe can hold out againſt ſuch a formal Siege.

Col. This Fop I know too well to be jealous of, and know her ſo far from encouraging him, that her Father's Authority which countenances him, can ſcarce procure him common Civility from her.

Capt. Hiſt, the Thing opens.

Sir *Will.* Well 'tis an unſpeakable Happineſs we Men of Parts enjoy above the reſt of Mankind: By our good Management we make our Acceſs to every Thing we admire, eaſy and certain: How many thick-ſkull'd Fellows are content to dream of their Miſtreſſes, while I take a more genteel Method, and wake her in the Morning with harmonious Muſic.

I wonder how the Ladies can ſuffer theſe idle Fellows that take no more Pains to pleaſe them; for my own Part, I believe I have ſomething extraordinary in me that makes me ſo acceptable to all the Women I come in Company with.——Well Muſic!

I hope you will all ſhew yourſelves Maſters in your Performance; come ſtrike up: Ah! merciful *Apollo*, what a hideous Noiſe you make; there's a Sound fitter to ſtorm a Breach with, than approach a Lady's Slumbers. Play ſome ſoft Air, a Concert of Flutes would have done well.

[*While the Muſic plays he uſes a great many odd Poſtures; ſeeing the Door open the Muſic ceaſes, and he runs to meet* Clarinda's *Maid.*]

Col. How, the Door open?

Sir *Will.* Ha! my dear Angel, How does my Goddeſs receive my Morning Sacrifice?

Flo. As ſhe does every thing that comes from the incomparable Sir *William Mode*, with particular Marks of Favour in private, tho' ſhe's oblig'd to lay great Reſtraint on her Carriage in public, to appear cold to him.

Sir *Will.* But, methinks, ſhe need not be reſerv'd, ſince I have her Father's Conſent.

Flo. Ay, 'tis that makes her ſo; for his croſs Humour, ſhou'd ſhe ſhow the Affection ſhe really has for you, wou'd make him run counter to what he ſo eagerly purſues now out of mere Oppoſition: For he never oppos'd Colonel *Manly*, till ſhe expreſs'd ſome liking for him; and now ſhe fears, ſhou'd ſhe own her Love for you, 'twou'd prove as fatal to her Hopes; therefore begs you, by me, to take all Indifference in public for particular Marks of Favour.

Sir *Will.* Well, I'll take your Advice; and ſweet Mrs. *Flora*, let me intreat you to accept of this ſmall Acknowledgment for Favours I have receiv'd by your means.

Flo. Oh! Lord, Sir, I vow I'm aſham'd; but I ſhall be always ready to do you good Offices with my Lady. Sir, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir *Will.* Adieu, Angel,——here Muſic, ſtrike up a merry Ramble, and lead to my Lodgings. [*Exit.*

Col. O Woman! Woman! Now Friend, I believe all

all you ſaid, and a great deal more; yet who cou'd expect with ſo much Beauty, ſuch ugly Falſhood. For thee, or any Man, ſhe might have ſome Plea; but this ſign of a Man! to fall ſo low argues a very deprav'd Appetite: S'death, I can't bear the Thoughts on't.

Capt. Have a little Patience, and every ſmall Diſcovery will help you forward to your loſt Liberty: Before To-morrow Night I'll lay ſuch convincing Proofs before your Eyes, as ſhall infallibly complete your Cure.

Col. What's here, another Serenade? More Lovers yet?

Enter Toper, *Singing.*

The Dèvil a bit care I for a Wife,
So I have but Wine and a Fire;
A Wench when I pleaſe my Paſſion to eaſe,
The Devil a Wife I deſire.

Capt. Ha, ha, drunken *Toper*, reeling home after a Night's Debauch; ſure he's no Lover, 'twou'd be impoſſible for the blind God to find his Heart for the Fumes of Wine; beſides, 'tis ſo indifferent to every Thing elſe, there's no taking it but with a Bottle,

Col. Ha, *Toper*, thou holdeſt thy own yet, I ſee.

Top. Colonel, good Morrow, I wiſh you hold your own, Boy, for I met a thing in the next Street may chance undermine your Foundation, one who ſays he can do more in one Night, than you in all the Days of the Week.

Col. What do you mean?

Top. Why I met Sir *William Mode* big with Succeſs returning from *Clarinda*, who, he ſays, encourages his Addreſſes in private, and only favours you in public, to egg her Father on to Conſummation with him; and this he purchas'd with a Serenade.

Col. S'death, does he boaſt of his Succeſs, and muſt my Misfortune be the Subject of the Coxcomb's Rallery: Am I publiſh'd to the World as a Blind for his Deſigns? Hell and Furies, 'tis not to be borne: I'll after him immediately, and were every Vanity about him a *Hercules*, I'd force my Way thro' them all, to ſtop that foul Breath of his. [*Going.*

Capt.

Capt. Hold, hold, you will but widen the Sore you deſign to heal; 'twill be no hard Matter from the Coxcomb's fruitful Impertinence to take another Occaſion for Quarrelling, and then pay old Scores; or if it be my Luck firſt to meet the Opportunity, you may be ſure I'll throw in a hearty Thruſt for you.

Top. Nay, Sir, you may ſave yourſelf the Labour of Quarrelling, for he won't anſwer Expectation, I aſſure you.

Capt. A Coward; Nay, then he ſhall dance a Minuet the length of the Street, while I beat Time on his Back-ſide.

Col. Hang him, he's not worth our Reſentment: Pr'ythee *Toper*, what is he, for I have but barely ſeen him?

Toper. In the firſt Place, he's a mere Compound of Powder, Paint, and Affectation, ſo perfum'd, you may ſmell him a Mile; he thinks every Woman in Love with him, and will allow no Man to claim a ſhare in ought above a Chamber-maid; or ſtand Competition with his Parts or Perſon.

Capt. And yet not fight, ſay you?

Toper. Fight! no, no, he hates the Sight of a drawn Sword, as much as I do that of an empty Bottle. He will ſometimes pretend to Courage, as ſome Women will to Honour and Honeſty, tho' their Inclinations tend to neither, no more than mine to Matrimony. He has 4000*l.* a Year, which he ſpends in Intrigues, fine Cloaths, and Muſick. And he has always as many Fidlers at his Heels, as a General, Officers at his *Levee*.

Col. Whoſe Attendance is better rewarded, I fancy, no doubt they taſte the Fruits of their Labours ſweetly.

Toper. I'my Conſcience, I believe they deſerve it, for who becomes his Favourite, muſt uſe as much Flattery as wou'd purchaſe a Maidenhead, tho' the Woman's deſign was Marriage. Oh! that Fortune ſhou'd be ſo liberal to ſuch a Fool, when ſo many honeſt Fellows ſit in a Coffee-houſe all the Evening, for want of Money to go to the Tavern.

Col. Riches are the common Chance of Knaves and Fools, Fortune is rarely favourable to a Man of Senſe; 'tis

'tis with Difficulty and Danger they purchaſe a Smile from that fickle Miſtreſs, but Fools are ſtill her Care.

I ſhall take more Notice of this Fellow the next time I ſee him.

Toper. Which may be this Morning if you will, for he juſt now invited me to an Entertainment of Muſic, that is to be perform'd at his Chamber, by ſome of the beſt Maſters; there will be Champagne, Boy.

Capt. Will you go, Colonel?

Col. Not I; the Converſation of Town Ladies, who entertain you with the Opinions of fifty Fools of their Wit and Beauty, and how manag'd by them to their Ruin, wou'd be a thouſand Times more acceptable to me, than the medley Chat of Fops and Fidlers.

Capt. Then you won't go?

Col. No, I'll expect you at my Lodgings. [*Exit.*

Toper. But you will, there's Champagne, Pox o'the Company.

Capt. And Muſic too, if that be good, the Company be hang'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Clarinda's *Lodging in her Father's Houſe.*

Enter Clarinda, *and her Couſin* Emilia, *undreſs'd, as wak'd by the Serenade.*

Clar. Dear *Emilia*, you aſk ſo many Queſtions, pr'thee have ſome Pity, and ſpare me a little.

Em. Dear Couſin, do you pity me, and anſwer me a little.

Clar. I have anſwer'd you, theſe three Days you have been in Town, more Queſtions than all the Aſtrologers and Philomaths in *London* cou'd reſolve in a Month.

Em. And I have as many more to aſk before I can be ſatisfied: I'd fain know the Cauſe of all this Alteration, why ſo much Uneaſineſs, and ſo much Spleen? Never pleas'd but when you are diſpleas'd, nor like your Company; but when you are alone. In ſhort, I have obſerv'd——

Clar.

Clar. What have you obſerv'd, Couſin?

Em. Why, that your Father is never well, but when talking of Sir *William*; nor you pleas'd, but when you are thinking of ſomebody elſe.

Clar. Oh, How inquiſitive are Girls!

Em. Oh, How reſerv'd are Lovers!

Clar. Pr'ythee, Couſin, learn to be more ſerious.

Em. Pr'ythee, Couſin, learn to be more free.

Clar. Then you poſitively believe I am in Love.

Em. Poſitively.

Clar. And with———

Em. Another-gueſs Man than your Father deſigns for you.

Clar. And nothing———

Em. Will perſuade me to the contrary.

Clar. Why then I am; and ſince 'tis in vain to hide it from you, *Emilia*, I'll try you with that Confidence I hitherto thought you too young for.

Em. Alas, ſhe little thinks I have as great Intrigues of my own as any ſhe can truſt me with, tho' I have been but three Days in Town. [*Aſide.*

Clar. I am as you ſee, Couſin, beſieg'd Night and Day, by two as different as Night and Day; one in the Head of innumerable Fopperies and Inſolencies attacks me with the Aſſurance of a Conqueror, before he enters the Field; being ſupported by the harſh Authority of a rigid Father. The other, after a thouſand obſequious Demonſtrations of Love at reſpectful Diſtance, courts to be admitted mine, rather than ſeeks to have me his.

Em. I'my Conſcience, were it my Caſe, I ſhou'd not be at a Stand which to chuſe, there being ſuch apparent Difference.

Clar. Nay, there is more yet; for one is Generous and Brave, the other Cowardly and Pitiful; one Judicious, t'other Impertinent; one Conſtant, t'other Whimſical; one a Man of Senſe, t'other a Blockhead; one admir'd by all, t'other ridicul'd by all.

Em. One, I ſuppoſe, is the Gentleman that gave the Serenade, Sir *William*, of whom I have heard ſo much ſince I came to Town; but t'other, *Clarinda*, I fear is no where to be found, ſuch Men appear but as they ſay the Phœnix does, not above one in an Age.

Clar. And that ours has one in him, the judicious part of Mankind bears Witneſs.

Em. Lovers, *Clarinda*, like People in Motion, fancy every thing they ſee, moves as they do; and may be from the Knowledge of your own Principles and Reſolutions, you form your Notion of his——Now cou'd I almoſt find in my Heart to diſcover my own Intrigue, if 'twere only to let her ſee, there are Men that equal, if not exceed, hers, but that I'm aſham'd of its Forwardneſs in ſo ſhort a Time. [*Aſide.*] But how comes it, Couſin, that we never ſee this Man?

Clar. Before you come to Town, my Father forbid him the Houſe, with any farther Pretenſions to me, upon Sir *William*'s Account, to whom his Honour was engag'd before he ſaw him, or elſe I believe his Follies wou'd have out-weigh'd his Eſtate; for he, you know——

Em. I know too much of him, for I have ſeen him.

Clar. So you have t'other too, he was one of the two that bow'd to us t'other Night from the Side-box, and of whom you have ſince been ſo inquiſitive, tho' I never let you into the Secret till now.

Em. Of one of thoſe? I know a Secret which I believe you are a Stranger to, and which I wou'd not for the World diſcover, till I know more on't. [*Aſide.*] If that be he, I like him as well as you can; but I think a Gentleman of Sir *William*'s Eſtate ſhou'd not ſeem ſo contemptible.

Clar. O dear Couſin, don't name him, for beſides the particular Averſion I have for him, 'twould beget in the World a very ſlender Opinion of my Senſe, ſhou'd I encourage ſuch a Fop.

Em. O quite contrary: Beſides, Couſin, if you hate him, you can never get it in your Power to torment him, more than by marrying him.

Clar. That would be making myſelf uneaſy, purely to trouble another: No, no, I muſt have ſome Contrivance to expoſe him, and our Neighbour Mrs. *Plotwell* ſhall help me in it.

Em. Does that Lady ſtill continue her Perſecution of Fops?

Clar. With as much Addreſs and Succeſs as ever; and her

her pleaſant Accounts of her feign'd Intrigues, makes her very entertaining Company; ſhe hates Sir *William Mode*, and I am ſure will aſſiſt in any thing. I never had a ſtronger Temptation to Diſobedience than now; Love and Merit plead on *Manly*'s Side, Reaſon too approves my Choice; the other's an empty Nothing, a mere Talker; we'll ſhew his right Side, expoſe him, ſhall we not, my Dear?

Em. With all my Heart; I love Miſchief ſo well, I can refuſe nothing that farthers that.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir* William's *Lodgings.*

Enter Sir William *in a Night-Gown, looking in his Glaſs.*

Sir *Will.* THIS riſing early is the moſt confounded thing on Earth, nothing ſo deſtructive to the Complexion. Bliſter me, how I ſhall look in the Side-Box to Night, wretchedly upon my Soul. [*Looking in the Glaſs all the while*] Yet it adds ſomething of a languiſhing Air, not altogether unbecoming, and by Candle-light may do Miſchief; but I muſt ſtay at home to recover ſome Colour; and that may be as well laid on too; ſo 'tis reſolv'd I will go. Oh! 'tis unſpeakable Pleaſure to be in the Side box, or bow'd to from the Stage, and be diſtinguiſh'd by the Beaus of Quality; to have a Lord fly into one's Arms, and kiſs one as amorouſly as a Miſtreſs: Then tell me aloud, that he din'd with his Grace, and that he and the Ladies were ſo fond of me, they talk'd of nothing elſe. Then, ſays I, my Lord, his Grace does me too much Honour——Then, my Lord,——Pox on this Play, 'tis not worth ſeeing; we han't been ſeen at t'other Houſe to Night; and the La-

dies will be diſappointed, not to receive a Bow from Sir *William*. He, he, he, ſays I, my Lord, I'll wait upon your Lordſhip, Then ſays my Lord, Lead the Way, Sir *William*. Oh, pray my Lord, I beg your Lordſhip's Pardon———Nay, Sir *William*——Pray my Lord—— [*Enter* La Reviere.] Pray Sir *William*——Pray my Lord.

[*As he ſays this ſeveral Times*, La Reviere *enters behind him, but as he deſigns to paſs by him, is ſtill prevented by his turning from one ſide to t'other, as he acts himſelf or the Lord.*

La Rev. Hey! What the Devil is he conjuring and talking with inviſible Lords? He's in his Airs, ſome pleaſing Imagination hurries him out of his Senſes—— But I muſt to my Cue. Hem, hem, Sir, dere be one two Gentlemen below, come to wait upon you dis Morning; ſal I ſhow dem up?

Sir *Will.* No, my Lord, by no Means, I know better things.

La Rev. What then am I a Lord? Egad I never knew my Quality before. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* Pſhaw this Blockhead has rous'd me from the prettieſt Entertainment in the World. [*Aſide.*] Well, what would you, Sir?

La Rev. I vov'd tell you, Sir, dere be one two Gentlemen wait upon you.

Sir *Will.* And let 'em wait till I have done—I had a thouſand fine things to ſay upon that Occaſion, but this rude Fellow has frighten'd 'em all out of my Head. [*Aſide.*] Well, ſince my better Diverſion is over ſhew 'em up.

La Rev. Yes, Sir. [*Exti La* Reviere.

Enter Captain Bellmein, *and* Toper.

Sir *Will.* Gentlemen, I'm your moſt humble Servant, Mr. *Toper*, I am extremely yours, for the Honour you have done me in bringing your Friend; I lay under ſevere Apprehenſions that nothing could engage you but a drinking Bout.

Top. Faith you were in the Right; for if your Champaign had not more Charms than your Muſic, your Fidlers might have play'd by themſelves for me.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Oh how unpoliſh'd! how barbarous that is!

Capt. *Bell.* Why do you expect any other from him! He admires no Muſic like Wine rattling in the Throat of a Flaſk, with a Chorus of Drawers at coming, Sir.

Sir *Will.* And that to me is the moſt nauſeous thing under the Moon, impair my Vigour.

Top. Impair my Vigour! ha, ha, very pretty, Faith; Pr'ythee where did'ſt get that Affirmative?

Sir *Will.* 'Tis my own, at the Purchaſe of ſome Days Study; for to uſe another Man's Oath, is, in my Opinion, as indecent as wearing his Cloaths: And to be in the Road of the Vulgar, is beneath a Gentleman, who, in my Judgment, ought to be as much diſtinguiſh'd by his Expreſſions, as by his Coach and Livery.

Capt. *Bell.* Right, Sir; for ſince every Body that has Money enough, ſets up an Equipage, a Gentleman ought to find out ſome other Way of diſtinguiſhing himſelf.

Sir *Will.* O'my Conſcience, they will ape us in that too; for they are ſo proud of following their Betters, that they even tread upon their Heels; not a formal Cit, or aukward Lawyer's Clerk, that won't court the Cook-wench a Quarter of a Year for Oil and Flower enough to garniſh out his Wig for a Day, that he may impudently mimick a Beau; if 'twere not beneath me, I could kick ſuch Animals to a Jelly.

Top. How! kick 'em to a Jelly——Why I have ſeen of that kind you talk of, brawny Fellows that cou'd kick and cuff too ſtoutly.

Sir *Will.* Ay, that may be, but 'tis not a Gentleman's Buſineſs, that always wears a Sword, and has ſome half Dozen of Footmen at his Heels, to kick and cuff; nor ſtand and conſider whether the Mechanick be arm'd or not; 'tis enough that he is, or but thinks he is affronted, to atone for the Life of a Scoundrel.

Capt. *Bell.* Now wou'd this Aſs, rank Coward as he is, if not curb'd by the Law, kill a hundred Men, honeſter and ſtouter than himſelf, only becauſe they don't wear Swords, or are not ſo finical. [*Aſide.*

Top. I ſhould think, Sir *William*, theſe honeſt People that wear no Swords, very harmleſs, becauſe they carry no Inſtruments of Miſchief about 'em.

Sir *Will.* Inſtruments! their very Hands, their dirty Cloaths, are Inſtruments of Miſchief. Lookee, Sir, I'll make it very plain to you, I may lawfully kill a Man in my own Defence that comes arm'd *in Terrorem*, to rob me of fifty Pounds.

Capt. *Bell.* Right, Sir.

Sir *Will.* You allow that?

Top. We do.

Sir *Will.* Then I'll prove the reſt in an Inſtant; I have a new Suit on that coſt me fifty Pounds, here comes thundering by a dirty Dray-man with his Cart, that puts me in bodily Fear, and ruſhing rudely by, daubs all my Cloaths, ſo that I can't wear them any more; now here's fifty Pounds loſt by this Raſcal's dirty Cloaths, if I don't prevent it by running him thro' the Body.

Capt. *Bell.* How! kill a Man for wearing dirty Cloaths, ha, ha, ha, the Law makes better Proviſion for Mens Lives.

Sir *Will.* The Law ſhou'd make better Proviſions for Mens Cloaths too; for the Inſolence of the Vulgar is inſufferable, and if one or two of them were made Examples, the reſt wou'd be more civil.

One Night after Play, I waited on a Lady from the Box to her Coach, comes a clumſy Cit with a paultry Maſk out of the Gallery, ruſh'd againſt me, threw down the Lady's Page, bruſh'd all the Powder out of my Wig, then cry'd ha, ha, ha, we have ruin'd the Beau! had I been a Lord, I wou'd have run him thro' the Guts; but to be try'd by a *Middleſex* Jury is the Devil.

Top. Ay———theſe Vulgar, as you call them, have a greater Reſpect for one another than to ſuffer that Man to eſcape that kills one of them. But I ſuppoſe your principal Concern riſes from your Loſs of the Lady's Favour.

Sir *Will.* It had no ſuch Effect on her, I aſſure you, Sir; wherever I get footing in a Lady's Eſteem, I ſtand too firm to be juſtled out by a Cit: As for Inſtance, I'll give you another Adventure of mine. Being engaged by Appointment to meet a Lady at *White*'s, and detain'd by ſome extraordinary Buſineſs, the Lady chanc'd to be there in her Coach, as ſoon as I arrived in mine; ſo the lighting

lighting out of my Coach to go to hers, a naſty Fellow running juſt againſt me, almoſt beat me backward; and tho' he did it deſignedly, yet cried, Zounds, can't you ſee! Your Wig blinds you, does it! So taking one Side, gave it ſuch a Toſs over my Shoulder, that, had not the Lady been paſſionately in Love with my Perſon, the Diſorder I appear'd in might have ſpoil'd my Amour.

Enter Servant, and whiſpers.

Capt. *Bell.* Incorrigible Coxcomb! Pox on him, I'm weary of him, there's no Variety in him. Come, ſhall we go?

Top. No, pr'ythee ſtay a little till we ſee what becomes of the Muſic.

Capt. *Bell.* Of the Champagne you mean, *Toper*, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Will.* Ah! Gentlemen, I'm the moſt unfortunate Man this Day alive.

Capt. *Bell.* Why, what's the Matter?

Sir *Will.* A curſt Miſchance has robb'd me———

Top. Not of your Wine, I hope.

Capt. *Bell.* Nor your Miſtreſs?

Sir *Will.* No, but of Mr. *Quaver.*

Top. Why, is he dead?

Sir *Will.* Not quite dead, but an unlucky Accident has put it out of his Power to oblige us with his incomparable Voice.

Capt. *Bell.* Is he run thro' the Body?

Top. Or drunk before Dinner?

Sir *Will.* No, no, Gentlemen, but he has ſcalded his Mouth by drinking his Chocolate too hot this Morning, and can't ſing.

Top. Ha, ha, ha, a ſad Miſchance indeed.

Enter Servant and whiſpers, then goes out and brings in a Letter.

Capt. *Bell.* Pr'ythee, *Toper*, who is this Fellow he laments ſo much? Some Raſcal, that finding his Weakneſs, impoſes on him.

Top. No, 'tis an intimate Friend of his, one as whimſical as himſelf, and truly fit for no other Company; he

made ſhift in a Month's Time to purchaſe the Diſpleaſure of moſt of the Quality in Town, in ſpite of ſome Excellence he has in Muſic; and now is become fit Entertainment for ſuch Fops as this, who, after the ſtricteſt Engagement, will be put off with triſling Excuſes. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* You ſee, Gentlemen, how I ſpend my Life, I divide the greateſt Part of it between Love and Muſic: And, to make amends for the Diſappointment of one, Fate has ſent me ſome new Diſcovery in t'other. A new Amour enfeeble me; for, upon my Soul, Gentlemen, I never ſaw the Hand before; and to convince you of its novelty, I'll open it fairly before you. [*He opens, and* Toper *looks over his Shoulder.*] *Reads.* Sir *William*, I beg the Favour you'd meet me———Ay, as I ſaid, Gentlemen———Pr'ythee *Toper* read out.

[*While he reads, Sir* William *capers about.*

Top. A Billet-doux do you call it? 'Tis the moſt maſculine one I ever ſaw, and invites to rougher Entertainment than you imagine; 'tis a very pretty Billet-doux truly: Shall I read it out, Sir *William*?

Sir *Will.* Ay, pr'ythee, dear *Toper.*

Top. Sir *William*, I beg the Favour you'd meet me behind *Montague* Houſe, at Six To-morrow Morning, with your Sword in your Hand, in order to anſwer what ſhall be alledg'd againſt you, by yours, as you uſe me,

Roughly.

Capt. *Bell.* A Billet-doux, do you call it? Why 'tis a Challenge.

Sir *Will.* Ha! [*Taking the Letter, and looking upon it.*] 'Tis ſo, impair my Vigour; now bliſter me, if I did not think it as plain a Billet-doux as ever I read in all my Life. Where did the Porter ſay he brought this Letter from?

Serv. From *Will*'s Coffee-houſe, Sir.

Sir *Will.* The Devil he did! Why, what have theſe Men of the Sword encroach'd upon our Privilege there too? What Buſineſs can they have amongſt us Beaux and Poets——What ſhall I do? For in ſhort, I won't fight a Man I don't know———and, Gentlemen, I vow I don't remember I ever ſaw this Mr. *Roughly* in my Life.

Top. Oh! he's a damn'd fighting Fellow, your only way is to ſend him word you'll meet him on *Calais* Sands:

Sands: Duelling is unſafe in *England* for Men of Eſtates, he'll hardly be at the Trouble of going over; ſo that if he will fight you, he muſt draw upon you whene'er he meets you; if ſo, you'll have both the Mob and the Law on your Side; and if you kill him, you need not care a Souſe.

Sir *Will.* Say you ſo, Sir, I'll take your Advice, and anſwer it immediately.

Capt. *Bell.* I think Mr. *Toper* has given you Counſel as nicely, as if you had given five Guineas for a Fee.

Sir *Will.* I'm infinitely oblig'd to him.

Capt. *Bell.* Sir *William*, I kiſs your Hand.

Top. Good-by, Knight.

Sir *Will.* Gentlemen, your moſt obſequious Servant.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. Careful's *Houſe*, Ogle *looking up at it.*

Enter on the other Side Bellmein *and* Toper.

Bell. Who the Devil is that Fellow now? I think in my Conſcience this Place is become the Parade of Lovers.

Top. What, don't you know him! Why 'tis *Ogle* the Fortune-hunter.

Bell. A Fortune-hunter! I ſhou'd ſooner have taken him for a Sheep-ſtealer.

Top. He was an Attorney's Clerk, but his Father dying, left him a ſmall Eſtate; he bought out his Time, and ſet up for a Fortune: There's ſcarce a Match-maker in the whole Town, but has had a Fleece at his Purſe; nor ſcarce a great Fortune in Town, but he'll tell you has receiv'd his Addreſſes. In ſhort, he's a Medley of Fop, Fool, and Coward. Pr'ythee let's ſpeak to him, he may divert us a little.

Bell. With all my Heart.

Top. Mr. *Ogle*, your Servant———

Ogle. Ha! Mr. *Toper*, I kiſs your Hand———Sir, I'm yours. [*To Bellmein.*

Top. What makes you ſauntering here? In my Con-

ſcience I believe you are in Love with the great Fortune of the Houſe.

Ogle. Why, really Mr *Toper*, to be ingenuous with you I am, and not without ſome very good Grounds neither, I aſſure you.

Bell. How! this Coxcomb encourag'd too. [*Aſide.*

Top. I was in hopes to have wiſh'd you Joy e'er now; I think the laſt time I ſaw you, you told me you was to be married to my Lady *Rich.*

Ogle. I did ſo; but ſure I am the moſt unlucky Fellow living, the poor Lady died e'er ſhe could have an Opportunity of declaring her Mind to me; and truly I believe I may, without Vanity ſay, ſhe died for Love.

Top. What, did you never ſpeak to her?

Ogle. Never.

Bell. How! never ſpeak to her, ſay you? Why how the Devil did you make Love then?

Ogle. By a third Perſon, Sir.

Bell. I beg Pardon, Sir—Great Perſons, I remember, do court by Proxy.

Ogle. I had ſeveral Letters from her; Mrs. *Couple* was intimately acquainted with her: You know Mrs. *Couple*, Mr. *Toper?*

Top. Oh very well, Match-making is her Buſineſs.

Ogle. I'll ſhew you what ſhe us'd to write to me, [*Pulling out a Letter.*] Here——no, hold, this is from a Baronet's Lady, with whom I had an Intrigue: This is it——no——this is from a Merchant's Wife, a City Animal, that pretends to a nicer Taſte than thoſe of her Level, and wou'd fain have a Child with the Air of a Gentleman; but I begg'd her Pardon, I left her to the Brutes of her own Corporation, for I will have nothing to do with the Body Politic.

Top. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Ridiculous Monſter!

Ogle. For if you obſerve, Sir, a Tradeſman is the moſt litigious Cuckold living, he ne'er conſiders the Honour a Gentleman does him, but values himſelf upon his Charter, and moves for Coſts and Damages, when he ought rather to be thankful for the Favour.

Bell. You are very ſevere upon the City, Sir, but where are the Letters you was about to ſhew us?

Ogle.

Ogle. Ha! upon my Life, Gentlemen, I put 'em into my Scrutore this Morning. But, as I was saying, Mrs. *Couple* had a hundred Guineas of me, for the Management of that Buſineſs; and if the Lady had not died, I'm certain ſhe had been my Wife. Well, I ſhall ne'er forget what languiſhing Looks ſhe'd caſt at me at Church; then put up her Fan to her Face and ſigh, as much as to ſay, you are the only Man can make me happy.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, extraordinary Symptoms, faith; 'twas very unlucky that you cou'd not come to the Speech of her.

Ogle. 'Twas my ill Fortune, but I am ſo us'd to Diſappointments, that I bear them the eaſier; what I have met with, wou'd have broke the Heart of ſome Men; the Lady *Wealthy* was perfectly fore'd from me by her Uncle; elſe I'm convinc'd ſhe had now call'd me Huſband.

Top. Why, what Hopes had you of her?

Ogle. Hopes? why the greateſt in the World; ſhe prais'd me to every Body ſhe thought knew me; ſhe ſaid I had the handſomeſt Foot and Leg ſhe ever ſaw, the beſt manner of Dreſſing, and the genteeleſt Carriage ——She ſaid, ſhe could hardly believe me an *Engliſh-man*, without doing Violence to her Reaſon.

Bell. I ſhou'd be glad that every *Engliſh-born* Block-head wou'd diſclaim his Country. [*Aſide.*] Truly, Sir, I'm pardy of the Lady's Opinion.

Ogle. Sir, your very humble Servant——

Bell. But, Sir, was you not ſaying, you had ſome Reaſon to walk before this Houſe?

Ogle. I was ſo, Sir.

Bell. Do you know Mr. *Careful*'s Daughter, Sir?

Ogle. Oh, very well, Sir; tho' I believe, not ſo well as ſhe deſires, and I hope to do, in a little time.

Bell. Say you ſo, Sir?

Top. Then you are very well acquainted, Sir.

Ogle Yes, very well acquainted, Sir.

Bell. Pray, Sir, can you introduce me?

Ogle. Faith, Sir, not very well; for I never ſpoke to the Lady in my Life.

Bell. How! never ſpoke to her: Why, I underſtood you, that you was well acquainted, Sir, Ha, ha.

Ogle. Why, ſo I am, Sir——Why is it not poſſible to be acquainted without ſpeaking, Gentlemen? Why a Friend of mine lay all Night with a Lady, and never ſaw her Face, nor knows not who ſhe is to this Moment; now I think ſeeing is of greater Conſequence than ſpeaking. But you ſhall hear how far I'm acquainted with this Lady; I lodge at her Milliner's, you muſt know, and I have ſeveral Times paſs'd through the Shop when ſhe has been in't, and as ſoon as my Back has been turn'd, ſhe has always taken an Occaſion to commend me, and ſay ſomething extraordinary in my Praiſe, which my Landlady never fail'd to tell me, but with ſuch an Air, as if ſhe was deſired to tell me. Then if ſhe ſees me walking here——as I generally do every Morning, ſhe ſtrait repairs to the Window———Thus do you ſee——ſtand you there——Now ſuppoſe me the Lady——you look up at my Window, and walk thus, do you ſee?———Then I run to the Window thus——clap my Arms a-croſs thus——and hang my Head thus——turn my Eyes languiſhing thus———as who ſhou'd ſay, if it were the Cuſtom for Women to make the firſt Addreſſes, I wou'd now beckon you up.

Bell And is this all the Hopes you have?

Ogle Why, is this nothing, Gentlemen?

Top. Nothing at all; and Six to Four the Lady never thinks on you.

Ogle Not think on me——Egad if ſhe don't marry me, ſhe's the arranteſt Jilt in Chriſtendom.

Bell. How, Jilt!

Ogle. Jilt! Ay Jilt: Why what the Devil need ſhe have made any Enquiry after me, prais'd, or look'd at me; if ſhe wou'd not have me, why did ſhe give me Encouragement.

Top. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Muſt a Woman be oblig'd to marry every Man ſhe looks at?

Ogle. I am not every Man, Gentlemen——Egad I'm reſolv'd I'll write to her; I'll know what ſhe means by her inſinuating Carriage; I'll to the *Rofe* and write my Letter, if you'll go with me, Gentlemen, you ſhall ſee what Anſwer ſhe'll ſend me.

Top.

Top. Egad I'm reſolv'd to have good Diverſion with this Fellow; pr'ythee, Captain, will you go with us?

Bell. I muſt pay a Viſit to an old Miſtreſs of mine that lodges hard by, but I'll come to you.

Ogle. To be jilted! Egad I can't bear the Thoughts on't; come, Gentlemen.

The SCENE *changes to Mrs.* Plotwell's *Lodgings.*

Mrs. Plotwell *ſola.*

Mrs. *Plot.* I grow weary of perſecuting theſe Blockheads; the very Idea of a Gallant is nauſeous to me: Oh! That all Women would but treat the Fools as they deſerve, would they take my Advice, no Fop, whoſe Impertinence tended to the Prejudice of Virtue, ſhou'd 'ſcape unexpos'd.

Their different Turns of Vice I'd ſhow,
That this cenſorious Town might know
The greateſt Monſter in the World's a Beau.

Enter Bellmein.

Bell. The Vanity of Fops you ſay you'd ſhew,
That all Intriguing Belles might know,
There's Danger in a noiſy Beau.

Mrs. *Plot.* Ha! Who's this that Eccho's my Sound ſo juſtly, yet ſo much inverts the Senſe?

Bell. One that omits no Pains to invert as many of your Sex as he can. A true try'd old Friend to Love. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. *Plot.* Ha! Captain *Bellmein.*

Bell. My charming *Plotwell*, as blooming, young, and fair as ever, as beautiful as Martyrs Viſions, and full of Pleaſure and Delight as Dreams of longing Boys.

Mrs. *Plot.* Oh Lord! Give me Breath —— let me have a little Air, or I ſhall die—ſo—well, where have you been all this while? And how have you ſpent your Time? Lord I think I have a thouſand Queſtions to aſk in one Breath.

Bell.

Bell. And I have as many to ask you, but can't spare Time now; some more pressing private Business wou'd take me wholly up, fitter for the next Room —— Shall we retire? [*Pulling her.*

Mrs. *Plotaw.* No, stand off; if we retire, it must be upon Conditions agreed to before hand.

Bell. With all my Heart, Child; I was never better condition'd for a Lady's Service in all my Life, lookee here——here are Conditions. [*Shews a Purse of Gold*] Observe the Conditions, and let's be happy; tho' I never thought you mercenary till now.

Mrs. *Plotaw.* I'm not so much displeas'd with your mistaking me, as I should be with any one else; for besides some Allowance for your Humour, your Absence from Town so long, may excuse you from the Knowledge of my present Principles and Designs; and as great a Libertine as you profess yourself, I know the awful Lustre of Virtue has always met with due Respect from you, and that Respect is the only Condition I require you to observe.

Bell. Ha, hy, Why what the Devil is here, my old Mistress setting up for Virtue? For Heaven's sake, what do you mean, Madam?

Mrs *Plotaw.* As I say, Sir, that I am no more what you once knew me; since your Abode in *Ireland*, my Uncle, who kept me from my Estate, is dead, thank Heaven, and I am now Mistress of a Fortune sufficient for my Use; and, had I possess'd it sooner, I never had been what I was: But now, I scorn Mankind on Terms like those; all innocent Diversions I freely take; I keep the best Company, pay and receive Visits from the highest Quality, People who are better bred than to examine into past Conduct.

Bell. Hey! I find then that Reputation is never lost but in an empty Pocket; well then thou'rt grown virtuous, and I must never hope for the Blessing again.

Mrs. *Plotaw.* Never; but talk as free as you will, do but observe the Rules of Modesty; I like your Company and Conversation as well as ever, I'm not so rigidly virtuous to appear a Saint, I can launch out and laugh with you sometimes, nay, perhaps contribute to your

your Mirth. I'll give you a ſhort Account how I have paſs'd my Time, in expoſing to public View all the Follies of your Sex; that Part of them, I mean, whoſe Vanity brought them under my Laſh, ſuch whoſe tiffany Natures are ſo eaſily impos'd upon, to have the commoneſt Drabs in Town topt upon them for Women of Quality.

Bell. This Town does abound with ſuch as you ſpeak of.

Mrs. *Plot.* Oh! did you but ſee with what Variety 'tis furniſh'd, and how univerſally all Men are infected with an Itch after Quality, you'd be convinced there's not one, from the Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, down to the Groom in the Stable, but thinks himſelf ſufficiently qualified to deſerve the Favour of any Lady in St. *James*'s. I paſs'd upon one for a Counteſs, upon another for a Dutcheſs, another a Baronet's Lady, and ſo forth—ha, ha, the poor Fools were loſt in a Cloud of Ignorance, rais'd by the Hurry of their own Expectations.

Bell. Why, truly it would ſurprize a Man that never convers'd with ought above a Pit-Maſk, to be invited to a Lady's Bed, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. *Plot.* Such aukward Addreſs, and the Means every Man finds to recommend himſelf by, one for Secrecy, t'other Wit, a third his Perſon, ſo every Fool finds ſomething to think valuable in himſelf.

Bell. There's your weakly finicking, dancing, ſinging, witty Fop, who values himſelf upon writing Billet-doux.

Mrs. *Plot.* And thinks his Company ſo very agreeable, that he perſecutes People to Death, before they can get rid of his troubleſome Impertinence.

Bell. His chiefeſt Talent conſiſts in the Repartee of an Intrigue. But then there's your old hardened Sinner.

Mrs. *Plot.* Ay, he cries up Secrecy and Security, his Years, Wrinkles, and diſtorted Body, are ſufficient Defence againſt a ſlanderous Tongue; he values himſelf more for what he has been, than for what he is, recommending himſelf upon his Knowledge and Experience.

Bell. And his great Judgment in the happy Management of an Intrigue. But the Man of Senſe,

Mrs.

Mrs. *Plot.* Him all Women ought to ſhun, that fear coming under his Power; he approaches ſecurely.

Bell. Addreſſes cunningly.

Mrs. *Plot.* Inſinuates himſelf ſlily into a Lady's Favour.

Bell. Then ſeizes his Prey at once. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. *Plot.* Oh Lord, hold off.

Enter Plotwell's *Maid, and whiſpers her.*

Bell. Pox take her for coming ſo unluckily, this Denial of her's gives me as much Deſire as a new Face that ſhe ſhou'd grow ſo unreaſonably Virtuous. [*Aſide.*] Well, Madam, you have Buſineſs I ſee, I'll take my Leave, ſome other Time I'll hear it out——

Mrs. *Plot.* My Buſineſs, at preſent, is for the good of your Friend *Manly*, and I don't know but we may have Occaſion for your Head to help us out.

Bell. My Head, together with the reſt of my Body, is at your Service, Madam, whenever you pleaſe to command your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Plot. Clarinda* deſires to ſpeak with me at her Father's Houſe, ſay you?

Maid. Yes, Madam, inſtantly.

Mrs. *Plot.* I'll wait on her.

SCENE *changes to a Tavern.*

Toper *and* Ogle *ſealing a Letter.*

Ogle. Here, Porter, carry this Letter as 'tis directed, and bring me an Anſwer.

Porter. Yes, Sir. [*Sir* William Mode *within.*]

Sir. *Will.* Here, Drawer, ſhew a Room, and ſend your Maſter to me.

Top. Ha, that's *Mode*'s Voice, a good Hint, I'll have rare Sport with theſe two Puppies [*Aſide.*

Ogle. I think I heard Sir *William Mode*'s Voice, Pry'thee *Toper* deſire him to walk in.

Top. Not for the World!

Ogle. No, Why pray?

Top.

Top. I know not, but ſome Body has told him that you are his Rival, and he ſwears he'll cut your Throat where-ever he ſees you.

Ogle. How, I his Rival? Where, pray you?

Top. In *Clarinda*, I ſuppoſe.

Ogle. But is it poſſible Sir *William Mode* ſhou'd be my Rival, and never tell me on't? But he's ſuch an egregious Coxcomb, that he gives me no Pain.

Top. He call'd you Fop, Blockhead, Baboon——and ſaid he'd make Mince-meat of you.

Ogle. Oh, impoſſible, Sir, he cou'd not mean me.

Top. Do you think I lye, Sir?

Ogle. Oh, by no means, Sir.

Top. Had any Man ſaid ſo much of me, I wou'd have made the Sun ſhone through him; and I think you ought to ſend him a Challenge.

Ogle. What, challenge my Friend! By no means, Sir; Why, Sir, he's my Friend.

Top. So much the worſe; you ought to reſent an Affront from him the more for that.

Ogle. Oh, Sir, you don't know us, we never mind what we ſay of one another: I dare ſwear he never meant it an Affront.

Top. You Lye, Sir, he did mean it an Affront.

Ogle. Sir, I heartily beg your Pardon; I believe he did, becauſe you ſay it, Sir, elſe I ſhould not believe it.

Top. Sir, I ſay you muſt fight him, and I'll carry the Challenge.

Ogle. That's a ſure Way that I challenge him, but how to come off as ſure, hang me if I know: Look you, Mr. *Toper*, I have not the ready Uſe of both my Legs, for, Dancing at a private Ball t'other Night, I cut ſomething higher than uſually, and pitch'd upon a Cherry-ſtone, which turn'd my Foot ſo violently, that I vow I have been lame ever ſince, ſo that poſitively I can't fight.

Top. Zounds, I believe you dare not fight him.

Ogle. Pardon me, Sir, I dare fight any Man, that will but give me Time to prepare myſelf for a Duel; for I think there ſhould be a Diet us'd for fighting, as well as Running.

Top.

Top. Ha, ha, ha, well, I find what you hint at; I'll engage to bring you off ſafe.

Ogle. As how pray?

Top. Why as thus; do you challenge him, and, when you meet, draw your Sword.

Ogle. But ſuppoſe he draws again.

Top. Then I'll ſtep in and part you, ſo you are good Friends; for I don't deſign you ſhall fight in Earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Ogle. A very good Project.

Top. Come, come, write three Words to him upon this Paper.

Ogle. But you'll be ſure to part us.

Top. Ay, certainly. [Ogle *writes.*] Now I wiſh *Bellmain* was here to ſhare the Diverſion.

Ogle. There, Sir, there's enough.

Top. Let me ſee —— Sir, you muſt reſign all Pretenſions to *Clarinda*, or fight me immediately, I wait in the next Room for your Anſwer. *Ogle.*

So, very well; do you ſtay here, I'll be back in a Minute.

SCENE *changes to another Room in the ſame Houſe.*

Sir William *and the Tavern-Man.*

Sir *Will.* This Hermetage is not briſk.

Lan. Upon my Word, Sir *William*, there's no better in *London*.

Sir *Will.* It is not ſo good as the laſt you ſent me.

Lan. It is the very ſame, Sir.

Sir *Will.* Well, ſend me in four Dozen.

Lan. And how much Champagne, Sir *William?*

Sir *Will.* Four Dozen of that too, and four of *Burgundy*.

Lan. You ſhall have it, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Toper.

Top. Sir *Will.* I'm your humble Servant.

Sir *Will.*

Sir Will. Mr. *Toper*, your Servant: Pray how did you know I was here? I am not uſually found in a Tavern.

Top. I heard your Voice, Sir *William*; juſt as you entered, I was engag'd in a Quarrel of yours.

Sir Will. Of mine?

Top. Ay: Sir *William*, 'tis a damn'd fooliſh Buſineſs; I wou'd have made it up, but I found it impoſſible; ſo that being your Friend, I undertook to deliver you this. [*Gives him the Letter.*

Sir *Will.* How's this! A Challenge from *Ogle?* Certainly the Fellow's drunk, or he'd never do this.

Top. No, that he is not I'll promiſe you, he's ſober enough, but in a damn'd Paſſion; he ſays you're a Fop, Fool, nay Coward; if I might adviſe you, you ſhou'd fight him inſtantly; 'Zdeath, were I in your Place, Sir *William*, ſuch a Dog ſhou'd not dare to look, nay, think of a Woman I deſign'd to marry.

Sir *Will.* I hate fighting, but dare not tell this bluſtering Fellow ſo, [*Aſide.*] Nay, I know he's a Blockhead, and a Coward too, but what Courage Love may have infus'd into him, I know not—Why what the Devil he ſaid not a Word of his Paſſion to me Yeſterday, he din'd with me.

Top. He did not know it then, but now he ſwears he'll ſpoil your handſome Face.

Sir *Will.* Oh Lord! I had rather be run through the Body; enfeeble me; O' my Soul I wonder what makes Men ſo ſtout!

Top. I'll tell you Sir *William*, Courage is nothing, nothing at all; now if you look big, talk loud and be very angry, you'll frighten a Man that can't do ſo as well as you, ſo you are reckon'd a ſtout Man; and he that can do it better, is a ſtouter Man than you, that's all.

Sir *Will.* Is that all? Why then I'm reſolv'd to be ſtout, enfeeble me: But ſuppoſe he ſhould draw?

Top. Why then I'll ſtep in and part you.

Sir *Will.* A very good Piece of Contrivance, impair my Vigour.

Top. Be ſure you get the firſt Word, for there's Advantage in having the firſt Word.

Enter

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Did you call, Gentlemen?

Top. Ay: Is Mr. *Ogle* below?

Drawer. Yes, Sir.

Top. Hold, I'll fetch him myſelf. [*Ex.*

Sir *Will.* Now am I confoundedly afraid, leſt this Fellow ſhould let us fight in earneſt.

Re-enter Toper *and* Ogle, *to whom he ſpeaks at entering.*

Top. Be ſure you ſpeak angrily, as if you wou'd not hear what I ſay.

Ogle. Be ſure you part us then——Sir, I ſay I will hear of no Reconciliation, except he reſign *Clarinda.*

[Toper *runs to Sir* William.

Top. He's in a damn'd Paſſion, your Hand to your Sword quickly, Sir *William*, fear nothing, I'll ſtand by you.

[*As ſoon as they ſee one another, they run and embrace.*]

Sir *Will.* Mr. Ogle!

Ogle. Sir *William!*

Sir *Will.* Dear Mr. *Ogle*, I'm glad to ſee you.

Top. Zounds have I taken all this Pains for this—— Harkee, Sir *William*, Damn you, draw upon him, or I'll draw upon you; do you hear, no Reply, but draw, do you hear.

Sir *Will.* Oh Heaven! I muſt draw in my own Defence; and I'm ſure there's leſs Danger in *Ogle*, than in this Fellow [*Draws.*] I think, Mr. *Ogle*, you ſent me a Challenge juſt now by Mr. *Toper*, and having paid the Ceremony due to Friends and Acquaintance, you muſt draw, Sir, and return my Compliment. I'll be ſure to have ſomebody to part us tho'. [*Aſide.*

[*Runs and knocks at the Door with his Foot.*

Top. Harkee, *Ogle*, you have ruin'd yourſelf by letting him get the Advantage; draw, draw Sir.

Ogle. Draw, Sir; why, Sir, my Paſſion was over upon my Faith. Ho, here's Folks chow, I'm reſolv'd to draw now. [*Draws.*

Enter two Drawers, one runs to Sir William, *t'other to* Ogle, *and holds 'em.*

Sir *Will.* Ah, ſtand off, I had rather be run thro' the Guts

Guts than you ſhould touch me with your dirty Apron, will daub all my Cloaths; off Scoundrel.

[Toper *holds* Ogle.

Ogle. Let him come, let him come, one Thruſt will decide our Diſpute.

Sir *Will.* Pray give us Way, 'twill ſoon be ended.

Enter Bellmein.

Bell. Hey-day, what's here, Swords drawn? Nay, then I'll make one in the Number. [*Draws.*] Why, what the Devil do you hold the Gentlemen for? Let 'em go, and give one another Satisfaction. Z'death, I'll fight that Man that ſhall but offer to hold 'em. [*Takes off the Drawers and* Toper.] Why don't you fight now, Gentlemen?

Sir *Will.* A Pox take him for his brutiſh Civility, [*When they are at Liberty they ſtand and look at one another.*] Harkee, Mr. *Ogle*, do you come along with me, and we'll contrive ſome way to make theſe Fellows believe we dare fight. [*He goes to* Ogle, *and ſpeaks in a low Voice.*]

Ogle. Agreed.

Sir *Will.* Come, Mr. *Ogle*, you ſhall go along with me, we'll find a more convenient Place to decide this Buſineſs in, where Friends ſhall not interrupt; you ſhall hear of a Duel, Gentlemen, tho' it is not proper to ſee it. Your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Ogle. With all my Heart, I dare fight you any where———

Top. That's a Lye; pr'ythee order thy Footman to watch 'em, I fancy they'll have ſome comical Stratagem to deceive us. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. With all my Heart; d'ye hear, be ſure you take Notice where they go, and bring me Word. Pr'ythee, how did'ſt work 'em up to this? [*Exit Servant.*

Top. With a World of Pains and Difficulty, I aſſure you; but there is no fear of their doing one another any Harm in a fighting Way. Is not that Colonel *Manly* yonder?

Bell.

Bell. 'Tis, and I have some Business with him: Will you walk?

Top. My Business, at present lies another way, else I'd be glad to drink a Bottle with him.

For tho' we roar and rake, and Broils commence,
Yet give me for a Friend, a Man of Sense.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Careful*'s House.

Careful *solus, with* Ogle's *Letter.*

Caref. VERY fine, I see my Daughter is resolv'd to have Strings enow to her Bow; Death, to give Encouragement to a Dog that has neither Wit nor Money to recommend him; good Mr. *Ogle*, if I catch you ogling there, I'll hamstring you, I can tell you that for your Comfort; I'm glad I got the Letter before her; my Spark's very familiar, methinks; [*Reads.*] *Madam, I'm inform'd you entertain Sir* William Mode; *if so, I desire to know the Reason why you encourage me. I am not to be fool'd*——(who the Devil is this Coxcomb) *if you clear not this Imputation, I shall believe you design to jilt me.* Very complaisant, truly————*answer per Bearer, as you value your Admirer, Ogle.* Yes, I have answer'd *per Bearer* with a broken Pate, and I wish yours had been in his Place. Lord, Lord, who would be plagu'd with Children? I'm resolv'd she shall marry Sir *William* To-morrow; why, she'll have as many Fellows at her Heels, as her Colonel has Soldiers waiting for their Pay, why, what a Medley of Suitors has she? Fighters, Fools, and Fops. Well, since you are so fickle, Mistress, I'll fix you presently, or marry myself. Mr. *Toper* was wishing me to a Cousin of his, who will be in Town To-day; adod,

nded, if this perverſe Baggage make one Scruple of ſigning my Will, I'll have her, and try if a Mother-in-Law won't hamper her; but I'll in, and ſend for Sir *William* immediately. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *changes to another Room in the ſame Houſe,* Clarinda *and* Emilia *dreſſing in Boy's Cloaths,* *Mrs.* Plotwell *with them.*

Clar. Here, here, on with your Manhood quickly.

Emil. I fear, *Clarinda*, this Maſquerade will not be reputable for Women of nice Honour.

Plot. Oh, don't fear that, ſince you only wear it to do yourſelves Juſtice; for Juſtice can never be diſhonourable.

Clar. You are not inſenſible, Couſin, how reſolutely my cruel Father perſecutes me with this Fop; therefore, ſince poor *Clarinda* is in all this Danger, I, my own Knight Errant, and thou my truſty 'Squire, will march *En cavalier*, and deliver the diſtreſs'd Damſel, by beating the Giant into a Pigmy; then be our own Heralds, and proclaim our Victory to my Father, and hollow the Coward ſo loud in his Ears, that we will ſhame him out of all Thoughts of this Fool.

Plot. If that don't do, my Plot ſhall; *Teſter* has broke it to him, as I told you.

Clar. I readily ſubmit to any Propoſal of yours, and will rely on your Contrivance.

Plot. You may command me,——but be quick and dreſs; who told you of this Duel?

Clar. Sir *William*'s Valet makes love to my Woman, thro' him we diſcover'd the Time and Place, but I know not the Grounds of this Quarrel.

Plot. That, I ſuppoſe, is your Ladyſhip; for Mr. *Ogle* publickly declares you are in Love with him.

Clar. Ogle! who is he?

Plot. A fooliſh Fellow about Town, he lodges at Mrs. *Commode*'s, your Milliner.

Clar. Oh Heavens! I believe I have ſeen him paſs thro' the Shop, but never had Curioſity enough to aſk his

his Name. In Love with him! I ſhould as ſoon be in Love with a Weaſel, Ha, ha, ha, why, is he Sir *William*'s Antagoniſt? I fancy we ſhall have rare Sport.

Plot. They are as like two Peas in every Thing but Eſtate, and in that Sir *William* out-does him,

Clar. He is the very Quinteſſence of Foppery; his Name and Nature ſuits exactly, for he's a nice Obſerver of the Modes; his Valet is forc'd to counterfeit a *Frenchman*, or he would turn him away.

Emil. Ha, ha, ha, Ridiculous enough; well, thus dreſt, now what are we to do?

Clar. Why, when we are ſated with their ſordid Foppery, we'll kick 'em into better Manners.

Emil. How, kick, *Clarinda?* if they ſhould return our Compliment, I ſhall quickly diſcover my Manhood to be counterfeit.

Plot. Never fear it, they won't fight with a Mouſe, I dare ſwear, if it were out of a Trap.

Clar. I know Sir *William*'s a Coward, I had been often told ſo, and to prove it, I ſent him a Challenge, as from one Mr. *Roughly*; his Man ſaid it put him into ſuch a Conſternation he ſhou'd never forget him, he ſent me word that he'd meet me on *Calais* Sands, and give me Satisfaction, Ha, ha, ha.

Plot. Ha, ha, ha, a good Excuſe——Indeed, he's fit for nothing, but to ſet upon one's Cabinet, to watch one's China. Well, I wiſh you good Sport, and am your humble Servant. [*Exit* Plot.

Clar. I'm reſolv'd, ere I'll be forc'd into the Arms of a Perſon I loathe and deſpiſe, the Paſſion I have for Colonel *Manly* will tempt me to make him my Sanctuary.

Emil. I muſt tell her of his Falſhood, the Thoughts of which have turn'd all the fooliſh Paſſion I had conceiv'd. [*Aſide.*] Take Care, *Clarinda*, you ben't deceiv'd in him.

Clar. What mean you, *Emilia?*

Emil. That he is falſe.

Clar. Falſe! Impoſſible, how know you this?

Emil. I have the beſt Proof in the World of it, ocular Demonſtration. He makes Love to me; nay, don't ſtart; had I not been ſo much your Friend, *Clarinda*, I had

had not let you into the Secret; for, upon my Word, I don't think him diſagreeable.

Clar. Oh Heavens! ſhe's in Love with him! and therefore would ſlily perſuade me into an ill Opinion of him. [*Aſide.*] How know you 'tis he, Couſin?

Emil. I am ſure that Gentleman that bow'd to us in the Side-box, the firſt Night I came to Town, has ever-ſince purſued me with moſt violent Love; and I muſt confeſs I lik'd his Humour ſo well, that I could not be diſpleas'd with his playing the Fool.

Clar. Where did you ſee him next? How got he an Opportunity?

Emil. You know the next Night I went out with only my Woman.

Clar. I remember.

Emil. Why then I went to the Play in a Maſk, on purpoſe for a little Diverſion, and 'twas my Fortune to ſit next him in the Pit, where during the Play-time, he entertain'd me with the prettieſt Diſcourſe in the World, and when 'twas done he wou'd not part with me till I had promis'd to write to him, and I could not help keeping my Word, if I was to be hang'd,————But finding him falſe to you, I hate him; this Letter I have writ to upbraid him. [*Shews a Letter.*

Clar. How's this, For Mr. *Celadon?*

Emil. Ay, we paſs upon one another for *Celadon*, and *Chloe*; for my Part I did not enquire his Name becauſe he ſhou'd not aſk mine.

Clar. Did he never aſk your Name, nor tell you his?

Emil. No, and I ſuppoſe that was his Policy to prevent a Diſcovery to you.

Enter Clarinda's *Maid, giving her a Letter.*

Clar. Ha! 'Tis from *Manly*——What's this, [*Reads.*] *The private Encouragement you give that Fop Sir* William, *is not ſo cloſely managed to eſcape a jealous Lover's Eye that ſees you every where; to be deceiv'd touches my tendereſt Part, eſpecially from one I thought my own; but we are ſubject to Miſtakes, I find; that I am ſo in you, my Eyes, my Ears, are all Witneſſes. I ſhall take what Care I can, not to be troubleſome to you, ſince I find you no longer value the Peace of* Manly.

Oh! monſtrous, perfidious Mankind! Oh, I perceive your Drift, he charges me with this Fool, on Purpoſe to find Pretence for his own Falſhood———It is a poor Excuſe,———but what won't Men fall into, when they quit their Honour; Oh that I had but an Opportunity of upbraiding him to his Face.

Emil. That you ſhall; he knows not yet of the Diſcovery, I'll write to him to come here, I have no Reaſon to ſuſpect his diſobeying the Summons, no more now, than formerly.

Clar. Did he uſe to meet you then?

Emil. Moſt punctually———But I'll in and write to him, and be here in a Minute. [*Exit.*

Clar. Well, it is impoſſible to dive into the Heart of Man, for ſure he has the Face of Truth, nay, I can hardly believe he's falſe yet, ſo deep an Impreſſion did his ſeeming Honeſty ſtamp upon my Soul.

Re-enter Emilia.

Emil. I have ſent it away, and I doubt not but to convince you of the Truth of what I ſay; but come don't think on't now, but let's begone, methinks I long to bully theſe Cowards, pray Heaven they prove ſo——

Clar. Duce on't, this will deſtroy half the Satisfaction I promis'd myſelf from this Frolick; but come.

If we ſucceed in Proteus' *artful School,*
The World ſhall ſay, a very Beau's a Fool. [Exeunt.

SCENE *Hyde-Park.*

Enter Sir William *and* Ogle, *with Files, Pumps, and Night-caps.*

Sir *Will.* Here's a Weapon, Mr. *Ogle*, will decide the Quarrel as well as e'er a Sharp in Chriſtendom, and without Danger.

Ogle. An admirable Contrivance, Sir *William*; for now they'll hear of a Duel, and we reckon'd ſuch ſkilful Artiſts, that neither cou'd o'ercome.

Sir *Will.* Right, I think a Gentleman ought to wear a

a Sharp, for a Terror to the Vulgar, and becauſe 'tis the Faſhion; but he ſhou'd never uſe it but as an Ornament, and Part of his Dreſs. I hope to ſee it as much a Faſhion to fight with Files, as 'tis to fence with them. If I was a Member of Parliament, I'd bring in a Bill againſt Duelling; I'm ſure the Clauſe would paſs, for there's a Majority in the Houſe of my Conſtitution. Come, approach, Sa, ſa.

Enter Clarinda *and* Emilia *with their Swords drawn.*

Clar. Hold, Gentlemen, I'm bound in Honour to part you; ha, what's this?

Emil. Files, upon my Honour, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Will.* Why do you laugh, Gentlemen? I think this the niceſt way of deciding a Quarrel, the other is fit for none but Bullies and Soldiers, that get their Bread by't; 'tis eaſily ſeen this way who has the moſt Skill; and pray, what is got by the other more rude Method, but a ſcandalous Character, or a ſhameful Death.

Ogle. And by my Conſent, he that draws a Sword out of the immediate Service of the King, ſhould be hang'd.

Clar. Say you ſo, Sir! Now hear my Sentiments, he that would not draw a Sword upon any juſt Account, ſhould be kick'd thus, and thus, Sir. [*Kicks him.*

Sir *Will.* What do you mean, Gentlemen?

Emil. Only to rub your Courage a little.

Ogle. What's that, Sir?

Emil. You don't hear well, Sir, I'll lengthen your Ears a little. [*Pulls him by the Ears.*

Sir *Will.* I wonder that you, who look ſo like a Gentleman, ſhou'd be guilty of ſuch ill-bred Actions; Fye! kick and cuff! Exerciſes for Footmen; Pray learn better Carriage of us.

Clar. I'd as ſoon learn Manners of a *Muſcovite.*

Sir *Will.* Pray Sir, who are you? And what Affairs led you hither?

Clar. I'm a Servant to *Clarinda,* and conſequently a Rival of yours.

Ogle. O Lord! a Rival of mine too. [*Aſide.*

Clar. I came hither to kick you, and expoſe you when I had done, the firſt, you are ſenſible I have perform'd,

and from that Inſtance of my Honeſty, you may take my Word for the reſt.

Sir *Will.* I'm undone, bliſter me, if the very ſhadow of a Duel be not unfortunate. [*Aſide.*

Enter Colonel Manly, *and Captain* Bellmein.

Man. Why how now, young Gentlemen, are you breathing yourſelves, or giving Leſſons in the Stoic Philoſophy to thoſe patient Diſciples.

Bell. Or have you a Journey to ride, that you are getting your Backſide harden'd for it.

Sir *Will. Manly* here! I'd compound for half my Eſtate, bliſter me! [*Aſide.*

Emil. Ha! *Manly* here! We muſt retire, Couſin, leſt it ſpoils our Plot, as doubtleſs it will, if he knows us.

Clar. Methinks, I could even here reproach him.

[*Exit* Clar. *and* Emil.

Bell. This is hearing of a Duel, indeed,———— Files! Ha, ha, ha, you was reſolv'd to prevent Murder; you need never fear the Exaltation of the Gallows, for your Courage reaches but to a chance Medley, at moſt.

Man. Pr'ythee, who were thoſe Gentlemen, Sir *William*; methinks, they us'd you very familiarly.

Sir *Will.* Men of no Honour you may conclude, Colonel, elſe they would not have affronted Gentlemen, when they found them defenceleſs.

Man. Right, but why wou'd you be defenceleſs? Faith, Sir *William*, if this News reaches your Miſtreſs's Ears, it will ruin you in her Favour. Take this for a Rule, the leſs Regard you have for your Honour, the more you ſink in Eſteem with your Miſtreſs; for all Women hate a Coward; you ought to be forbid the Habits of Men, who can be guilty of Effeminacy, that even Women would bluſh at.

Sir *Will.* Why, Gentlemen, I think paſſive Valour ſits well enough upon Men that have Eſtates, and have a Mind to live and enjoy them.

Man. Damn him for a cowardly Blockhead; pr'ythee let's go, I'm ſick of their Folly; beſides you ſaid you would convince me of *Clarinda*'s Falſhood.

Enter

Enter Bellmein's *Man, and gives him a Letter.*

Serv. I have run, Sir, all the Way; for the Porter told me it muſt be given you that Moment.

Bell. Ha! there's a lucky Hit, Colonel; ſhe invites me to come to her Lodging, and her Servant ſhould be ready to convey me into her Apartment. Here, read it, Man, now you may convince yourſelf.————Egad if I were not a damn'd honeſt Fellow to my Friend, now cou'd I paſs three Hours the moſt agreeably in the World. Pox on me for a prating Coxcomb, could not I have held my Tongue. Well, what think you of it Colonel?

Man. It is not her Hand, but that's nothing, ſhe might diſguiſe that to conceal it from me. I know not what to think, but I'm reſolv'd to go, and if I find her falſe, 'twill cure me effectually.

Bell. Come on-then. [*Exeunt.*

Ogle. I have been conſidering all this while upon what the Colonel ſaid, and I am reſolv'd to be valiant; for if Ladies don't like a Coward————I ſhall never get a Fortune; for ought I know, I may fight as well as any Body, I'm reſolv'd to try. Harkee, Sir *William*, our Servants are here by, let's ſend for our Swords, and fight in earneſt.

Sir *Will.* Not I, Mr. *Ogle*, I declare againſt fighting poſitively.

Ogle. But I declare for fighting, and ſo ſhall you, or reſign all Pretenſions to *Clarinda*; for I deſign to marry her myſelf, therefore don't think of her, do you hear.

Sir *Will.* You marry her, ha, ha, ha.

Ogle. 'Zound, Sir, dare you laugh at a Gentleman, yet dare not fight? Take that, Sir, [*Strikes up his Heels.*] and the next time I hear you ſpeak a Word more of her I'll cut your Throat, and ſo good by.————So this is one Step towards Courage; I am reſolv'd to challenge every Man that pretends to a Fortune, 'till I have got one myſelf; and now my Hand's in, I'll challenge this Colonel the next Time I ſee him, tho' at the Head of his Regiment. [*Exit.*

Sir *Will.* Rat this Blockhead, what a Metamorphoſis is here; 'tis well it fell upon my Cloak, or I had daub'd

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all my Cloaths, bliſter me. Well, to ſing, dance, or court a Lady, or any ſuch Gentleman-like Employments I'll turn my Back to none; but for this ſlovenly Exercise of fighting, I ſhall never be brought to endure it, impair my Vigour. [*Exit.*

SCENE Careful's *Houſe.*

Careful *pulling in* Emillia *in Boy's Cloaths.*

Caref. Who the Devil have we here? Nay, nay, Sir, I muſt ſee your Face; another Gallant of my Daughter's, I warrant; Who are you, Sir, from whence come you, what Buſineſs have you in my Houſe, ha?

Emil. Oh Lord, what ſhall I ſay to this old Fellow? he'll certainly know me.

Caref. What are you ſtudying for a Lie, Sir? Adod I ſhall make you find your Tongue, ſpeak quickly, or I'll cut your Throat, you Dog you. [*Draws.*

Emil. Ah! Oh Lord a Sword! For Heaven's Sake, Sir, Oh Lord, Sir, don't you know me?

Caref. Know you, Sir? Who the Pox are you, Sir, ha? *Emilia*, Why what Maſquerade's this? Where's my Daughter?

Enter Clarinda.

Ho Sir, your humble ſervant, Why what a Pox, are you going into the Service? You are two pretty Volunteers, faith.

Clar. Ha! my Father, what ſhall I ſay?———I'll e'en face it out, ſince he has catch'd me. We have done a Friend of yours ſome Service, Sir.

Caref. A Friend of mine! As how, pray forſooth?

Clar. Why you muſt know, Sir, I was inform'd of a Duel between Sir *William Mode*, and a Brother Beau of his; the Concern I knew you had for Sir *William*'s Safety engag'd my Care for the Prevention; I was unwilling to expoſe him, by ſending any Body elſe; ſo that my Couſin and I, by the help of this Diſguiſe, parted them: But we ſhould not need to have made ſuch Haſte, for the Puppies were trying their Valour ſafely, with a Couple of Files, ha, ha.

Caref.

Caref. Ha, ha, ha; and this was the Occaſion of your being in Breeches, ha?

Emil. And I think it a good Project too, Uncle.

Caref. You do,———Well, Daughter, pray let's have you in your feminine Capacity again; for tho' you bully in Breeches, I hope you'll marry in Petticoats.

Clar. Marry, Sir!

Caref. Yes forſooth, I have ſent for Sir *William*, in order to have the Settlement completed To-night, and To-morrow your Honour ſhall riſe with the Sun; that is to ſay, you ſhall be my Lady *Mode*.

Clar. Honour, Sir, Where's the Honour of ſuch a Huſband? I hope, Sir, you will not marry me to a Coward; why there's not a needy Bully about Town but will beat a Maintenance out of him; and where is the Reputation of ſuch a Marriage?

Caref. But he'll make a ſwinging Jointure; and if you don't like him when you have him, you may live apart———

Clar. O Heaven, what ſhall I ſay?———Sir, I beg you'll but delay your Purpoſe for a Month.

Caref. Not for a Day.———

Clar. Sir, I have ſworn not to marry this Month.

Caref. Have you ſo; pray who have you ſworn to, Miſtreſs, to Mr. *Ogle*, ha?

Clar. Ogle! Who is he, pray Sir?———Heaven, has my Father got this Story too!

Caref. You don't know ſuch a Perſon, I'll warrant you, as Mr. *Ogle?*

Clar. I have ſeen ſuch a Fellow, Sir, but never ſpoke to him.

Caref. No———look in my Face———You never ſpoke to him, that is, encourag'd his Love?

Clar. No———Upon my Honour.

Caref. ——You lye, you have no Honour, read that [*Throws the Letter.*] and do you hear, reſolve to marry Sir *William* To-morrow by Six, or I'll marry myſelf before Twelve; ſo take your Choice. I'll *Ogle* you, and Soldier you, with a Pox to you. [*Exit.*

Clar. Oh Impudence from *Ogle!* I'll have the Raſcal toſt in a Blanket; ſee *Emilia* what an audacious Letter

'tis, bleſs me, I have no Patience; I encourage ſuch a Raſcal———

Emil. He is very familiar, methinks——hang him, the Fool's below your Anger, never think on't; Come pr'ythee think which Way to turn yourſelf if the Colonel be falſe, as I dare ſwear he is. What think you of marrying Sir *William*, he is Maſter of a fair Eſtate, which you may make ſubſervient to your Pleaſures, to make Life's rugged Journey paſs the ſmoother. If he be true, as you have but little Reaſon to think he is, you may yet find ſome Way to accompliſh your Deſires. Come, the Time draws on, in which you'll be convinc'd of his Truth or Falſhood.

Come what will, reſolve to be content,
And truſt to Fort ne for the wiſh'd Event. [Exit.

Enter Careful, Toper, *and Mrs.* Plotwell, *dreſt like a Quaker.*

Caref. Mr. *Toper*, your Couſin is welcome, my Houſe is at your Service, Madam.

Plot. I thank thee, but pray thee do not Madam me, my Name is *Anne*.

Caref. A very handſome Woman, and very modeſtly dreſt.

Top. I have us'd all the Arguments in my Power to convert her from this Formality, but in vain, ſhe's as averſe to the Faſhions, as other Women are fond of 'em; but I hope your Niece and Daughter will work a Reformation in her.

Caref. I rather hope ſhe'll work one in them, I'll aſſure you I'll recommend her as a Pattern. Is this the Woman you would recommend to me for a Wife, Mr. *Toper?*

Top. The ſame, Sir.

Caref. I proteſt I like her exceedingly, ſhe ſeems cut out on purpoſe for me; her plain Way of Living will improve my Eſtate, and her Morals will hamper my Daughter, I like a religious Woman.

Top. You can't be better match'd, if ſhe has not too much; Yeſterday I carried her to wait on a Relation of

ours

ours that has a Parrot, and whilſt I was diſcourſing about ſome private Buſineſs, ſhe converted the Bird, and now it talks of nothing but the Light of the Spirit, and the inward Man. Ha, ha.

Caref. Good lack, Good lack.

Plot. Well, well, thee wilt never leave thy ridiculous Jeſts; I ſay that Mankind were not made for Foppery and Pride, but to do good in their Generation.——— Pr'ythee ſhew me one Text of Scripture for the Faſhions, or where Jewels are commanded, or what Holy Matron ever had a Valet to dreſs 'em, as they ſay the *French* Ladies have, Oh monſtrous Faſhion!———No, no, our devouteſt Women wore coarſe Linen, or rather none at all.

Top. Ay, ſuch Saints as wore their Congregations without ſide, and ſwarm'd with Chriſtian Vermin, it muſt be them, ha, ha, ha; but you hold every handſome Garment a Sin.

Plot. Handſome Garment! Verily I believe, if we are puniſh'd with Taxes again to carry on another War, 'twill be a juſt Judgment upon this ſinful Land for their long Wigs, hoop'd Coats, Furbelows, falſe Teeth, and Patches.

Caref. Truly I'm of her Opinion, ſhe ſpeaks like an Oracle; for the Devil was never ſo proud as our Women are now a-days, [*Aſide.*] I am reſolv'd, if my Daughter ſhew the leaſt Reluctance to my Will, to marry her out of hand. I'll motion it to her, and try how ſhe likes me———[*Aſide.*] What think you of a Huſband forſooth; for to be plain with you, your extraordinary Qualities have rais'd a great Deſire in me of becoming ſuch?

Plot. I doubt, Friend; thou'lt expect a larger Fortune than I am Dame of.

Caref. I proteſt I don't care if you have not a Groat, your Virtue's a wealthy Dowry to me; ſay you'll but have me and 'tis enough.

Plot. But it may be thou'lt be againſt my Courſe of Life; I love Retirement, muſt have Time for my Devotion in my own Way; I'm not us'd to the Ceremony of Viſits, and hate Tea-Table Vanity, and Card-Play, as they call it.

Top. Our Plot takes rarely.

Caref. This makes me love you the more.

Plot. One Thing more; thou haſt a Daughter they ſay, a topping Gallant, which I deſire to ſee, and try if good Admonitions, together with Example, won't reform her; for plainly, I don't care to come under the Roof where Children are, if they be not dutiful; ſo I muſt ſee her firſt e'er I can give thee my Anſwer.

Caref. That you ſhall preſently——Here, carry this Gentlewoman to my Daughter, and tell her, ſhe muſt entertain her as her Mother that is to be, tell her ſo from me, d'ye hear. [*Ex. Mrs.* Plot. *and Servant.*

Really Mr. *Toper*, your Couſin is a profound Chriſtian; if my Daughter refuſe to marry Sir *William*—I'll jointure her in my whole Eſtate.

Toper. For aught I know, you can't do better than marry; for who would be plagu'd with a diſobedient Child?

Caref. Eſpecially when they depend upon us for their Fortunes; the Devil a young Fellow would care a Souce for their Perſons, did not our Purſe-ſtrings draw. Here forſooth my Daughter is running mad after a Soldier, a Fellow whoſe Fortune depends upon his Sword, and here we are going to Wars again, and ſix to four but a Cannon Bullet takes his Head off, and then the Wife is turn'd Home to her Father again, and in ſuch Caſes a Father has never diſpoſed of his Children entirely, and all the Jointure ſhe'll bring, will conſiſt of Houſings, Holſter-Caps, Piſtols, Swords, and ſo forth.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Sir *William Mode* below, Sir.

Caref. Tell him I'll wait on him preſently. Come, Mr. *Toper*, you ſhall be Witneſs of our Agreement; I ſent for him to compleat the Buſineſs, Sign, Seal to Night, and To-morrow we'll have a Dance. [*Exit.*

Toper. I fancy we ſhall drive Dancing out of your Head, old Gentleman. [*Exit.*

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clarinda, Emilia, *and Mrs.* Plotwell.

Clar. WELL in my Conſcience, the firſt Sight of you frighted me horribly, though I knew your Plot. I vow you make a ſanctified Figure.

Plotw. Might I paſs upon the Brethren, think you?

Em. Ay, and hold forth too, I'll warrant you, without being diſcover'd. But is my Uncle ſo hot upon Matrimony, ſay you?

Plotw. As a Hound upon the Scent, tho' he'll ſhare no more of the Pleaſure, than the Dog of the Game he runs down, ha, ha,

Clar. I vow I can't help laughing to think what a Trick we ſhall put upon him, —— but the duce on't I cannot be heartily merry till I ſee the Event of this Meeting; I long till the Colonel comes.

Em. So do I as much as you, to upbraid him with his Treachery.

Enter Maid and whiſpers them.

In my Conſcience he's here, —— ſhow him into my Chamber, tell him I'll wait on him preſently,——Now, *Clarinda*, you ſhall go in my Place.

Clar. Heavens! How I tremble. Oh, the perfidious Wretch, ſure he's quite loſt to Virtue, that he dares thus impudently venture into the very Houſe. Oh give me Patience, Heaven, and Power to back my Reſolution, and Scorn enough to ſhew my deep Reſentment. [*Ex. Clar.*,

Plotw. I'll to the old Man, and keep him in Diſcourſe, that he mayn't interrupt you. [*Exit.*

Em. Do ſo, —— I muſt liſten a little to hear what Reception ſhe gives him. [*Exit.*

Enter Colonel Manly, *ſolus.*

Manl. This Love makes Men the erranteſt Aſſes in the World; what bluſtering *Mars* with all his ſteely Garniture of War cou'd never do, this blind Boy does with a feather'd Reed. Oh my Soul, I think I'm grown

a Coward, and begin to fear, my Heart beats faſter than a raw Soldier's in his firſt Engagement, or a longing Maid in the Arms of a Man ſhe likes when Opportunity creates her Fears. Sure it cannot be *Clarinda*.

Enter Clarinda.

Ha! By Heaven the very Crocodile. [*Aſide.*

Clar. By all my Hopes of Happineſs the very Monſter. [*Aſide.*

Manl. Madam, you are ſurpriz'd I believe, not to meet the Man you expected; I beg your Pardon for this Diſappointment.

Clar. Oh Indignation! No, Sir, I have met the Man I expected, tho' you are diſappointed in your Woman.

Manl. What does ſhe mean! ——— Have you a Stratagem, Madam, to bring you off, —— come, I'll help you; ſay, you happened into this Room by Chance; and had no Knowledge of the Plot, expected no Gallant,

Clar. Oh unheard of Impudence! A Gallant! No thou Monſter of Ingratitude; have I refus'd all Mankind for thee? Nay, broke in upon the Rules of my Obedience, that I might keep my Faith inviolate, and am I thus rewarded? Is it not enough that you are falſe, and that I ſee you ſo, but you muſt add to your Barbarity, and throw a Scandal on my Fame, to hide your baſe Proceeding. Marry thee, No! From this Moment I reſolve to hate, and to put it out of thy Power ever to deceive me a ſecond Time, I'll marry inſtantly. [Bellmein *peeping.*

Bellm. I muſt hear how the Colonel ſucceeds in my Place.

Manl. It is enough I know thee guilty of that very Crime thou would'ſt impoſe on me; know that you writ to my Friend to come here, with whom you have had many private Conferences, tho' I, Heaven knows, would not believe it, till my Eyes convinced me; but now thy Crimes are obvious to my Sight, and I take thee at thy Word, and from this Moment I'll never ſee you more: Confuſion on your Sex. [*Exit Clar.*

Clar. Ha, his Friend! What can he mean,——ſure there's ſome Miſtake in this, yet I cannot call him back.

Enter Emilia *pulling in* Bellmein.

Em. What have we Eaves-droppers;——Oh Heavens! Why, was not you with my Couſin?

Bellm. Hey day! Why was not you with the Colonel?

Emil. Why, are not you the Colonel?

Bellm. No faith, and now I begin to ſuſpect you are not *Clarinda.*

Em. You are in the Right indeed, I am not.

Clar. Oh Heavens, I'm undone, *Manly*'s innocent.

Bellm. No, no, Madam, I'll call my Friend back immediately, he ſhall beg Pardon upon the Spot.——Why, what a damn'd Miſtake is here; faith he's gone, but here's an old Gentleman coming up.

[*Goes to the Door, and returns quickly.*

Clar. Oh Lord, my Father, I'm undone if he finds a Man here; what ſhall I do? This was your Project *Emilia.*

Bellm. Ha! 'Zdeath, Madam, where ſhall I run? For, methinks, I would not do any more Miſchief; what ſhall I do Ladies?

Em. Ha, a lucky Thought comes into my Head; here, here, here, lie down upon this Mat.

Bellm. With all my Heart: Pox on't, to be thus put to't for nothing. If I had but got a Maidenhead, or made a Cuckold, it would not have vex'd me.

[*Lies down, and they rowl him up.*

Enter Careful, *and tumbles over the Mat.*

Emil. There, there, lie ſtill.

Caref. A Pox on your Pride, we muſt have Matts with a Vengeance, but I'll turn over a new Leaf with this Houſe, I'll warrant you; I'll have no Mats, but ſuch as lie under the Feather-Beds: Here I might have broke my Neck,

Enter Toby.

Sirrah, remove that Mat, and do you hear, throw it into

into the Horſe-Pond; I'll have no more Mats in my Houſe.

Toby. Mat, 'tis damn'd heavy; come out here, I believe the Dog is got into it.

Clar. Oh Lord, what ſhall I do? [*Aſide.*

[*The Man goes to take up the Mat, and finds it heavy, ſhakes it, and out drops* Bellmein.

Bell. The Horſe-Pond! Nay then, 'tis time to ſhift for myſelf.

Emil. Here, here, There's a Guinea for you, *Toby*; bring him off ſome Way or other. [*Runs to* Toby.

Caref. Ha, what was that?

Toby. Bark, Sir, bark; only the great Dog, Sir, was crept in the Mat.

Bell. Wough, wough, wough, wough.

[*Creeps off quick.*

Emil. Rarely done; expect a better Reward for this, *Toby.*

Caref. The Dog was it? I proteſt I thought it had been a Thief.

Toby. No Sir, nothing elſe. [*Exit with the Mat.*

Caref. Why, how now? Methinks, you are mightily prink'd up. Mercy upon me, what a Buſh of Hair is there furz'd out; in my Conſcience, I believe you have got the Fore-top of ſome Beau's Wig.

Emil. That's the Faſhion Uncle, you wou'd not have us dreſs like my Quaking Aunt that is to be Ha, ha, ha.

Caref. How now, Sauce-box; your Quaking Aunt, quotha.

Clar. Sir, I hope you don't deſign to marry that Thing.

Caref. Thing do you call her? I cod you ſhall marry Sir *William* immediately, or call that Thing Mother, I can tell you that.

Clar. Oh Heavens, what ſhall I do?

Enter Sir William *and Mrs.* Plotwell.

Caref. Here, Sir *William*, I give her to your Arms; I'll have my Coach harneſs'd, and to Church this Moment.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Madam, tho' I don't pretend to be a Beau, yet I hope the World will diſtinguiſh the Difference between a rough, unhewn Soldier, and a poliſh'd Gentleman; I don't, in the leaſt, hint at *Manly*.

Clar. Inſipid Coxcomb. [*Aſide.*

Emil. to *Plot.* For Heaven's Sake invent ſome Way to give her an Hour's Time to conſider, or ſhe's undone.

Mrs. *Plot.* Friend, ſhall I ſpeak one Word with thee?

Caref. Twenty, if you pleaſe.

Plot. Let me adviſe thee, do not be ſo paſſionate with thy Daughter; the little Diſcourſe I had with her, ſhew'd her to be tractable; if thou think'ſt fit, I'll read her t'other Leſſon upon her Duty, and I don't doubt but ſhe'll comply.

Caref. With all my Heart; for whatever thou ſay'ſt, muſt be for her good, I'm convinc'd. Sir *William*, we'll go take a Glaſs in the next Room 'till the Bride be ready, and then——

Sir *Will.* And then, Madam, I ſhall be the happieſt Man alive; if I would change Conditions with the Czar of *Muſcovy*, may I be condemn'd to the Smoak of Tobacco, and never know the Pleaſure of taking Snuff. [*Exit.*

Emil. A very Courtly Wiſh indeed.

Plot. Come don't trifle away the Time I have given you, but write to *Manly*, and beg him to protect you, and reſcue you from the Arms of this Fool.

Clar. Oh, how can I write to him whom I have abus'd?

Plot. And did he not pay you in the ſame Coin! Come, come, this little Miſtake rather ſerves to increaſe his Love than diminiſh it, when he finds you true, as no doubt but *Bellmein* has told him e'er this, he'll be glad to accept the Conditions. Come, come, write to him, *Toper* is within, and he ſhall carry it.

Clar. Well, it being my laſt Shift, I'll follow your Advice. [*Exit.*

Plot. Ay, ay, do ſo, I'll warrant you a Fortune, and the old Man's Conſent before I have done with him.

A Drum beating up for Volunteers. Bellmein *croſſes the Stage, and a Serjeant after him.*

Serj. Captain, Captain.

Bell. Ha, Serjeant.

Serj. I have got the fineſt Volunteer, a Beau, Captain.

Bell. A Beau! Nay, if the Beaus begin to liſt, let the *French* look to't. Where is he, Serjeant?

Serj. He's coming, Sir.

Bell. I can't ſtay now, but I'll be here in a Moment, and I'll bring the Colonel with me.

Serj. I'll wait on you here, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Ogle.

The Captain will be here in a Moment, Sir; but pray Sir, why will you go for a Soldier, methinks, you might get a Commiſſion?

Ogle Becauſe I dreamt, Sir, I ſhould be a General,—— and I have a Mind to riſe gradually, I hate jumping into Honour at once.

Serj. Sir, I honour you; no Doubt but your Dream will come true.

Ogle. Sir, I dreamt laſt Night that I ſaw two Armies join Battle; and, methought, in the Scuffle, my Brains were knock'd out, and when I wak'd, I wonder'd to find myſelf with all my Limbs; I ſtraight felt for my other Leg, and ſuſpected my Eyes when they inform'd me I had both Hands.

Serj. A very good Dream, and ſignifies your Advancement.

Ogle. Nay, after that, I had the ſtrangeſt Dream, my Man found me ſcaling my Curtains for a Fort, killing my Pillow, and entering Duel with my Breeches. Methought, all the *Trojan* Faces in the Hangings were turn'd *Frenchmen*, and a Famine raging amongſt 'em they reſolv'd to eat me; ſo caſting Dice what Part of me to devour firſt, the Lot fell upon my Head. Now, Sir, all theſe Dreams I interpret quite contrary, I know I ſhall be a great Man.

Serj. No doubt on't, Sir——I'm afraid all this Fellow's Courage lies in his Sleep. I'm reſolv'd to ſound him a little. [*Exit.*

Ogle.

Ogle. Pry'thee, *Serjeant*, tell me, what Sort of a Thing a Camp is?

Serj. Why truly, Sir, a Camp would be a pleaſant Place, did the Fields produce Feather-Beds; or if the Streams like thoſe of the Golden Age, did run pure Wine; or if Camp Meals wou'd every Twelve and Seven obſerve due Hours!——But, Sir, to be half ſtarv'd on ſcarce freſh green Sod, juſt ſo much Earth, to Earth; and then to live the Life of Nature; or as ſome do call it, The Life of the hardy; to quench one's Thirſt at the next Spring, coffin up one's ſelf each Night in Turf, and thence come forth, like one of *Cadmus*'s Soldiers, ſown with Serpents Teeth, and ſtart forth arm'd from a Furrow, is a Courſe of Life, I fear will never ſuit with your Conſtitution.

Ogle, 'Tis ſomething hard, truly, but no Matter, I'm reſolv'd.

Serj. Oh! This is nothing, Sir; here comes on a Troop, and your Honour can't but loſe an Eye; an Engine there goes off, and you will ſhew yourſelf a Coward, unleſs you loſe an Arm——Here you are ſurrounded, and then 'twere baſe to bring more than one Shoulder off.

Ogle. [*Rubbing his Shoulder.*] Ha! I don't like it. [*Aſide.*

Serj. Nay, Sir, conſider e'er you go.——For 'tis a damn'd Diſcredit to have a Noſe after a Battle, or to walk the Streets upon your own Legs.

Ogle. Humph?——I feel myſelf already partly compos'd of Fleſh, partly of Wood. Methinks I hang between two Crutches, like a Man in Chains, toſt by the Wind, I don't like this ſlicing into Reputation.

Enter Bellmein *and Colonel* Manly.

Ogle. But theſe Men that you raiſe, Serjeant, are they to go againſt the *French* or *Spaniards*?

Serj. Why do you aſk, Sir?

Ogle. Becauſe I cannot in Honour draw my Sword [illegible] the *French*.

Serj. How ſo, pray? You're no *Jacobite*, I hope.

Ogle. Oh? Sir, my Scruples are not founded upon Religion; but I'll tell you, the laſt long Vacation I made

the

the Tour of *France* and *Lorrain*, where I receiv'd ſuch extraordinary Marks of Civility, particularly from the Duke of *Berry*, the Duke of *Burgundy*, and the Chevalier de St. *George*, and from the Governor of *Calais*, ſuch extravagant Obligations; But above all from the Governor's Daughter——That upon my Soul, I cannot deſcend ſo far from the Punctilio's of Honour, to go againſt 'em; but againſt *Spain*, I——Ha? the Colonel, I'm reſolv'd to fight him however, Death, Hell and Furies: Draw, Sir?

Col. Draw, Sir, For what, Sir?

Ogle. Sir, I ſay Draw Sir, or elſe reſign all Pretenſions to *Clarinda*.

Bell. Why what a Metamorphoſis is here? Is this your Voluntier, Serjeant?

Serj. Yes, Sir; but if you had not come as you did, he had been gone; for I found his Courage began to ſink.

Col. [*To* Clarinda!] How dares ſuch a Coxcomb as you name *Clarinda*? [*Draws and Diſarms him.*] Now learn more Wit, or get more Courage.

Ogle. Courage, Sir, Z'death, Sir, I'll box with you [*Pulling off his Neckcloth.*] you have got my Sword, but no Matter for that, I'll fight it out at Fiſts; loſe a Fortune for Want of fighting, No!

Col. I'll Box you, you Dog; give me the Cane, [*To the Serjeant.*] Sirrah, I'll make Mummy of your Bones; I'll make you forſwear ſauntering after Fortunes, nay you ſhall not dare to look towards the Houſe where they live, or ſo much as think of them. [*Beats him all this Time.*

Ogle. Oh Lord, Sir, for Heaven's Sake! Sir, I'll obſerve the Conditions.

Bell. Nay now, you are too rigid, I dare promiſe for Mr. *Ogle*.

Ogle. I will indeed Sir, only let me think of them; for who can help thinking, Sir?

Col. No; here Serjeant, take this Fellow, and let him run the Gantelope, I'll think you, Sirrah.

Ogle. Oh Lord, Sir! ſpare that, and I will not think of 'em, upon my Faith, Sir.

Col.

Col. Nay, one Thing more you muſt promiſe, which is, to reſume your wonted Cowardice, and betake you to your Deſk again. Go, take Money of the Men you mean to cozen; talk little, except when you are paid for't, 'tis an Antidote againſt Beating; keep your Hand from your Sword, and your Laundreſs's Petticoats, and you'll live at Peace.

Ogle. I will, Colonel —— Give me Wiſdom that is beaten into a Man; for that ſticks to him, Egad. I'm wiſer than a Juſtice of Peace; your Precepts are very learned. Sir, I'm your humble Servant —— Farewell Sword, and welcome Tongue again. Now can't I poſitively tell, whether 'tis beſt to be courageous, or to have no Courage at all; Beaten, if I Fight, and Beaten if I do not——Now I think I know ſomething of the Law, and yet if the Queſtion was put to me I cou'd not reſolve it?

But for my own Part, I'll lay Courage down,
As all Men do, when they take up the Gown;
Cloak'd with the Law, I may ſecurely baul,
And who affronts me then, ſhall pay for all. [*Exit.*

Bell. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Toper, *and gives the Colonel a Letter.*

Toper. Ha! Colonel, opportunely met; I bring an Expreſs from the Queen of Beauty, her Orders are in that Paper.

Col. Ha! 'Tis *Clarinda*'s Hand—[*Reads.*] I hope by this Time, you are ſatisfied of my Innocence, as I'm of yours; if not, I beg you, by all the Tyes of Honour, to reſcue me from this fooliſh Knight, to whom I am this Moment to be married, by the rigid Command of my barbarous Father; and if I don't clear your Cenſures, uſe me as you pleaſe. Yours, *Clarinda.*——Reſcue thee, yes, the Fool ſhall quit all Pretenſions to thee, unleſs this Arm deceive me.

Bell. If it does, Boy, here's another at thy Service.—

Toper. You may ſeize her at the End of the Street as ſhe paſſes; be ſure you marry her as ſoon as you have got her; let me alone to bring her Fortune; the Captain muſt

muſt help our Plot forward, as ſoon as he has help'd you away with her.——

Bell. With all my Heart, I love Miſchief; I have a plaguy hankering Mind after this Couſin tho', e'er ſince *Manly* told me ſhe has Ten Thouſand Pounds.

Toper. The Yoke ſhou'd be well lin'd, or 'twill be very uneaſy at beſt.——

Bell. Ay, there muſt be Gold proportionable to the Alloy, or 'twou'd not be current Coin, Ha, ha.

Toper. Ha, ha, Well, I'm a good-natur'd Fellow now, to ſpend my Time in your Buſineſs when I have an Aſſignation with one of the prettieſt Girls about Town, Faith.

Bell. Some old o'erworn Drab, I'll warrant, caſt off by all the Beaus in Town, and now is become a new Face to the Drunkards.

Toper. No Faith, ſhe's a kept Miſtreſs, ſhe coſts me not a Souce.

Col. Thou art ſtill labouring between two Tides, Wine and Women: Wilt thou never take up till thou art confin'd by a Doctor to dry Diet?

Toper. Dry Diet? You don't mean a Wife, I hope; catch me at that Meat and choke me with it, that's juſt as a Confinement to Sea-Biſquit at Land; tho' I'd do you all the Service I can, Colonel, in helping you to your Miſtreſs, yet I can't help lamenting the Loſs of a Friend.

Col. Why, will Matrimony loſe me to my Friends? I ſhall love them as well as ever, I aſſure you.

Toper. Ay, but your Friends won't care that for you. [*Snapping his Fingers.*] for e'er the ſecond Bottle, you'll be calling What's to pay? Your Wife won't go to Bed till you come Home; this makes Company uneaſy, and what makes us uneaſy decreaſes our Value for't; For my Part, I had rather be confin'd to Sea-Men in a Storm, or the malicious Converſation of a *Jacobite* Club, than the Company of a married Man; for at every Mouſe ſtirring I ſhou'd think the Comforts of Matrimony were coming, with all their [illegible] Retinue: A Wife! Egad, I'd rather want Wine, only Support of the Body. ——

Col.

Col. Well, you declare for a Bottle, I for a Wife, which I think the greater Pleaſure far.

Toper. Where ſhall we find you? [*Exit.*

Col. At the *Roſe.*

Toper. Adieu; *Bellmein* ſhall come to you there.

Let Fools be fetter'd to that Clog, a Wife,
Whilſt free, I reap the Pleaſure of my Life;
And Heaven grant I may no longer live,
Than I can taſte the Joys which Wine does give. [Exit.

[*A Claſh of Swords, Sir* William *cries Murder, Colonel and* Clarinda, Bellmein *and* Emilia *croſs the Stage.*

Col. Haſte, my Faireſt, and let us tye that Knot, which nought but Death can looſe. [*Exit.*

Enter Careful.

Caref. Certainly, I heard Sir *William*'s Voice cry Murder.

Enter Sir William.

What's the Matter, Sir *William?* Where's my Daughter?

Sir *Will.* Enfeeble me, if I know; you had beſt ſend after her immediately, or ſhe'll be married to *Manly*, who drew upon me; and if I had not quitted her, he had run me quite thro' the Body, impair my Vigour.

Caref. This was her Project of going on Foot, ſhe wou'd not have the Coach under Pretence of Notice being taken, forſooth; and your Perſuaſion made me go before to get the Parſon ready. Ods-fleſh, had I been there, this had not happen'd; old as I am, they ſhou'd not have eſcap'd ſo eaſily. Z'death! Let a Man take your Miſtreſs from you! In my Conſcience, young Fellows are ſo rotten now-a-days, they are afraid of every Scuffle, leſt they drop in Pieces. Zounds, I cou'd curſe the Minute I got this Baſtard, to think what a Fortune ſhe has loſt. *Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* Do you take my Breeding to have been at a Bear-Garden, Sir, or in Bedlam, to endanger my Life for your Daughter? No, let her go, I'd marry an Miſtreſs ſooner, and have more Hopes of her Virtue.

Caref.

Caref. Say you ſo, Mr. Dirty Crown? Adod, I cou'd find in my Heart to daſh the Powder out of your Whore's Hair for you.

Sir *Will.* Your Age protects you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Caref. Well, if I don't fit the Baggage, I'm miſtaken, Egad. I'll marry *Toper*'s Niece immediately.

Enter Toper.

Mr. *Toper*, you came luckily; I am reſolv'd to marry your Couſin this Moment. Nay, I'll ſettle all I have upon her, I'll hamper my Daughter, I'll warrant her.

Top. I came to inform you, Sir, that I ſaw Colonel *Manly* and your Daughter enter the Church; the Parſon met them at the Door, and I'm much afraid they will be married before you can get to 'em.

Caref. Let her marry and be pox't; I'll not give her a Farthing, I'm reſolv'd. Let her go a Soldiering with her Huſband, and carry his Knap-ſack, like a Trull as ſhe is. If there be any Favour or Intereſt to be had in an *Engliſh* Parliament, I'll have the Parſon turn'd out of his Place, for a Jacobite, that coupled them.

Top. I have a Friend of mine at the *Roſe*, juſt come from *Oxford*; if you pleaſe, Mr. *Careful*, I'll fetch him, and you may be marry'd in your own Houſe.

[*Exit* Toper.

Caref. With all my Heart. Adod, methinks I'm briſk and young again. This audacious Wench——

My Blood boils high, and all my Spirits move,
Revenge gives Strength to Age as much as Love. [Exit.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Careful's *Houſe.*

Careful *leading in* Mrs. Plotwell.

Caref. WELL, my deareſt *Anne*, I think myſelf the happieſt Man alive ſince I eſpous'd thee: I have ſettled my whole Eſtate upon thee, which, with this Kiſs, I do confirm to thee again.

[*Offers to kiſs her.*

Plot. Pray forbear, Sir———

Caref. How Wife! refuſe to kiſs me?

Plot. Yes, except a ſweeter Air came from you——Faugh, you've turn'd my Stomach; I wonder you can aſk me, knowing your Lungs are periſh'd.

Caref. Mercy upon me! Why what have I marry'd?—

Plot. Here, Where are my Servants?

Enter a Maid.

Run to the *Exchange*, fetch me a *French* Night-gown, and *French* Head, ſet my Dreſſing-Table in order, Do you hear? Let my Paint, Powder and Patches be ready.

Caref. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Paint, Powder and Patches; Why harkee, Miſtreſs, are you not a Quaker?

Plot. No, Sir, I only made uſe of that Diſguiſe to catch you in, but you have Money enough to equip me after the Faſhion, and that was the only Motive of my Sanctity.

Caref. Oh! undone, undone!

Plot. Look you, Sir, I ſhall never endure your Converſation, I muſt have two Beds, two Chambers, and two Tables, it was an Article of our Agreement, you know, that I ſhou'd live retir'd———That is, apart, Sir.

Caref. A Curſe on that Agreement———but harkee Wife, you are not in earneſt ſure?

Plot. In earneſt? Why, do you think I jeſt with Age?

Caref. And you won't Bed with me?

Plot.

Plot. Did ever Man of your Hairs aſk ſuch Queſtions? I vow I bluſh at your Unreaſonableneſs.

Caref. O monſtrous!

Plot. Is it fit I ſhou'd be bury'd? For to bed with you were a direct Emblem of my going to my Grave!

Caref. Mercy upon me! Where is this Rogue, this *Toper?* What damn'd *Succubus* has he topt upon me?

Plot. I'll have your Picture ſet in my Wedding-Ring; to put me in Mind of Mortality; Do you think I'll come within your Winding Sheets? For what?

Caref. I am married!

Plot. Pray why did you marry? In my Conſcience, you're as youthful as a Coffin, and as hot as the ſultry Winter that froze over the *Thames*; they ſay, the hard Time did begin from you. Ha, ha, ha

Caref. Oh Heaven! I am made the Curſe of all Mankind! O Patience! Patience!——Harkee, Miſtreſs, you that have a Fever and Dog-Days in your Blood; if you know this, why did you marry me?

Plot. That your experienc'd Achs, that have felt Spring and Falls theſe forty Years, ſhou'd aſk ſuch a Queſtion, as if I could not find Friends to ſupply your cold Defects: Do you think a young Woman high in her Blood——

Caref. And hot as Goats and Marmoſets. [*Aſide.*

Plot. Apt to take Flame at any Temptation.——

Caref. And kindle at the Picture of a Man. [*Aſide.*

Plot. Wou'd wed Duſt and Aſhes, unleſs ſhe were——

Caref. Crack'd, try'd, or broken up, ha!

Plot. Right, Sir; or lack'd a Cloak.

Caref. Miſchief and Hell: Was there none to make your Cloak but me?

Plot. Not ſo well lin'd, Sir, Ha, ha.

Caref. Oh! You ſtaid for a wealthy Cuckold, did you?

Plot. Your tame Beaſts ſhould have gilded Horns. Beſides, Sir, I thought your Age wou'd wink at ſtolen Helps, if I took Comfort from abroad.

Caref. Yes, yes, You ſhall have Comfort——I'll deliver Letters for you, or hold the Door!——

Plot. No, Sir, I'll not give you that Trouble, I'll have a Maid ſhall do that—— [*Making a Curtſy.*

Caref.

Caref. Oh Impudence! unheard of Impudence!

Plot. But, Sir, I look your Coffers shou'd maintain me at my Rate.

Caref. How's that, pray?

Plot. Why, like a Lady: I must have you knighted, for I don't like Mistress———My Lady, wou'd sound better.

Caref. Yes—I shall rise to Honour. [*Aside.*

Plot. I must have six Horses in my Coach, four are fit for those that have a Charge of Children, you and I shall never have any.

Caref. If we have, all *Middlesex* will be their Fathers—

Plot. I'll have four Footmen, and this House clear'd of all this old Lumber, and new wainscotted, and lin'd with Looking-Glass, have Cabinets, Scrutores, and China.

Caref. Mercy upon me—Harkye, Mistress, you told me you lov'd Retirement, hated Visits, and bargain'd for Hours of Devotion.

Plot Right, Sir, but what Woman speaks Truth before she's married?

Caref. Politickly answer'd, and like one perfect in the cunning Trade.

Plot. Well, Sir, don't discompose yourself, 'twill signify nothing; I'll in and examine your Jewels, chuse some for every Day, and some for Masks and Balls.

[*Exit.*

Caref. The Devil go with you: Oh that I had my Daughter again! Two Days more of this, and I shall grow mad, or to redeem myself, dash out my Brains.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Blotwell's *Lodgings.*

Enter on one Side, the Colonel, Clarinda, *and* Emilia; *on the other* Bellmein *and* Toper.

Top. We have done your Business, Colonel; *Bellmein* here has tack'd 'em together.

Bell. I canted out the Form of Matrimony as gravely as if I had taken my Degree at *Edinburgh*.

Col. And how does it take?

Top. Oh! admirably well, I liſten'd awhile, and found ſhe manag'd it rarely.

Clar. She'll drive my Father out of his Wits.

Top. Well, Captain, you'll obſerve what I told you; I'll follow you with another Project, I warrant you, will give the old Fellow enough of Matrimony. Colonel, do you be ready when I call to come in, do you hear? I fancy they are in ſuch Confuſion that it would be no hard Matter for all of you to get into the Houſe unſeen.

Clar. We'll endeavour it.

Bell. But harkye, Madam, there's ſomething more to be ſaid before you and I part, Have you the Conſcience to let your Friend launch into the Sea of Matrimony alone?

Emil. To chuſe, Sir; for if the Voyage prove dangerous, one at a Time is enough to be loſt.

Clar. Would you have her ſurrender upon the firſt Summons, Captain? You muſt expect ſome Fatigue in Love, as well as War; the little Diſquiet of Hopes and Fears do but enhance the Value of a Miſtreſs, when gain'd! Soldiers and Knight-Errants ſhou'd court Danger, and deſpiſe an Enterprize that had no Difficulty in it.

Bell. Ay, Madam, if I had but the Hopes of a Carnaval after this Lent, 'twould be a ſufficient Recompence; but Expectation and Uncertainty is the worſt Food in the World for a Fellow of my Conſtitution.

Col. Come, Madam, be generous; you cannot have an honeſter Fellow, I'll ſay that for him.

Bell. Lookye there, Madam, he'll vouch for me, if you don't think my own Word ſufficient.

Emil. I ſhall truſt no Body's Judgment but my own, and that tells me you are too much a Libertine for a Huſband; why, you have not the leaſt Reſemblance of a Lover.

Bell. No Reſemblance! Why I'm a perfect Skeleton, do but ſee how pale and wan I look! my Taylor ſhall ſwear I am fall'n away ſix Inches in the Waiſt, ſince this Day Sevennight; and if theſe be no Signs of being in Love, the Devil's in't.

Omn.

Omnes, Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Emil. Very violent Symptoms, truly.——Have you any more of them, Sir?

Bell. A Thouſand; do but feel here the Palpitation of my Heart, the Irregularity of my Pulſe, the Emotion of my Brain——In ſhort, my whole Frame's diſorder'd; and without immediate Help, I'm a dead Man—I'm quite out of Breath, I hope ſhe won't put me to the Expence of any more Lyes; for certainly I have told enow to deſerve any one Woman in *Chriſtendom*.

[*Aſide.*

Emil. Poor Gentleman; Well! if your Diſtemper continues, I'll conſult my Pillow for a Remedy.

Bell. Take me with you to that Study, Madam, the Sight of me there will very much improve your Underſtanding. [*Embracing her.*

Col. Come, I hope to ſee thee bleſt as I am——And now, my Faireſt, my whole ſtudy ſhall be to make you happy. [*To* Clarinda.

Bell. Well, Madam, you had as good give me my Anſwer.

Emil. Not till I ſee the Event of your Plot upon my Uncle. [*Exit.*

Top. Come, come, ſhe's thine, Boy.

'For tho' at firſt the Sex our Suit deny,
Preſs 'em but Home and they will all comply.

SCENE, Careful's *Houſe.*

Careful *ſolus.*

Caref. Mercy upon me! What ſhall I do?——Well, thou'rt right enough ſerv'd, old Boy——Eh——Pox of thy old doating Head. [*Beats his Head.*] Thou muſt marry for Revenge, muſt thou——I am reveng'd with a Witneſs.——

Enter Bellmein.

Bell. Sir, your Servant, I come, Sir, to do you a Piece of Service, if it be not too late; I heard juſt now,

that one *Toper* had lodg'd a Woman, under Pretence of a Couſin, in your Houſe.

Caref. Oh Heaven! I'm become the Town-Talk already———Well, Sir, and what then?

Bell. She's a common Strumpet, Sir.

Caref. How, Sir? Have a Care what you ſay.

Bell. I'll prove it, Sir; ſhe's of known Practice, the Cloaths ſhe wears are but her Quarters Sins———She has no Lining but what ſhe firſt offends for.

Caref. Oh! I ſweat, I ſweat.

Bell. Sir, ſhe has known Men of all Nations, and lain by two Parts of the Map, *Africa*, and *America*.

Caref. Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Bell. What ails you, Sir; are you not well?

Caref. Oh undone, undone, I am married, Sir!

Bell. Nay then, Heaven help you—Why wou'd you truſt *Toper*, the debauchedeſt Fellow in Town; ſhe was once his Miſtreſs; Money falling ſhort, I ſuppoſe, he has top't her upon you, and is to be maintain'd out of your Purſe.

Caref. Oh! I have ſettled all I have in the World upon her! That damn'd Raſcal. Oh, that I could ſee him ſtretch'd upon a Rack now, I'd give a thouſand Pounds for every Stretch that ſhou'd but ſhow him Hell, and then recal his fleeting Soul, and give him Strength to endure his Torment often. I'd have him as long a dying as a chop'd Eel.

Enter two Footmen bearing in a Frame of a Picture with a Curtain before it.

What have we here?

Footm. My Lady has ſent your Wife a Preſent, Sir.

Caref. Who is your Lady?

Footm. My Lady *Manlove*.

Caref. Pray what is it?

Footm. A Picture for her Bed chamber, Sir.

Caref. For her Bed-chamber? There are but one Sort of Pictures will pleaſe my Wife there———Pray draw back the Curtain.

Footm. My Lady charg'd that none ſhou'd ſee it but your Wife, Sir.

Caref.

Caref. Say you ſo, Sir; but I will ſee it. [*Draws the Curtain and* Toper *comes out of the Frame.*] Hell! and Damnation! Are you there, Bawd, Pander, Sirrah? I'll cut your Ears off. [*Draws*, Bellmein *holds him.*

Bell. Hold, Sir, I muſt prevent your running into further Miſchief; if you kill him the Law purſues you.

Caref. The Law? who wou'd ſcruple hanging to be reveng'd on ſuch a Dog——Sirrah, you are a Villain.—

Top. Sir, you are rude, and ſhou'd be beaten; can't a Man come in private, on Buſineſs to your Wife, but you muſt be inquiſitive————

Enter Mrs. Plotwell.

Caref. Why this is beyond Example; Why do you hold me, Sir? Z'death, I ſhall be cuckolded before my Face.

Top. Ho! Are you come? I thought your Huſband, to keep you chaſte, had ſet a Guard of Eunuchs over you, or ſhut you up in a Room, where no male Beaſt is pictur'd; for I find he is as jealous already as an Italian.

Plot. I wonder, Sir, who licens'd you to pry, or ſpy out my Friends that come to me in private; it wou'd be more to your Reputation to truſt to my Management, than to be peeping; but it ſhows your unbred Curioſity, which I ſhall correct.

Caref. Zounds! This is beyond the Suffering of a Saint; let me go and I'll ſlit her Noſe——Thou Woman double ſtampt.

Plot. You'll dare to break up Letters ſhortly, and examine my Taylor when he brings home my Gown, leſt there be a Man in't. I'll have you to know, Sir, I'll have whom I pleaſe, and in what Diſguiſe I pleaſe, and not have your Eyes, ſo ſaucy, to peep, as if by Prevention, you meant to kill a Baſiliſk.

Caref. Mercy on me! I ſhall loſe my Underſtanding.

Plot. Couſin *Toper*, I'll fetch you the hundred Pound immediately. [*Exit.*

Caref. A hundred Pound! Oh, oh, oh.

Bell. I vow, Sir, I am very much concern'd at your

Misfortune; if I was in your Place, I'd take my Daughter Home; the Colonel is a Man of Honour, and will at leaſt ſecure you from ſuch Affronts as theſe.

Caref. Ah poor Girl! But I have not a Farthing to give her———This damn'd Woman has got all.

Bell. Suppoſe, I contrive a Way to null your Marriage, wou'd you forgive your Daughter?

Caref. With all my Soul.

Toper. What wou'd you give for ſuch a Project, ha?

Caref. As much as I'd give to ſee you hang'd—— Which is all I am worth——

Toper. Ha, ha, ha, well, you wou'd forgive me too, wou'd you not?

Caref. Ay, tho' thou hadſt murder'd my Father, and debauch'd my Mother.

Toper. Say you ſo, Sir—Well, I'll be with you in an Inſtant. [*Exit.*

Caref. But which Way will you do it, Sir?

Bell. Why you have not conſummated yet, have you?

Caref. No, thank Heaven.

Bell. Well then, take you no Care; you'll give your Daughter the ſame Fortune you deſign'd for the Fop Knight?

Caref. Ay, that I will, and 500 *l.* more.

Bell. Come, in Lovers; the Scene's chang'd.

Enter Colonel, Clarinda, Emilia *and* Toper.

Col. Your Bleſſing, Sir, [*Kneels.*

Clar. And with it your Pardon.

Caref. You have it, provided I get unmarried again.

Bell. We'll now call for your Lady; Oh, here ſhe comes.

Enter Mrs. Plotwell.

Caref. Zounds, I tremble at the Sight of her.

Plot. You ſhan't need, Sir; for my Fury is over: I wiſh you Joy, Madam, and Sir, I here reſign you up your Settlement again. [*Gives him Papers.*

Caref. How's this? Ha, pray unfold this Myſtery.

Toper. Why, Sir, this is Mrs. *Plotwell,* your Neighbour, who only put on this Diſguiſe to be ſerviceable to your

your Daughter.——This honeſt Gentleman here, was the Parſon that coupled you.

Bell. Now, Sir, I think, I have kept my Word with you.

Caref. Very well.

Plot. Why, truly, Sir, being loth to ſee this young Lady thrown away upon a Fool, when ſhe had the Proſpect of ſuch a worthy Match as Colonel *Manly*, I undertook to reduce you to your Reaſon, and I don't doubt but you'll own I have done you a Piece of Service, in forcing you to exclude a Blockhead out of your Family, and in his Stead receive a Man of Senſe and Honour.

Col. 'Tis now, Madam, my Turn to pay my Acknowledgments for this unexpected Goodneſs; inſtruct me, pray, which Way I may be grateful.

Plot. If I have done Good, it rewards itſelf; and if Mr. *Careful* pleaſes to pardon the Frolic, I ſhall be over paid.

Caref. With all my Heart, I' faith, the Frolic was a pretty Frolic———Now 'tis over.

Enter Sir William Mode.

Sir *Will.* I heard you was married, Mr. *Careful*, I wiſh you Joy.

Caref. You are miſtaken, Sir *William*, 'tis my Daughter that is married.

Sir *Will.* Ha, the Colonel married to my Miſtreſs? [*Aſide.*

Clar. Sir *William* I deſire all Quarrels between you and I may be cancel'd.

Col. Pray include me in that Treaty too, Sir *William*.

Caref. Here has been ſtrange juggling, Sir *William*, I have been trick'd out of my Conſent, I hope you'll pardon me too.

Sir *Will.* I'm in ſuch Confuſion, that I know not what to ſay, but I muſt ſhew 'em that my Soul's above an Affront, and that nothing can diſorder the Serenity of my Temper. [*Aſide.*] Ay, we are all Friends, Gentlemen, and I forgive the Lady too, for ſhe has done more honeſtly by me than moſt Women wou'd, ſhe has married

ried the Man she lik'd, tho' 'tis the Fashion to take the rich Husband they don't like, and make a Friend of the Man they do.

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Will.* One Thing I desire you'd make clear to me, Madam, which is, why did you give me Encouragement by your Woman?

Clar. I give you Encouragement by my Woman! What do you mean?

Maid. I beg your Pardon, Madam, his Gold prevail'd upon me, and I thought what I said would signify nothing; I hope you will forgive me.

Clar. Never: Out of my Doors, I suppose thro' your Management, *Ogle* was so familiar with me too —— Out of my Sight. [*Exit Maid.*

Col. Indeed, my Dear, I cannot intercede in her Behalf, since thro' her Means my first Suspicion came, that made us both uneasy; but as to *Ogle*, I sufficiently reveng'd your Quarrel; for I'll engage he never sets up for a Beau again.

Sir *Will.* Confound your whole Sex, you're all not worth a Gentleman's Anger; I'll to my Lodgings, and send for the Music, and think no more of you nor Matrimony; if I do, I'll give e'm Leave to ram me into an Hautboy and blow me out at the Holes; impair my Vigour. [*Exit.*

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Well, Madam, what say you? Have you a Mind to see me swing to *Elizium* in my Garters, and hear me sung about in a Ballad to a doleful new Tune, call'd, The Gentleman's Farewell to his unkind Lady——Or will you take Pity on me?

Emil. Well, Sir, to prevent such sad Disasters, I don't care if I give you my Hand; and as you deserve, my Heart shall follow.

Bell. Ay, give me but the Body, and I'll warrant you I'll get the rest.

Caref. Hey Day! What a Wedding chopt up there too! Well, I never shall believe common Report again, That all Women are *Jacobites*, since I find them so ready towards the Soldier's Service to the Nation with their Person and Fortune.

Emil.

Emil. I wiſh every brave Man was rewarded according to his Merit, I'm certain Captain *Bellmein* deſerves more than I can give him.

Bell. Don't compliment your Huſband, Madam, you don't know half my Deſerts yet.

Caref. Brave Boys, brave Boys.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's the Muſic without come to congratulate your Marriage.

Caref. Bid 'em come in, we'll have a Dance.

[*Here a Dance.*

Teper. Well, Gentlemen, I wiſh you Joy, if there can be any ſuch Thing in a Wife; but for my Part, it ſhall always be my Maxim not to part with my Liberty, till I can't help it; What Bird would be confin'd in a Cage, when it can ſkip from Tree to Tree? Colonel, I'll come and take a Bottle with you by and by. [*Exit.*

Clar. Madam, you deſerve our beſt Thanks for this exemplary Piece of Juſtice; and, be aſſured, you have laid an eternal Obligation on me.

Plot. I am pleas'd that I have done you Service, and henceforth ſhall devote myſelf to Virtue, and I hope Heaven will pardon the Follies of my paſt Life.

Col. *Bleſt in my Love, I envy no Man's Fate,*
Content alone is the true happy State.

Plot. Virtue, thou ſhining Jewel of my Sex——— Thou precious Thing, that none knows how to value as they ought, while they enjoy it, but like ſpendthrift Heirs, when they have waſted all their Store, wou'd give the World they cou'd retrieve their loſt Eſtate: Therefore beware, you happy Maids, how you liſten to the deluding Tongues of Men, 'tis only they have Power to betray you.

Oh happy ſhe, that can ſecurely ſay
Folly be gone, I have no Mind to Play.
My Fame is clear, I have not ſinn'd to day.

THE GAMESTER:

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir Thomas Valere, *Father to* Valere *the Gameſter*,	*Mr.* Freeman.
Dorante, *his Brother, in Love with* Angelica.	*Mr.* Corey.
Young Valere, *a Gentleman much in Love with* Angelica.	*Mr.* Verbruggen.
Mr. Lovewell, *in Love with Lady* Wealthy.	*Mr.* Betterton.
Marquis of Hazard, *a ſuppoſed* French *Monſieur*.	*Mr.* Fieldhouſe.
Hector, *Valet to* Valere.	*Mr.* Pack.
Mr. Galoon, *a Tayler.*	*Mr.* Smeaton.
Three *Gameſters.*	*Mr.* Dickins.
	Mr. Weller.
	Mr. Knap.
	Mr. Francis Lee.

WOMEN.

Lady Wealthy, *a very vain coquettiſh Widow, very rich, Siſter to* Angelica	*Mrs* Barry.
Angelica, *in Love with* Valere.	*Mrs.* Bracegirdle.
Betty, *Woman to the Lady* Wealthy.	*Mrs.* Parſons.
Favourite, *Woman to* Angelica.	*Mrs.* Hunt.
Mrs. Security, *one that lends Money upon Pawns.*	*Mrs.* Wallis.
Mrs. Topknot, *a Milliner.*	*Mrs.* Fieldhouſe.

THE

THE GAMESTER.

ACT I.

The Curtain draws up, and discovers Hector *in an Elbow-Chair, just waking, yawning.*

Hector.

BLESS me! 'Tis broad Day-light; Who the Devil would serve a GAMESTER! 'Tis a curſed Life, this that I lead. O, my dear Bed, how ſeldom do I viſit thee! When ſhall I be lapt in the Fold of thy Embraces, and ſnore forth my Thanks? I, that could enjoy thee Four and Twenty Hours together, am grown a perfect Stranger to thy Charms. O! My precious Maſter! Now, Ten to one, will he come Home with an empty Pocket; and then will he be confoundedly out of Humour: Then ſhan't I dare aſk him for any Dinner. Thus am I robb'd of the two chiefeſt Pleaſures of my Life, *Eating* and *Sleeping*.

Enter Mrs. Favourite.

Fav. Good-morrow, Monſieur *Hector:* Where is your ſweet Maſter?

Hect. Aſleep.

Fav. I muſt ſee him.

Hect. My Maſter ſees no body when he's aſleep.

Fav. I muſt ſpeak with him.

Hect. Indeed, ſweet Mrs. *Favourite*, but you cannot.

Fav. P'ſhaw, I tell you I muſt, and will ſpeak with him.

Hect. With who Child?

Fav. With who? Why, with *Valere*.

Hect. Heark'e, would you ſpeak with my Maſter in *propria Perſona*, or with his Picture?

Fav. Leave Fooling, for I come not upon ſo merry a Meſſage as you imagine.

Hect. Why then, to be ſerious, my Maſter is not come in: He's a Man of Buſineſs, Child, and neglects his Eaſe to follow that.

Fav. Yes, yes, I gueſs the Buſineſs; he is at ſhaking his Elbows over a Table, ſaying his Prayers backwards, courting the Dice like a Miſtreſs, and curſing them when he is diſappointed. Between you and I, *Angelica* knows his Extravagance; and finding he breaks all the Oaths he made againſt Play, reſolves to ſee him no more.

Hect. If he has loſt his Money, this News will break his Heart.

Fav. Tell him, that I ſay he has deceiv'd more Women than he has played Games at Hazard; and——

Hect. You ſay — Ay, I find *Dorante*, my Maſter's Uncle, has given you a retaining Fee: What ſhould ſhe do with that old Fellow?

Fav. Oh! He's a Lover ripe with Diſcretion.

Hect. Ay, but Women generally love green Fruit beſt: beſides, my Maſter's handſome.

Fav. He handſome! Behold his Picture juſt as he'll appear this Morning, with Arms a-croſs, down-caſt Eyes, no Powder in his Perriwig, a Steenkirk tuck'd in to hide the Dirt, Sword-knot untied, no Gloves, and Hands and Face as dirty as a Tinker. This is the very Figure of your beautiful Maſter.

Hect. The Jade has hit it.

Fav. And Pocket as empty as a *Capuchin*'s.

Hect. Hold, hold, this is Spite, mere Spite and burning Envy.

Fav. Ay, 'tis no Matter for that; I'll take Care he ſhan't

ſhan't deceive my Miſtreſs: For ſhe that marries a Gameſter that plays upon the Square, as the Fool your Maſter does, can expect nothing but an Alms-Houſe for a Jointure Once more I tell you, that *Dorante* has both Reaſon and *Favourite* of his Side.

Hect. And we have Love on our Side; and Love never fails to conquer Reaſon: For your Part, you are like the *Swiſs*, take any Side for Pay.

Fav. Is not *Valere* aſham'd, the only Son of ſuch a Family, to leave his Father's Houſe, and ſneak up and down in Lodgings.

Hect. You're miſtaken, Mrs. *Favourite*; he did not leave his Father's Houſe: But his Father, who is as obſtinate as the Devil, and as ill-natur'd as a *Dutchman*, turn'd him out.

Fav. He was a dutiful Child in the mean Time. Well, you may take my Word, he will have ſmall Welcome at our Houſe: I ſhall let my Lady know he is a Gaming; ſo ſweet Mr. *Hector*, adieu. [*Exit.*

Hect. Farewel, Mrs. *Fripery*; I am glad I know my Maſter's Enemy however. Ho! Here he comes.

Enter Valere, *in Diſorder.*

Val. Sirrah, what's a Clock?

Hect. It is—in Troth, Sir, I have been up ſo long, I have forgot.

Val. Away, I am weary of your Fooleries. My Night Gown, quick, quick. The Devil, the Devil.

Hect. Ah! I find where about he is, he ſwears between his Teeth.

Val. So hey! What, muſt I wait all Day? My Gown here! [Valere *ſtill walks about, and* Hector *ſtill following him with the Gown.*]

Hect. 'Tis ready, Sir.

Val. What a Dog am I? I know I have no Luck, yet can't forbear playing. Oh, Fortune, Fortune! But why do I exclaim againſt her? I'll be even with her I warrant her, ſhe has made me loſe, but I defy her to make me pay, for the Devil a Souſe have I.

Hect. Sir, Sir, pleaſe to put on your Gown, Sir.

Val.

Val. Get you to Bed, you Dog, and don't trouble me.

Hect. With all my Heart, Sir. [*Exit.*

[Valere *ſits down in the Arm'd-Chair.*

Val I think I am ſleepy. Death! 'Tis impoſſible to ſleep: [*Riſes.*] For I can no ſooner ſhut my Eyes, but methinks my evil Genius flings Am's Ace before me. Why, *Hector*, Sirrah; that Rogue ſleeps happy: Why, *Hector*.

Hect. Sir —— [*From the Bottom of the Stage unbutton'd.*

Val. Sir—you Sot, are you never tir'd with ſleeping?

Hect. Tir'd—Why, Sir, I han't had Time to unbutton my Coat yet.

Val. Was any Body here to aſk for me?

Hect. Yes, Sir, Here was your Muſic-Maſter, and your Dancing-Maſter.

Val. Ay, they want their Quarteridge, I ſuppoſe.

Hect. They'll call again, Sir.

Val. Then I'm not at home, Sir.

Hect. Oh! I know that, Sir. But, Sir, here was a Kind of a — kind of a ſhabby-look'd Fellow — He ſaid his Name was *Angelo*: He'll call again too.

Val. I know him not. None elſe?

Hect. Yes, Sir, a Back-Friend of yours. Sir, may I be ſo bold as to aſk you one Queſtion? Do you love the charming *Angelica?*

Val. Love her! I adore her!

Hect. Ah! That's an ill Sign. Now do I know he has not a Penny in his Pocket. Ah, Sir, your Fob, like a Barometer, ſhews the Temper of your Heart, as that does the Weather.

Val. Don't you imagine, whatever Paſſion I have for Play, that I have Power to forget that amiable Creature?

Hect. Ah, Sir, but if that amiable Creature ſhould have baniſh'd you———

Val. Impoſſible!

Hect. Talk not of Impoſſibilities, good Sir, for pert Mrs. *Favourite* is juſt gone; who, I find, hates you, and ſwears her Lady has declared for your Uncle. Ah, Sir—what ſhe ſays is not altogether falſe; [*Shaking his Head*] for notwithſtanding you have ſworn heartily to

Angelica

Angelica never to play again, you do throw away a merry Main; or see, Sir———

Val. Ceaſe your Impertinence; I give you Leave to jeſt upon my Loſſes, but my Miſtreſs touches my Heart, Sirrah.

Hect. [*Aſide.*] Ah! Love's Fever is always higheſt when the Caſh is at an Ebb. But, Sir, be not caſt down, I have heard them ſay, a new Paſſion is the only Thing to cure an old one. There's the charming Widow of my Lord *Wealthy*, her Siſter, richer than *Angelica*—Ah, Sir! Had you but made your Addreſſes there.

Val. There! ſhe is the only Woman I would avoid. She's a Coquet of the firſt Rate; addreſſes all, and cares for none. How did ſhe tyrannize over my Friend *Lovewell* before ſhe married my Lord, tho' he is a Gentleman without Exception? and now ſhe's playing the ſame Game over again; for the good-natur'd Fellow is in Love ſtill.

Hect. Truly, Sir, I believe the *French* Marquis will carry it.

Val. No, he is too much of her Temper. Hearkl Who's there?

Hect. A Dun, I warrant.

Val. I am not within, Sirrah.

Hect. Oh, Sir! Your Father.

Val. Ah! That's worſe; now will he rail as heartily againſt *Gaming*, as the *Fanaticks* againſt *Plays*.

Enter Sir Thomas Valere.

Sir *Tho.* What, what are you up? This is not a Gameſter's Hour; or have you not been in Bed all Night? That's moſt likely.

Hect. [*Aſide.*] He's the Devil of a Gueſſer. Indeed my Maſter keeps as early Hours as any Man, I'll ſay that for him.

Sir *Tho.* Hold your Tongue, Sirrah, or I ſhall break your Head; your Freedom will not paſs on me.

Hect. Your moſt humble Servant, Sir; I've done, Sir, I've done.

Sir *Tho.* I am come to make the laſt Trial of you, Sir. Your Courſe of Life is ſo very ſcandalous, that unleſs

unleſs I ſee a ſpeedy and ſincere Reformation, I have reſolv'd to diſinherit you; then try if what has ruin'd you, will maintain you: But, do you hear, quit the Name of your Anceſtors, who never yet produc'd ſuch a Profligate. The Eſtate has not been reſerv'd ſo long in the Family to be thrown away at Hazard.

Hect. Short and pithy: We are in a hopeful Way. [*Aſide.*

Val. Sir, I have been revolving in my Mind all my Acts of Folly, and am aſham'd that I harbour'd them ſo long, and now am arm'd with manly Reſolutions; forgive my paſt Faults, and try my future Conduct.

Sir *Tho.* If I could believe thee real, my Joys would be compleat.

Hect. Ah! I ſmoak the Deſign; a little Money is wanting. [*Aſide.*

Val. My cruel Uncle, who never was a Friend to you, now endeavours to ſupplant me in *Angelica*'s Heart; you know I live but in her.

Sir *Tho.* I know your Love, and the only Thing I like in you: She's a virtuous Lady, and her Fortune's large; 'tis baſe, and moſt unfit my Brother's Years, to become your Rival.

Hect. Ah, Sir, if my Maſter loſes her, I dare ſwear it will break his Heart. In my Conſcience I believe it is Love keeps him awake, and puts Gaming into his Head.

Sir *Tho.* Well, Son, if you obtain her, I'll forgive your Fault, and pay your Debts once more.

Val. Sir, I don't doubt it; but I'm a little out of Money at preſent.

Hect. Humph!

Val. Money, Sir, is an Ingredient abſolutely neceſſary in a Lover: A Hundred Guineas would accompliſh my Deſign.

Hect. As I gueſs'd.

Sir *Tho.* At your old Trick again—No, no; I have been too often cozen'd with your fair Promiſes.

Val. Try me this Time; lend me but Fifty.

Sir *Tho.* No.

Val. Twenty.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* No.

Val. Ten.

Sir *Tho.* No.

Hect. Hard-hearted *Jew.* [*Aside.*

Val. Five, Sir; for I can't go without ſome Money.

Sir *Tho.* Not a Souſe from me.

Hect. One, Sir; that we may dine; for I am ſure my Maſter has not a Groat, by his Humility.

Sir *Tho.* No; if you are hungry, go fling a merry Main for your Dinner.

Hect. Ah, Sir, I never was ſo well bred: Beſides, I hate truſting to Chance for my Food.

Sir *Tho.* I admire you have liv'd ſo long with your Maſter then. Look ye, *Valere*, get you to *Angelica*; out with your Uncle, and you ſhan't want Money. In the mean Time, Sirrah, do you get me a Liſt of his Debts.

Hect. Yes, Sir—There's ſome Hopes I may come in for my Wages. [*Aside.*

Val. Sir, I obey you in every Thing——and fly to *Angelica*. Hearkye, Raſcal, get me ſome Money, or I will cut your Ears off. [*Aside to* Hector.] [*Exit.*

Hect. Money! Mercy on me; where ſhall I get it? Well, I think I am bewitch'd to him. [*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* If I can but reclaim my Child, and match him to *Angelica*, I ſhall date the happieſt Part of my Life from this Moment.

Enter Cogdie.

Cog. Sir, your moſt humble Servant; is not your Name *Valere*?

Sir *Tho.* It is, Sir.

Cog. Sir, I come to offer you my beſt Service.

Sir *Tho.* In what, pray Sir?

Cog. Sir I am Maſter of all Sorts of Games, and live by that noble Art. My Name is *Cogdie*, call'd by ſome Count *Cogdie*.

Sir *Tho.* He takes me for my Son! I'll humour it, and hear what the Rogue has to ſay. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, what then?

Cog. Hearing of your ill Fortune at Play, I came, out of pure Generoſity, to teach you the Management of the Dice.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* The Management of the Die; Why, is that to be taught?

Cog. O! Ay, Sir; to learn to cog a Die nicely, requires as good a *Genius* as the *Study* of the Mathematics. Now, Sir, here is your true Dice, a Man seldom gets any Thing by them: Here is your false, Sir, hey, how they run. Now, Sir, those we generally call Doctors.

Sir *Tho.* the *Consumption* rather. Mercy upon me! What is our World come to! [*Aside.*

Cog. Come, throw a Main, Sir, then I'll instruct you how to nick it; he is very dull. I tell you, Sir, in this Age, 'tis necessary that Children learn to play before they learn to read.

Sir *Tho.* I tell you, Sir, that I am amaz'd the Government never preferr'd you to the Pillory for your wonderous Skill.

Cog. I find his ill Fortune has put him horribly out of Humour: I say again, that learning to play is of more Use, than *Fa, La, Mi, Sol,* or cutting a Caper.

Sir *Tho.* I'll *Fa, La,* Caper, you Dog; know I am his Father, and hate Gaming, and all such Rascals as you are. But stay, I'll pay you your Wages for the Care you took of my Son.

Cog. Sir, your humble Servant, Sir, not a Penny, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* No, Sir, a Cane.

Cog. Not in the least, Sir: I, I, I would not give you the Trouble by no Means, Sir. What a Sot was I, to mistake the Father for the Son. [*Exit running.*

Enter Hector *running.*

Hect. O, Sir! Undone! Undone! Undone!

Sir *Tho.* Undone! when wert thou otherwise?

Hect. Ah, Sir, but my Master, my Master—

Sir *Tho.* What of him? Surely he was given me for a Curse.

Hect. Ah, Sir! As my Master was just stepping into *Angelica*'s Lodging, so nicely dress't; his Wig, I believe, had a Pound of Hair, and two Pound of Powder in it; he look'd so pretty, that had she but seen him, she must have lov'd him, tho' her Heart had been made of Flint: But just as he was stepping in———

Sir

Sir *Tho.* She ordered her Footman to ſhut the Door upon him, I ſuppoſe, hearing of his continued Extravagance.

Hect. No, no, Sir, worſe than that; a ſlovenly filthy Fellow whipt his Sword from his Side, whilſt another, as bluff as a Midnight Conſtable, ſlapt him on the Back with an Action of Forty Pounds.

Sir *Tho.* Ha! And did *Angelica* ſee it?

Hect. No, no, Sir, we being cunning, wheedled 'em to the Tavern; and 'tis but giving 'em a luſty Bottle, Sir, and I warrant we get it off for ten Guineas.

Sir *Tho.* How's this, an Action of Forty Pounds got off for Ten Guineas? I ſuſpect a Trick—Come, ſhew me the Way to this Tavern.

Hect. What ſhall I do now? Sir, I, I, I came in ſuch Haſte that I never thought to look up at the Sign.

Sir *Tho.* Then you are likely to carry the Money, Sirrah; Sirrah, this Sham won't take; the next Time, Raſcal, lay your Lies cloſer, Rogue. [*Slaps him.*] [*Exit.*

Hect. Ah *Hector*, *Hector!* Thou art no good Plotter. Well, I draw this Comfort from it, however, I ſhall never dread the Gallows for Plotting.

Enter Valere.

Val. Well, I have over-heard all; I thought what your Projects would come to.

Hect. Why, Sir, the wiſeſt Men ſometimes fail; and you muſt own, that I ſtudy as hard as a ſtarving Poet for your Intereſt: But if my Plots, like their Poetry, miſcarry, 'tis no Fault of mine.

Val. You'll ſtill be witty out of Seaſon; but pr'ythee what's to be done now?

Hect. Oh, Sir! Yonder goes Mrs. *Security*, who lent you once a Hundred Guineas upon your Diamond Ring that you loſt at Play.

Val. I remember I gave her Fifty for the Uſe of it: But, however, call her in this Extremity, and bring up a Bottle of Sack with you. [*Exit* Hector.] Now for the Art of Perſuaſion to ſqueeze this old Spunge of fifty Guineas, that may make me Maſter of a thouſand before Night.

Enter

Enter Hector *and Mrs.* Security.

Val. Mrs. *Security*, good-morrow.

Mrs. *Sec.* Mr. *Valere*, your very humble Servant.

Val. A Chair there, quickly. Mrs. *Security*, let us renew our old Acquaintance, and cement it with a Glaſs of Sack.

Mrs. *Sec.* Oh, dear Mr. *Valere!* I never drink in a Morning.

Val. What, not a Glaſs of Sack? Come, *Hector*, fill. My Service to you.

Mrs. *Sec.* Pray, young Man, give me but a little.

Val. Fill it up, I ſay.

Mrs. *Sec.* Oh! dear Sir! Your Health. [*Drinks half.*

Val. What, my Health by Halves? I'll not bait you a Drop.

Mrs. *Sec.* Well, I profeſs it will be too ſtrong for me.

Val. *Hector*, does not Mrs. *Security* look very handſome?

Hect. Truly, Sir, I think ſhe grows younger and younger.

Mrs. *Sec.* Away, you make me bluſh.

Hect. Ah! She'll have another Huſband, I ſee by thoſe Roguiſh Eyes.

Mrs. *Sec.* Fie, fie, Mr. *Hector*; theſe Eyes have done nothing but wept ſince my good Huſband *Zekiel Security* died; and the more, becauſe he died ſuddenly. [*Weeps.*

Hect. Suddenly! Good lack! Good lack! It even makes me weep to think on't.

Mrs. *Sec.* He died in his Vocation juſt ſealing a Bond.

Val. Ah! Would thou wert with him, ſo I had a little of thy Money. [*Aſide.*] *Hector*, fill t'other Glaſs to Mrs. *Security* to waſh away Sorrow.

Mrs. *Sec.* O, dear Sir, I thank you for your Civility; and you ſhall find me always ready to ſerve you.

Val. I do believe you Mrs. *Security*, and have Occaſion to try your Kindneſs.

Hect. Ay, my Maſter pitch'd upon you.

Sec. He knows he may command me.

Val. I would borrow fifty Guineas, Mrs. *Security*, which ſhall be repaid—

Sec. I don't doubt it, Sir, in the leaſt; for you know my Way—A Pledge—If it be not quite double the Value, I won't ſtand with a Friend: and it ſhall be as ſafe as my Eyes, that I aſſure you.

Val. Humph!

Hect. Ah, Duce on't, here's the Sack loſt.

Sec. You had your Ring again, Mr. *Valere:* And I hope you don't miſtruſt me now.

Val. Miſtruſt you? No, no, Madam. *Hector*, fetch Mrs. *Security* a Pledge.

Hect. A Pledge, Sir? Bleſs me! What does he mean now? A Pen and Ink, Sir?

Val. Ay, ay, Mrs. *Security* ſhall have my Note.

Hect. As good as any Pledge in *England*.

Sec. It may be ſo—But I promiſed good *Zekiel* to be wary of the Money he left me: Yea, and I will be very wary.

Hect. And very wicked—

Val. Refuſe my Note! I ſcorn your Money.

Hect. I'd have you to know, my Maſter's Note is as good as a Banker's—ſometimes, when the Dice run well. [*Aſide.*

Sec. Nay, if you are angry for my fair Dealing, good-morrow to you.

Hect. O, Impudence! She calls *Cent per Cent.* fair Dealing—Go thy Ways, but take my Curſe along with thee. May ſome Town-Sharper perſuade that ſanctify'd Face into Matrimony, and in one Night empty all thy Bags at Hazard.

Sec. Your Wiſhes hurt not me, ill-manner'd Fellow. I'd have you to know, if I would marry again, I could have a—

Val. Nay, nay, Miſtreſs, if we muſt have none of your Money, let's have none of your Impertinence.

Hect. Be gone, be gone, Woman, be gone. [*Puſhes her off.*

Val. Oh! Deep Reflection—would I could avoid thee: To become the Scoff of mercenary Wretches—And thro' my

my own Miſmanagement, reduc'd to baſe Neceſſity. Oh, *Angelica!* I'll caſt a real Penitent beneath thy Feet.

And if once more thy Pardon I obtain,
Love in my Heart ſhall the ſole Monarch reign.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter Angelica *and* Favourite.

Ang. AFTER all his ſolemn Promiſes to quit that ſcandalous Vice, when he can hold my Love upon no other Terms, does he ſtill purſue that certain Ruin to his Fame and Fortune? But I reſolve to baniſh him my Heart, which he has juſtly loſt by his perfidious Dealing. I feel, I feel my Liberty return; and I charge thee, *Favourite*, ſpeak of him no more.

Fav. No, no, Madam, fear not me; I hate him for your Sake, Madam: Was he like his Uncle; there's the Man for my Money.

Ang. Becauſe you have a large Share of his, I ſuppoſe: Old Men muſt bribe high. Name neither to me, I hate Mankind. [*Exit* Favourite.

Enter Lady Wealthy.

L. *Weal.* Well ſaid, Siſter; I hate Mankind too, and yet the Fellows will follow me; but who is the Man that has put you out of Conceit with the whole Sex? *Valere?*

Ang. The ſame; no other had ever Power to ſhock my Quiet——Nor ſhall he; for this Moment I'll 'raze him from my Thoughts.

L. *Weal.* If ſhe holds her Reſolution, I am happy. [*Aſide.*] That Taſk may prove more difficult than you imagine, Siſter. Come, come, this is a Flight of ſudden Paſſion, that would fall upon the Sight of *Valere*——*Ang.*

Ang. You miſtake, Siſter, my Reſentment is grounded upon Reaſon.

L. *Weal.* I know he has given you Cauſe enough: But Love is blind; had a Man uſed me ſo, I ſhould have ſuſpected his Reality ſooner.

Ang. Why, do you think he loves me not?

L. *Weal.* It looks with ſuch a Face—

Ang. Why then did he take Pains to be reconcil'd?

L. *Weal.* Gallantry, mere Gallantry; and ſhe that cannot diſtinguiſh, often miſtakes it for a real Amour. Ah, *Angelica!* You are but a Novice yet, and don't underſtand the Beau-Monde. A Woman ſhould always ſpeak more than ſhe thinks, and think more than ſhe writes, or ſhe'll ne'er be upon the Square with Men.

Ang. I ſhall neither write nor ſpeak to any of 'em for the future, I aſſure you.

L. *Weal.* And do you poſitively think you could reſiſt *Valere*, if he ſhould come in this Minute?

Ang. I do, poſitively.

L. *Weal.* What, in his moſt moving Air? For you know he is Maſter of a falſe inſinuating Tongue: Should he, I ſay, throw himſelf at your Feet in a Tone of Tragedy; cry, Forgive me, *Angelica*, or kill me if you pleaſe; I'll not oppoſe the Blow, nor ſtrive to ſave my Life by one poor Word—I love you, and only you: Does not your Soul tell you ſo in my Behalf? Will you not anſwer me? Then riſing from his Knees, Will then, ſays he, Nothing but my Death wipe out my Fault? Give it me then, cruel Fair; for now to live is Pain. If I have loſt you, I have loſt all that's worth my Care. Then offers to draw his Sword; at Sight of which you are melted into Pity, and once again betray'd. Is not this true, *Angelica?* Ha, ha, ha.

Ang. I confeſs I have too often been deceiv'd—but now he ſhall find I am upon my Guard—and were he the only one remaining of his Sex, I would not—if I know my Heart—marry him.

L. *Weal.* I'm pleas'd to hear your Reſolution; and doubly pleas'd to find you Miſtreſs of your Paſſion—'Tis a Point of Wiſdom to cathier ſuch Follies as blind our Senſes, and make our Judgment err.

Ang. 'Tis very true.

L. *Weal.* Believe me Sister—I had rather see you married to Age, Avarice, or a Fool—than to *Valere*,—for can there be a greater Misfortune than to marry a Gamester?

Ang. I know 'tis the high Road to Beggary.

L. *Weal.* And your Fortune being all ready Money will be thrown off with Expedition—Were it as mine is indeed—But are you sure your Heart is disengaged?

Ang. Why, do you doubt it?

L. *Weal.* I have a Reason, Sister, that when you have satisfy'd me you shall know.

Ang. Then be satisfy'd — I will never see him more —Now the Secret.

L. *Weal.* Why, then know I love him.

Ang. How! You:

L. *Weal.* Yes, I; where's the Wonder?

Ang. You that advis'd against the Gamester.

L. *Weal.* That was for your Good, Sister———Our Circumstances are different—My Estate's intail'd enough to supply his Riots, and why should I not bestow it upon the Man I like?

Ang. What in that Mourning Weed resolv'd on Matrimony, and is your Lord forgot already—Did I take such Pains in rubbing your Temples, whilst *Favourite* apply'd the Harts-horn to your Nose, when the fainting Fits came thicker and thicker, and was it all but Affectation—And does your dead Husband's Picture, that dangles at your Watch there, serve only to put you in Mind of another?

L. *Weal.* And where's the Crime—I lov'd him living as much as any Wife, or rather more; and did what Decency required when he died—But being free, I'm free to chuse.

Ang. Then who so fit as *Lovewell* for your Choice, whose honourable Love has long pursu'd you.

L. *Weal.* You are not to direct my Inclination.

Ang. Nor you mine—*Favourite*, [*Enter* Favourite.] if *Valere* comes, I will see him—That Good you have done, Sister.

Fav.

Fav. See him, Madam! } *Exeunt* Ang. *and* Fav.
Ang. Yes, Impertinence, }

L. *Weal.* Ay, ſee him, if thou wilt, but to little Purpoſe—I doubt not his Return, when once he finds Encouragement, 'tis his Awe has kept him ſilent, not that I care much for him neither; but it is the greateſt Mortification in Nature to ſee a handſome Fellow make Love to another before one's Face. [*Enter* Footman.

Footm. Madam, the Marquis of *Hazard* to wait on your Honour.

L. *Weal.* Pugh, that Fool. [*Enter* Marquis.

Marq. Hey, let my three Footmen wait with my Chair there—the Raſcals have come ſuch a high Trot—they've jolted me worſe than a Hackney Coach——— and I'm in as much Diſorder — as if I had not been dreſs'd to Day—Pardon me, Madam, I took the Liberty to adjuſt myſelf, e'er I approach'd you.

L. *Weal.* You are the exact Mode of Dreſs — but Monſieur *Marquiſs*, methinks you are grown perfect in our Tongue.

Marq. The Value I have for the *Engliſh* Ladies, made me take particular Pains in the Study——Duce on't, I ſhall be diſcover'd, if I forget my *French* Tone—*Ah, Madam, Vous parlez Francois mieux que je parle l'Anglois.*

L. *Weal.* Ah, *Point de tout Monſieur.*

Marq. But there's no Language like the *Eyes*, Madam—and *Yours* would *ſet the World on Fire.*

L. *Weal.* O, Gallant.

Marquis ſings to the *Widow.*

IN vain You ſable Weeds put on,
Clouds cannot long eclipſe the Sun;
Nature has plac'd you in a Sphere,
To give us Day-light all the Year;
'Tis well for thoſe
Of Cupid's *Foes,*
That your Beauties thus ſhrouded lie;
For when that Night
Puts on the Light,
What Crouds of martyr'd Slaves will die!

SINGS to the *Gameſter*, when he has won Money.

FAIR Celia, *ſhe is nice and coy,*
While ſhe hold the lucky Lure;
Her Repartees are Piſh and Fie,
And you in vain purſue her.

Stay but till her Hand is out,
And ſhe become your Debtor,
Addreſs her then, and without Doubt,
You'll ſpeed a great deal better.

It is the only Way
When ſhe has loſt at Play,
To purchaſe the courted Favour,
Forgive her the Score,
And offer her more,
I'll lay my Life you have her.

Marq. I had like to have fought laſt Night, for aſſerting your Prerogative of Beauty.

L. *Weal.* With whom pray?

Marq. With *Valere*, whoſe continual Toaſt was your Siſter; I muſt confeſs it has given me a paſſionate Deſire of ſeeing her, that I may hereafter with greater Aſſurance maintain your Cauſe.

L. *Weal.* What would the Fellow have me introduce him—My Cauſe don't want your Sword.

Marq. She's jealous already; if my Footmen obſerve my Orders, ſhe'll ſecure me here for Fear of loſing the Prize. [*Aſide.*

L. *Weal.* This Fool's doubly my Averſion —— now he has nam'd my Siſter. Would I were rid of him.

Marq. Has your Ladyſhip play'd at Court this Winter?

L. *Weal.* in my Weeds?

Marq. I aſk your Pardon, Madam, but that Beauty and Gaiety nothing can eclipſe. Who can look on you, and mind your Dreſs?

L. *Weal.* That's well enough expreſt — But nothing that he ſays can pleaſe me now.

Enter Footman, *and gives a Letter.*

Footm. A Footman in Green, Monſieur, waits for an Anſwer. [*Exit.* Footman.

Marq. Is this a Time? Let him wait at the Chocolate-Houſe at *St. James's* an Hour hence——Oh, Madam, did you know how I languiſh for you!

L. *Weal.* When did I give you Leave to make a Declaration of your Love——Monſieur——pray, read your Letter, and give the Lady an Anſwer.

Marq. I confeſs it comes from a Lady——but if——

Enter another Footman.

Footm. My Lady *Gamewell* has ſent three Times for you, and will not begin to play till you come.

Marq. Allez Vous en Coquin——Let her ſtay.

[*Exit Footman.*

L. *Weal.* Inſolence! what does the Fellow mean?

Marq. 'Tis the greateſt Fatigue in Nature to hold a Correſpondence with Impertinence——but your Ladyſhip is the Reverſe of——

Enter another Footman.

Footm. Sir, the Lady *Amorous* begs the Honour of your Company this Minute; Sir *Credulous* is juſt gone out of Town.

Marq. Le diable t'emporte—out of my Sight—Am I not engag'd!

L. *Weal.* Engag'd! Upon my Word you are not—What Houſe is the Place you appoint to receive your Aſſignations in——

Marq. No, upon my Honour, Madam——but I preſume they have ſearched the whole Town——and ſeeing my Equipage at your Door, were ſo audacious to ſend in their Meſſage——but I'll turn away my Footmen for this Embarraſſment.

L. *Weal.* Pray, let not my Houſe be diſtinguiſh'd by you, nor your Equipage for the future——I am not to be us'd ſo, *(angerly.)* Now for a ſet and grave Face to put me more out of Humour, if poſſible——

Enter Lovewell.

Love. You ſeem in Diſorder, Madam——

L. *Weal.* Who can be otherwiſe, when People take Liberty beyond the Bounds of good Manners,——

Love. Who dares in my Lady *Wealthy*'s Houſe? [*Looking angerly at the Marquis.*

Marq. Upon my Soul, Sir, ſhe takes it quite wrong ——Or ſhe's——confoundedly jealous.

Love. Sir, I am poſitive that Lady cannot be in the wrong; and read it in her Looks, your Abſence wou'd pleaſe her——

Marq. Sir——

Love. No Words here, Sir —— if you wou'd diſpute it, I'll meet you when, and where you pleaſe——

Marq. Your moſt humble Servant —— [*In a low Voice.* You ſhall hear from me——Hey, hey, who's there?—— My Servants——Madam, as your Ladyſhip ſaid, I'm not to be us'd thus—— [*Exit.*

L. *Weal.* Monſieur——He's gone, I wou'd not loſe the Fop neither——

Love. Gone Madam! ſo you would have him, I ſuppoſe.

L. *Weal.* You ſuppoſe! how dare you ſuppoſe my Thoughts——and who gave you this Privilege in my Houſe? Shortly I ſhall be wiſh'd Joy; for this is a Prerogative above a depending Lover.

Love. I plead no Merit; and my long ſucceſsleſs Love aſſures me I have no Power——but I underſtood——

L. *Weal.* You underſtood! Ay, you always underſtand wrong, Mr. *Lovewell.*

Love. I do confeſs I wander in the Mazes——and ſtill purſue a Brightneſs which I cannot fix——To pleaſe you has been my long and only Study; witneſs the many Years of awful Servitude I paid your Virgin-beauty, and the Pains I felt when I beheld you wedded to another: I could not bear the Sight, but in a cruel Baniſhment paſs'd my unlucky Hours, till Fate in pity ſet you free, but all in vain, for ſtill my Portion is Deſpair.

L. *Weal.* Nay, if you are running into that grave Stuff

Stuff——I muſt leave you, tho' in my own Houſe—for I have got the Spleen intolerably, and cannot endure it.

Love. No, Madam, I'll retire——I love too much to diſobey——Only when you reflect on your admiring Slaves, think on my Fidelity. [*Exit.*

L. *Weal.* Thou art a poor conſtant Fool, that's the Truth on't——and thou haſt Merit too, I'll ſay that for thee———but we Women don't always mind that——Here comes the preſent Aſcendant of my Heart———

Enter Valere.

Val. Ha, the Widow here——now could I make her my Friend? Now for a ſerious Face———and an Heroic Stile———Madam———

L. *Weal.* ———Sir———

Val. My Stars ſhed their kindeſt Influence to Day, and bleſt me with the Opportunity of finding you alone—Pity is eſſential to the Fair, and ought to be extended to thoſe that ſink beneath the Rigour of their Chains——

L. *Weal.* 'Tis the Diverſion of your Sex to complain; I believe Mr. *Valere* finds few barbarous in ours———

Val. None more unfortunate in Love than I, and tho' my Heart is breaking, I'm forbid to tell my Pain.

L. *Weal.* I hope 'tis to my Wiſh — It may be me he means, elſe why this Addreſs——She muſt be very cruel, that lets you ſigh without Return —— Is it in my Power to aſſiſt you———

Val. Oh, Madam, All, All's in your Power——You rule my Fate———

L. *Weal.* Then you ſhall be happy———'tis ſo——

Val. On my Knees let me receive the Confirmation of your Promiſe———and ſeal it here———

[*Kneels and kiſſes her Hand.*

Enter Angelica.

Ang. Ha! kneeling to my Siſter, faithleſs Man——

Val. There, Madam, there's the angry Brow, that darts Diſtraction to my Peace: Your Aid to clear that Storm is what I ſu'd for———

L. *Weal.* Inſufferable ill Breeding———

Val Oh, *Angelica!* I caſt me at your Feet.

Ang. No, back to my Sister's, there I found you.

Val. Only to intercede to you——

L. *Weal.* False, by my Honour, he was making violent Love———I'll teize her however.

Val. Making Love; what does she mean?

Ang. And you receiv'd it, I suppose.

L. *Weal.* You interrupted me, e'er I could give my Answer.———

Val. Why, Madam, my Design you know.

L. *Weal.* Yes, yes, Mr. *Valere*, I know your Design—I have not had so many sighing, dying Lovers, but I can guess the Design——

Val. But mine was———

L. *Weal.* Oh, fie, don't declare it here—You know my Sister has a Passion for you ——and I wou'd not tyrannize———

Ang. 'Tis not in your Power———

Val. Oh, the Devil——Madam, I own 'tis an Offence to a Lady of your Beauty and Merit, to make a Declaration of Love

L. *Weal.* Not at all, Sir,———when one likes the Person———I'll———consider on't———but, hark'ee, do not deceive my Sister too far, it may be dangerous.

Ang. 'Tis not in your Power——or his, to deceive me; I see thro' your shallow Artifices, and despise it.

L. *Weal.* Those that rely upon their own Judgment are soonest caught. Sister——Remember, I have given you fair Warning——— [*Exit.*

Val. I'm in amaze———

Ang. You need not———I know my Sister's Design———but that's not my Quarrel to you———Quarrel did I say? No, I am grown to a perfect State of Indifference———Quarrels may be reconciled ———but a Man that basely breaks his Word, and forfeits Faith and Honour, is not worth our Anger, but deserves to be despis'd.

Val. I do confess I am a Wretch below your Scorn; I own my Faults and have no Refuge but your Mercy.

Fav. In the old Strain again—— [*Aside.*

Val. If you abandon me, I'm lost for ever———for you, and only you, are Mistress of my Fate.

Ang.

Ang. Your daily Actions contradict your Words—— and ſhews I have no ſuch Power in your Heart—— Did you not promiſe, nay, ſwear you'd never game again—

Val. I did, and for the perjur'd Crime merit your endleſs Hate, but you, in pity, may forgive me——— Oh, *Angelica*, ſee at your Feet an humble Penitent kneel, who, if not by your Goodneſs rais'd———will grow for ever to his native Soil.

Ang. You wou'd be pardon'd only to offend again.

Val. Never, never———Here on this beauteous Hand I ſwear, whoſe Touch runs thrilling thro' my Heart—— and by thoſe lovely Eyes that dart their Fire into my Soul, never to diſoblige you more.

Fav. That Oath hath done the Buſineſs, I ſee by her Looks. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Riſe *Valere*——— I differ from my Sex in this, I wou'd not change where once I've given my Heart, if poſſible——therefore reſolve to make this laſt Trial—— baniſh your Play for Love, and reſt ſecur'd of mine.

Val. Oh, Tranſport! let me kiſs thoſe ſoft forgiving Lips, the Memory of whoſe Sweetneſs ſhall arm me againſt Temptation.

Fav. So———now my old Man may go hang himſelf. [*Aſide.*

Val. Could you but know the anxious Pains I felt, the jealous racking Cares that prey'd upon my Soul——— when I heard my Uncle was allow'd to tell his Suit—— you'd then have found how dear *Valere* had priz'd you.

Ang. What I did was to revenge your Falſhood—— though Love's my Witneſs, *Dorante's* my Averſion—and let this Preſent ſhew who 'tis that reigns triumphant in my Heart.

Val. Your Picture! Oh, give it me, that in the Abſence of the dear Original—— I may feaſt my Eyes on that.

Ang. But mark, *Valere*, the Injunction I ſhall lay; whilſt you keep ſafe this Picture, my Heart is your—— but if thro' Avarice, Careleſsneſs, or Falſhood, you ever part with it, you loſe me from that Moment.

[*Gives him the Picture.*

Val. I agree; and when I do, [*Kiſſing it.*] except to

yourſelf, may all the Curſes rank'd with your Diſdain, purſue me———This, when I look on't, will correct my Folly, and ſtrike a ſacred Awe upon my Actions—

Fav. 'Tis worth two hundred Pounds, a good Moveable when Caſh runs low. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Well, I am convinc'd, let a Woman make what Reſolutions ſhe will, when alone———the Sight of her Lover will break 'em.

Fav. Madam, Mr. *Dorante* is coming up.

Ang. I'll not be ſeen, Adieu. [*Exit.*

Val. My charming Love, adieu——Take Care to welcome your Benefactor, Mrs. *Favourite*; he's a Lover ripe with Diſcretion, Ha, ha, ha,

Enter Dorante.

Your Servant, Uncle, Ha, ha, ha———

[*Holds up the Picture to his Noſe.*] *Exit.*

Dor. This young Rake's Preſence bodes me no Good, I fear. Mrs *Favourite*, your Servant——Is your Lady to be ſpoke with?

Fav. I doubt not, Sir.———I don't know what ſhe is——I'm ſure I'm almoſt wild; our Buſineſs is all ſpoil'd——*Valere* is reconcil'd again.

Dor. Ah, that inſinuating young Dog.

Fav. She has juſt now given him her Picture ſet round with Diamonds.

Dor. I thought, indeed, ſomething ſparkled in my Eyes———But what's to be done?

Fav. I know not———He has promis'd her to play no more; if he keeps his Word we have no Hopes; but if he breaks it, as I doubt not but he will, Pride and Revenge may work her to our Ends———You may be certain, Sir, I'll let ſlip no Opportunity to ſerve you.

Dor. I do believe it———and to encourage you to believe me grateful——accept of this Ring.

Fav. Oh, dear Sir, you are too generous——I don't merit it———Pray excuſe me———

Dor. Nay, I will not be deny'd.

Fav. Well, Sir, ſince you will have it ſo——I'll not fail to move your Suit———I'll do my beſt Endeavours, I'll aſſure you; Write, Sir, write, and I'll deliver the Letter———then let me alone to back it.

Dor.

Dor. You muſt urge the Largeneſs of my Fortune——the Steadineſs of my Temper; and withal tell her, I am not above Two and Forty——I was grey at Thirty.

Fav. I warrant you, Sir——Be ſure you exclaim againſt your Nephew's Gaming.

Dor. Ay, ay, I'll go write it this Moment——and ſend it preſently.

Fav. I'll be in the Way to receive it. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to Sir* Thomas Valere's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Thomas *and* Hector, *with Papers.*

Hect. Sir, I have brought you a compleat Account of the Debts of my Maſter——I think I have not forgot one Farthing; for, if I miſtake not, you deſired to know 'em all, Sir——

Sir *Tho.* Ay, ay, come read 'em over.

Hect. That I will, Sir, in two Words——A true Liſt of the Debts of Mr. *James Valere*, which was by him contracted within the City of *London*, and Liberty of *Weſtminſter*, which his Father, Sir *Thomas Valere*, has promiſed to diſcharge.

Sir *Tho.* If I diſcharge them, or not, is not your Buſineſs——Go on——

Hect. 'Tis my Deſign, Sir. In the firſt Place then——*Item*, Due to *Richard Scrape*, Fifty-five Pounds, Nine Shillings and Ten pence Half-penny——for Five Years Wages——and Money diſburs'd for Neceſſaries.

Sir *Tho. Richard Scrape*, who's he?

Hect. Your moſt humble Servant, Sir. [*Bows.*

Sir *Tho.* You, why is not your Name *Hector?*

Hect. Ay, Sir, that is my Name *de Novo*——My Maſter thought *Richard* ſounded too clumſy for a Gentleman's Valet, and a Gameſter——So Sir, he gave me the Name of *Hector* from the Knave of *Diamonds.*

Sir *Tho.* A very pretty Name——I admire he don't call his Miſtreſs *Pallas* from the Queen of *Spades*——But how came you ſo rich, Sirrah, to be able to lend your Maſter Money?

Hect. Why when the Dice has run well, my Maſter would now and then tip me a Guinea, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* And ſo you ſupply'd him, when he wanted, with his own Money: Oh, Extravagance!

Hect. 'Tis what many an honeſt Gentleman is drove to ſometimes, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* More Shame for 'em—Go on———

Hect. Secondly, Sir, here is due to *Jeremy Aaron*, Uſurer by Profeſſion, and Jew by Religion.

Sir *Tho.* Never trouble yourſelf about that, I ſhall pay no Uſurer's Debts, I aſſure you.

Hect. Then, Sir, here's two hundred Guineas loſt to my Lord *Lovegame*, upon Honour.

Sir *Tho.* That's another Debt I ſhall not pay.

Hect. How, not pay it, Sir,—Why, Sir, among Gentlemen, that Debt is look'd upon the moſt juſt of any: You may cheat Widows, Orphans, Tradeſmen, without a Bluſh——but a Debt of Honour, Sir, muſt be paid—I could name you ſome Noblemen that pay no Body——yet a Debt of Honour, Sir, is as ſure as their ready Money.

Sir *Tho.* He that makes no Conſcience of wronging the Man———Whoſe Goods have been delivered for his Uſe, can have no Pretence to Honour———whatever Title he may wear———But to the next.

Hect. Here is the Taylor's Bill———the Milliner's, Hoſier's, Shoemaker's, Tavern, and Eating-houſe, in all 300*l.*

Sir *Tho.* A fine Sum, truly.

Hect. Ah, Sir, I have not nam'd the Barber, Perriwig-maker and Perfumer, which is a 100*l.* more——— Beſides, he is in Arrears to Mademoiſelle *Margaret de la Plant*, lately arriv'd from *France*, with whom he covenanted for four Guineas a Week.

Sir *Tho.* For four Guineas a Week, for what?

Hect. Oh, Sir, pardon me there, I never betray the Secrets of my Maſter.

Sir *Tho.* Four Guineas a Week!

Hect. Ay, Sir, and very cheap, conſidering he made his Bargain in the Winter——and truly I don't know but the Woman loſt by it.

Sir *Tho.* You don't———Take that, Sirrah——— You ſhan't loſe by it, however—Go, Paſcal, pay your Whores and Debts of Honour out of that.

Hect.

Hect. Ay, Sir, they'll never take this Money of me; if you pleaſe, Sir, I'll ſend 'em to your Levee, and you may pay 'em yourſelf.

Sir *Tho.* Sirrah, I ſhall break your Head———Go get you to the Rake your Maſter; play, hang, or ſtarve together, I care not———Debts, with a Pox; *Gaming*, *Drinking*, *Wenching*, rare Debts to bring into a Court of *Chancery*———You, O Lud, O Lud, O Lud——— Bring me ſuch a Bill of Debts, Rogue: Mercy on me, that there can be ſuch Impudence in the World——O, I have much ado to forbear thee———Me ſuch a Bill of Debts——— [*Exit.*

Hect. So, our Affairs go backwards, I find. Honeſt *Richard*, Patience, I ſay; go ſeek thy Maſter out.

Fortune may change, and give a lucky Main:
And what undid us, ſet us up again.

ACT III.

Hector, *ſolus.*

Hect. WHere can my Maſter be now———I ſhould ſuſpect he were at Play——but that I know he has no Money——Sure this old Dad of his will open his Purſe-Strings once more, if he's reconcil'd to *Angelica:* I long to know what Succeſs he meets with.——O, here he comes——

[*Enter* Valere *with his Hat under his Arm, full of Money, he counting it*———

I waited on your Father, according to Order, Sir, with a Liſt of your Debts———and the generous old Gentleman—I thank him, gave me more than I expected—Hey-day, he minds me not——Ah, I doubt we are all untwiſted———No Hopes of *Angelica*———

Val. Five hundred fifty-ſeven Guineas and a half.

Hect. Ha! What do I ſee! The Plate Fleet's arriv'd——By what Miracle fell theſe Galleons into our Power—I hope, Sir, ſince Fortune has been ſo kind—

Val.

Val. A Curſe of ill Luck — [*Stamps*] Had I but held in the laſt Hand, I ſhould have had 300 Guineas more of my Lord Duke's—beſides what I betted. [*Walks about.*

Hect. I am overjoy'd, Sir, at your good Fortune—But as I was ſaying, Sir——

Val. But hold, my Lord *Lovegame* owes me 200 upon Honour: Tis pretty well —— I have not made an ill Morning's Work on't.

Hect. There's no ſpeaking to him——

Val. Ah! there's no Muſic like the Chink of Gold—By *Jove* this Sound is ſweeter in my Ear—than all the *Margaretta's* in *Europe*———Ha! *Hector*, where come you from, Sirrah?

Hect. Came, Sir—Why I was here before you — But Fortune's golden Miſt conceal'd me from your Sight—Sir, I congratulate your good Succeſs—But how!

Val. Ay, 'tis Succeſs, indeed, if thou knew'ſt all—Honeſt *Jack Sharper* lent me *Five* Guineas, to pay him *Ten* if Luck run on my Side. I have diſcharg'd my Promiſe and brought off a *Thouſand* clear.

Hect. Huzza—Why, you're a made Man!

Val. And we meet again at Five, where I deſign to win a Thouſand more, Boy.

Hect. Ay, but if you ſhould loſe all back, Sir.

Val. Impoſſible. This is a lucky Day—*Angelica* and I are reconcil'd———my Faults forgiven, and all my Wiſhes crown'd, *Hector*. [*Shewing the Picture.*

Hect. Bleſs my Eye-ſight—A Picture ſet with Diamonds — Nay then, *Hector*, chear up — for now the bad Times will mend. [*Sings.*] Why now a Fig for your Father's Kindneſs; you are able to pay your Debts yourſelf, Sir———

Val. A Pox on thee for naming 'em——Thou haſt given me the Spleen — Pay my Debts, quotha — The bare Word is enough to turn all my Luck.

Hect. Say you ſo, Sir! Is paying Debts unlucky then?

Val. Ay, certainly; the moſt unlucky Thing in the World.

Hect. Humph — I now find the Reaſon why Quality hate to pay their Debts——A duce on't, I wiſh I had known

known as much this Morning, I would not have paid the Cobler for heel-piecing my Shoes———For aught I know it may be a Guinea out of my Way; for my Maſter does not uſe to be ſo ſlow———Sir, now you are in Stock, Sir, if you pleaſe to put my Wages into my Hands———it ſhall be very ſafe in Bank againſt you want it.

Val. The Devil's in the Fellow—Speak one Word more of paying Debts, Sirrah——and I'll cut your Ears off——I ſhall have no Occaſion to borrow—and my Father will pay your Debt among the reſt—

Hect. He won't pay a Souſe, Sir——He broke my Head at the very Sight of the Liſt———

Val. Ay, that was in his Paſſion—There's a Plaiſter for that Wound— [*Gives him a Guinea.*

Hect. Sir, your moſt humble Servant——I find we middling People are out of the Quality's Latitude——Paying Debts are only unlucky to Gentlemen——Sir, pray, Sir, give me Leave to offer one Thing to your ſerious Conſideration.

Val. I bar Debts.———

Hect. Not a Word of that, Sir.

Val. Out with it then.

Hect. That you'd lay by 500 *l.* of that Money againſt a Rainy Day.

Val. But ſuppoſe I ſhould have more ſet me than I can anſwer.

Hect. 'Tis but ſending for it at worſt, Sir.

Val. So baulk my Hand in the mean Time—and loſe the winning of a Thouſand——No, no; there's nothing like ready Money to nick Fortune.

Hect. Ah, Sir, but you know ſhe has often jilted you; and would it not be better to have a little Pocket-money ſecure—Put by 200 Sir.

Val. Well I'll conſider on't———Ha! ſee who knocks.

Hect. A Dun, I warrant.

Val. I have not a Farthing of Money, remember that, Sirrah— [*Puts up his Money haſtily.*

Hect. Lying is a thriving Vocation.

Enter

Enter Galloon, *a Taylor, and Mrs.* Topknot, *a Milliner.*

Val. Ha! Good-morrow to you———Good-morrow to you Mrs. *Topknot:* Mrs. *Topknot*, you are a great Stranger; why don't you call and ſee me ſometimes?

Mrs. *Topk.* Indeed, Sir, I call very often—tho' I have not had the good Fortune to ſee you—for you was ſtill aſleep, or gone abroad.

Val. I am ſorry it fell out ſo. Well, have you brought your Bill?

Mrs. *Topk.* Yes, Sir. [*Gives him her Bill.*] I hope you lik'd your laſt Linen, Sir.

Val. Very well.

Gal. Sir, I beg the Favour of you—

Heel. I muſt not let two faſten upon him at once—Mr. *Galloon*, a Word with you—You always make my Cloaths, too little for me.

Gal. I am ſorry for that.

Heel. My Breeches are Seam-rent in three or four Places.

Gal. I'll take Care——

Heel. You ſew moſt abominably ſlight.

Mrs. *Topk.* We are about marrying our Daughter.

Val. I hope you have provided a good Match; for ſhe is very handſome, Faith.

Mrs. *Topk.* The Girl is not deſpiſeable—The Man is very well to paſs in the World; but the ſmall Fortune we deſign for her, muſt be paid down upon the Nail—Therefore, Sir, I entreat you to help me to my Money, if poſſible.

Val. If it was poſſible, I would, Mrs. *Topknot*; and am heartily ſorry that it is not in my Power.

Mrs. *Topk.* It is a Debt of a long ſtanding, Mr. *Valere*; and I muſt not be ſaid nay.

Val. I know it is; but upon Honour I can't pay you now.

Mrs. *Topk.* Let me have ſome, if you can't pay me all———Ten Guineas at preſent would do me ſingular Service.

Val. May I ſink if I have ſeen Five theſe Six Months.

Heel. That he has not, to my Knowledge.

Gal.

Gal. Pray, Sir, conſider me, if it be never ſo ſmall; my Wife is ready to lie in, and Coals are very dear, and Journeymen's Wages muſt be paid.

Hect. Why, the Devil's in the Fellow! Would you have a Man pay what he has not?—What Buſineſs had you to get Children, without you had Cabbage enough to maintain 'em?

Val. Hector—No Invention? [*Aſide to* Hector.

Gal. When will you be pleas'd that I ſhall call again, Sir.

Val. When you pleaſe.

Gal. I'll call To-morrow, Sir.

Val. With all my Heart.

Gal. Do you think, Sir, you can let me have ſome, if I come?

Val. Not that I know of.

Hect. No, nor I neither—Hark ye, when he has Money, I'll bring you Word.

Mrs. *Topk.* Don't tell me; I won't go out of the Houſe without Money.

Val. With all my Heart—*Hector!* No Stratagem to ſave me from theſe Leaches? [*Aſide to* Hector.

Hect. Then you muſt e'en lie with my Maſter or me; for here are no ſpare Beds—Let me adviſe you to make no Noiſe; you'll have your Money ſooner than you think for—Your Ear— [*Whiſpers.*

Mrs. *Topk.* To be married ſay you?

Gal And to Madam *Angelica*, the great Fortune?

Hect. The ſame.

Mrs. *Topk.* I wiſh you Joy, Sir——Pray recommend me to your Lady, for Gloves, Fans, and Ribbons.

Gal. I hope, Sir, I ſhall have the Honour to make your Wedding Suit.

Val. That you ſhall, I promiſe you—The Rogue has hit on't [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Topk.* But will this Match be ſpeedy, Sir?

Val. I hope ſo.

Gal. To-morrow, Sir?.

Hect. Or next Day—but we muſt intreat your Abſence at preſent——— for my Maſter expects his Father with the Lady's Truſtees, in order to ſettle the Affair——— and if you are ſeen it may ſpoil the Buſineſs.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Topk.* Well, well, well, I go, I go—— [*Runs a little Way and turns.*] You'll put your Maſter in mind of me?

Hect. Ay, ay.

Cal. And me too pray.

Hect. I'll do your Buſineſs, I'll warrant you; Go, go, go, —— begone, begone, begone. —— [*Puſhes 'em out.*] ——There Sir, I have brought you off once more: Here's two or three Days Reſpite however.

Val. Why then there's two or three Days of Peace —for theſe are the moſt diſagreeable Companions a Gentleman can meet with———I dine at the *Rummer*, where you'll find me if you want me. I promis'd to viſit *Angelica* again to Night, but fear I ſhall break my Word.

Hect. And will you prefer Play before that charming Lady?

Val. Not before her——but I have given my Parole to ſome Men of Quality, and I can't in Honour diſappoint 'em.

Hect. Ah, What a Juggler's Box is this Word Honour! It is a Kind of Knight of the Poſt—That will ſwear on either Side for Intereſt I find—But, Sir, had you not better make ſure Work on't; marry the Lady whilſt ſhe's in the Mind, leſt Fortune wheel about and throw you back again.

Val. Marry her, ſay'ſt thou—I am not reſolved if I ſhall marry or not.

Hect. High-day! Why I thought it had been what you deſired above all Things—But I find your Pocket and your Heart runs counter.

Val. No, Sirrah; I love the charming Maid as much as ever: Love her from my Soul——But then I love Liberty.

Hect. And what ſhould hinder you from enjoying it?

Val. Ah, *Hector*, if I marry her, I muſt forſake my dear Diverſion, [*Pulling out a Box and Dice.*] which to me is the very Soul of Living: —— 'tis the genteeleſt Way of paſſing one's Time, every Day produces ſomething new——Who is happier than a Gameſter; who more reſpected, I mean thoſe that make any Figure in the

the World? Who more careſs'd by Lords and Dukes? Or whoſe Converſation more agreeable ——— Whoſe Coach finer in the Ring —— Or Finger in the Side Box produces more Luſtre—Who has more Attendance from the Drawers—or better Wine from the Maſter,——— or nicer ſerv'd by the Cook? ——— In ſhort, there is an Air of Magnificence in't, —a Gameſter's Hand is the Philoſopher's Stone, that turns all it touches into Gold.

Hect. And Gold into Nothing.

Val. A Gentleman that plays is admitted every where ———Women of the ſtricteſt Virtue will converſe with him,———for Gaming is as much in Faſhion here as 'tis in *France*, and our Ladies look upon't as the Height of ill Breeding, not to have a Paſſion for Play: Oh! The charming Company of half a Dozen Ladies, with each a Diſh of Tea; ——— to behold their languiſhing Ogles with their Eyes, their raviſhing white Hands, to hear their delicious Scandal which they vent between each Sip, juſt piping hot from Invention's Mint, wherein they ſpare none, from the Stateſman to the Cit—and damn Plays before they are acted, eſpecially if the Author be unknown—This ended, the Cards are call'd for.

Hect. And open War proclaim'd ——— and every Cock-boat proves a Privateer.

Val. Our Engagements are not ſo terrible,———with us Revenge reaches no further than the Pocket.

Hect. No more don't a Highwayman ——— and yet the World thinks both Lives equally immoral.

Val. None of your Similes, Sirrah, do you hear?—— Where is the Immorality of Gaming———Now I think there can be nothing more moral———It unites Men of all Ranks, the Lord and the Peaſant —— the haughty Dutcheſs and the City Dame, ——— the Marquis and the Footman, all without Diſtinction play together.

And ſure that Life can ne'er offenſive prove,
That teacheth Men ſuch peaceful Ways of Love.

Hect. The Marquis of *Hazard*, Sir.—
Val. The Marquis of *Hazard*, what wants he!

Enter

Enter the Marquis of Hazard.

Marq. Do you hear; do you wait with my Chair at the Corner of the Street, for I would be *incognito*.

Hect. What does he pretend to?

Marq. I preſume, Sir, your Name is *Valere*.

Val. I don't remember I ever had any other, Sir.

Marq. Sir I ſhould take it as an extraordinary Favour, if you'll be pleas'd to command the Abſence of your *Valet de Chambre*.

Val. Be gone. [*Exit* Hector.

Marq. Now, Sir, do you know who I am?

Val. I think, Sir, I never had the Honour of your Acquaintance.

Marq. Allons Courage, puſh him home, he ſeems daunted already; [*Aſide.*] Sir, I have made the Tour of *Europe*, and have had the Reſpect paid to me in all Courts that became my Quality; ——— In *Spain* I kept Company with none but Arch-Dukes, in *France* with Princes of the Blood, ——— and ſince I have been here, I have had the Honour to ſup or dine with moſt of the great People at Court,

Val. Why ſo hot, Sir?

Marq. And, Sir, my Perſon is not more known than my Valour ——— I have fought a Hundred Duels, and never fail'd to kill or wound, ——— without receiving the leaſt Hurt myſelf.

Val. You had very good Luck, truly, Sir, ——What does the Blockhead aim at? [*Aſide.*

Marq. Sir, Fortune owes my Life Protection, for Sake of the noble Race from which I ſprung ——— my Father's Grandfather's great Grandfather was Viceroy of *Naples*.

Val. Oh! One may ſee that in your Air, Sir.

Marq. Now, Sir, there is a certain Lady that has a Paſſion for my Perſon, not that I am in Love with her: Only Gratitude, ——— and I am inform'd by her Woman, that you make your Addreſſes there; now, Sir, I ſuffer no Man beneath my Quality, to mix his Pretenſion with mine.

Val. The Lady's Name, Sir?

Marq. The Lady *Wealthy*.

Val.

Val. You are misinform'd upon my Word, Sir; that Lady is at your Service for me.

Marq. That Declaration comes not from your Heart ——————your Encomiums on *Angelica* last Night, serv'd only to conceal your Love from me.

Val. So far from that, I did not know you till you had left the Room.

Marq. Sir, I say you must not pretend to vie with Quality.

Val. I know the Distance Fortune has put between us, Sir.

Marq. Then pray observe it, Sir;——don't think every Fellow we condescend to play with, fit Companions for us Men of Quality.

Val. [*Cocking his Hat.*] Fellow, Sir——————

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Marq. Yes, Fellow, Sir——————He has a Heart, I find, I'll moderate my Passion. [*Aside.*

Val. You will have it then, I see. [*Draws.*

Marq. No, upon my Word, Sir, I was in Jest all the while.

Val. But I am in earnest, Sir, —and therefore draw ——What, does the Courage of your royal Ancestors, Vice-Roys of *Naples*, fail you?

Marq. Sir, I made a Vow never to kill another Man, ——————and therefore pray put up, you have given me as much Satisfaction as I desired,——I thirst for no Revenge.

Val. Sir, I am not to be trifled with, the Wine is drawn, and you shall drink. [*Slaps him.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Hey! what's the Matter?

[*Lays hold of the Marquis, who draws.*

Marq. Ha! Company! Nay, then—Sir, this is too much to bear.

Hect. Hold, hold, Sir, hold, what do you do?

Val. Ay, ay, pr'ythee let him go, he's not so dangerous as thou imagin'st, *Hector*,——————Ha, ha, ha.

Hect. Why then let him go,——————there, Sir, I have done.

Marq. I shall find a Time, Sir.

Val.

Val. To be kick'd————you have been uſed too civilly here.

Hect. A Time! For what, what the Devil do you come into our Nation, to crow over us——I believe we ſhall find a Time in this Campaign to teach you better Manners—your capering Country is fitter for Dancing-Maſters than Soldiers——Ha, ha, ha.

Marq. It ſuits not with my Quality to anſwer the Impertinence of a Valet————Monſieur, adieu——*prenez garde une autre fois.* [*Exit.*

Val. Coxcomb below Reſentment——[*Looking on his Watch.*] I have out-ſtaid my Time.

Now Fortune be my Friend, I'll aſk no more,
One lucky Hour may double all my Store.

Hect. *Or make you Bankrupt as you was before.* [Exit.

SCENE *Changes. A Table, with Pen, Ink and Paper on it.*

Enter Lady Wealthy, *ſola.*

L. *Weal.* Which Way ſhall I contrive to diſappoint my Siſter's Wiſhes? Now would I give Half my Eſtate to feed my Vanity. Oh, that I could once bring *Valere* within my Power, I'd uſe him as his ill Breeding deſerves; I'd teach him to be particular. He has promis'd *Angelica* to play no more: I fancy that proceeds from his Want of Money, rather than Inclination.—If I could be ſure of that—I'll try however. If my Project takes, I ſhall again break their Union————and if I can't ſerve my Pride, I ſhall at leaſt diſturb their Peace; and either brings me Pleaſure. [*Sits down and writes.*] Now how ſhall I convey this to his Hands————It is not proper to ſend any of my own Servants——Who's there?

Enter Mrs. Betty.

Betty. Did your Ladyſhip call, Madam?

L. *Weal.* Ay, get me a Porter.

Betty. A Porter! Madam: *Robin*, *John*, and *Nicholas* are all within.

L. *Weal.* And what then? Do as I bid you.

Betty. What can ſhe want with a Porter!—I am reſolv'd to watch. [*Exit.*

L. *Weal.*

L. *Weal* 'Tis better being confin'd to a Deſart, where one never ſees the Face of Man——than not to be admir'd by all. [*Enter Porter.*] Here, carry this to Mr. *Valere:* Do you know him?

Port. Yes, an't pleaſe your Honour, very well.

L. *Weal.* Go, bring me an Anſwer then. [*Exit* Porter.

Enter Lovewell.

Ha! *Lovewell:* I muſt avoid his Preſence, leſt he diſcover this Intrigue———He'll be alarm'd at the Sight of a Porter in my Lodgings———Beſides, my Soul reſents the ill Treatment I have given him———He indeed merits better Uſage———But I know not how, I cannot reſolve on Matrimony. [*Exit.*

Love. Gone! Am I then ſhun'd like peſtilential Air—yet doom'd to doat upon her cold Indifference———Oh! Give me Patience, or I burſt with Rage——There muſt be more than her bare Temper in't—She loves——Ay, there's the Cauſe——Oh! the racking Thought: By all the Powers, it fires each vital Part and with a double Warmth ſtrikes every active Senſe.

Hear me, ye Pow'rs——And if you ne'er deſign
To make this dear, this ſcornful Beauty mine,
Grant in the Lieu—I may my Rival meet,
And throw him geſping at his Lady's Feet. [Exit.

Enter Angelica *and* Favourite, *with a Letter in her Hand.*

Ang. I ſhall not open it, indeed———If you venture to receive Letters again, without my Leave, I ſhall diſcharge you from your Attendance, Mrs. *Favourite.*

Fav. I do it for your Good, Madam.

Ang. For my Good! Impertinence—Am I to be govern'd by thoſe I may command?

Fav. In ſpite of all that I can do, I ſhall loſe my Salary: For when he finds the Cauſe go backwards, he'll ſee no more. [*Aſide.*

Enter Dorante.

Ang. So, he's here too, by your Appointment, I ſuppoſe.

Dor.

Dor. May I venture to approach the Rays of that Divinity, which dart into my Soul an impetuous Flame?

Ang. O dear Sir, there's a Fire in the next Room, whose Flames will warm you better than my Beauty, I believe.

Fav. Well, really, Madam, I think *Valere* could not have expreſs'd himſelf finer.

Ang. Ceaſe your odious Compariſons—Mr. *Dorante* might I adviſe you, make your Addreſſes to my Woman—I'm ſure you'll meet a kind Reception; ha, ha, ha.

Dor. Your Woman, Madam! I thought a Perſon of your Rank knew how to treat a Gentleman better.

Ang. And I thought a Perſon of your Years might have underſtood better, than to make Love to one of mine.

Dor. My Years, Madam! I'm not ſo old——Can I help my being in Love with you?

Ang. No more can *Favourite* being in Love with you.

Fav. You are always witty upon me, Madam—I'd have her to know I love a young Fellow as well as herſelf. [*Aſide.*

Dor. 'Tis for my extravagant Nephew that I am deſpis'd; that complicated Piece of Vice, whoſe headſtrong Courſes, and luxurious Life, will ruin both your Peace and Fortune. I ſaw him a little while ago enter one of thoſe Schools of Poverty, a Gaming-Houſe in St. *Martin's Lane.*

Ang. 'Tis falſe,

Fav. Nay, Madam, I dare ſay 'tis true—Yonder goes his Man; I'll call him and convince you.

[*Exit, and Re-enters with* Hector.

Ang. He cannot be ſo ungrateful, after my laſt Favours.——*Hector*, where's your Maſter?

Hect. Where'er his Perſon is—his Heart is with your Ladyſhip, Madam; I dare anſwer for him.

Ang. That's foreign to my Queſtion; where is he?

Dor. Yes, yes, he's a fit Perſon to enquire of, truly.

Hect. So I am, Sir: For nobody knows my Maſter's Out-goings and his In-comings better than myſelf.

Ang. Come, you ſhall tell me——*Dorante* ſays, he ſaw him go into a Gaming-Houſe.

Hect. Diſcover'd—Nay then I muſt bring him off—Why, that is true, Madam.

Ang.

Ang. Perfidious!

Heft. But, Madam, it is to take his Leave, upon my Word———He's gone to play, with a Deſign to play no more.

Fav. Now, Madam, who was in the right?

Ang. Is it poſſible a Man can be ſo baſe!

Dor. There are Men, Madam, that ne'er were guilty of ſuch Crimes.

Heft. But, Madam, you won't hear me———my Maſter is making all the Speed he can to put himſelf in a Condition to keep his Word with you: He is ſhaking his Elbows, rattling the Box, and breaking his Knuckles for Haſte———He has ſent me Poſt for his laſt auxiliary Guineas, which, when he has thrown off, he'll lay himſelf at your Feet, with full Reſolution never to touch Box or Dice more.

Ang. A likely Matter, truly.

Heft. So it is, Madam———For he'll put it out of his Power to offend again.

Dor. Till he has a new Recruit.

Heft. Madam, your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant, I muſt fly; for my Maſter will think every Hour Seven till I am there. [*Exit.*

Dor. Now, Madam, are you convinc'd——Will you yet accept a Heart devoted only to your Charms?

Ang. No more of your Fuſtian — 'tis unſeaſonable; don't provoke me to uſe you worſe than good Manners will allow: I reſpect your Age, but hate your———

Dor. Well, ſcornful Maid, take up with your Gameſter, do: You'll be the firſt that repents it. And ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

Ang. O, my too conſtant Heart! canſt thou ſtill hold the Image of this faithleſs Man———And yet methinks I'd fain reclaim him———I'll try the laſt Extremity.

For when from Ill a Proſelyte we gain,
The goodneſs of the Act rewards the Pain:
But if my honeſt Arts ſucceſsleſs prove,
To make the Vices of his Soul remove,
I'll die—or rid me from this Tyrant Love.

ACT IV.

Enter Valere *with a Box and Dice in his Hand, as from Play to a Porter*———Betty *liſtening.*

Betty. SO; thus far I have followed this Porter: Here I'll obſerve who he wants———I'm ſure 'tis againſt the Intereſt of Mr. *Lovewell.*

Val. From a Lady, ſay'ſt thou? and muſt be deliver'd into my own Hand———

Betty. As I imagin'd.

Val. Pr'ythee, Fellow, doſt know what 'tis to interrupt a Gameſter, when his Fortune's at Stake——Seven or Eleven have more Charms now than the brighteſt Lady in the Kingdom.—[*Opens the Letter.*] Reads——Humph—*Purſuant to what I told you before* Angelica, *that a Declaration of Love would not be diſagreeable, I confirm my Words in a golden Shower*———*'Tis what I believe moſt acceptable to a Man of your Circumſtances.* (Well gueſs'd, 'e Faith.) A Bill for One Hundred Pounds, payable at Sight—Monſieur le Porter, your very humble Servant———Tell the Lady, I am hers moſt obediently——It requires no other Anſwer, till I fly myſelf to return my Thanks.

Port. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Porter.

Val. What muſt I do now? prove a Rogue, and betray my Friend *Lovewell*——If I accept this Preſent, I muſt make my Returns in Love; for when a Widow parts with Money, 'tis eaſy to read the valuable Conſideration ſhe expects:——But then *Angelica*, the dear, the faithful Maid———But then a Hundred Guineas, the dear tempting Sight! Ha, *Lovewell!* thou com'ſt in good Time; for my Virtue's ſtaggering.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. I have been ſeeking you all the Town over.

Val. And what News? Thou haſt a very love-ſick Countenance: The Widow has us'd thee ſcurvily, I know.

Lov. Beyond all bearing———*Valere*, thou ever wert my

my Friend; pr'ythee inſtruct me———Help to find the curſed Rival out———'Tis not the Fool Marquis, I'm convinc'd; but ſome lurking Villain, ſome Wretch unworthy of her Charms——elſe her Vanity would ne'er conceal him.

Val. Hold, hold, Friend: you run on a little too faſt ———What would your Mightineſs do now, ſuppoſing you diſcover'd this deteſted Rival?

Lov. I'd force him to renounce her; or loſe my Life, and leave her free.

Val. Why then I have ſuch a Reſpect for this Gentleman, that I muſt preſerve him from your Lion-like Fury.

Lov. Ha! Do'ſt thou know him then—Oh! I charge thee by our paſt Years of Friendſhip, and by my Peace of Mind, which this cruel Woman takes eternally away, tell me but who he is, deſcribe him to me: Is he a Gentleman?

Val. Yes, Faith.

Lov. And Handſome?

Val. The Ladies think ſo.

Lov. Tell but his Name, that my Revenge may reach him. Haſt thou a Friend more dear than I—No, no; thy Companions are no Friends; Gameſters and Profligates———whom in thy reflecting Hours I know thou hateſt—She is not fit for one of theſe.

Val. The Spark is a little given to Gaming, I confeſs—yet holds his Noſe as high as your Widow, I can tell you that.

Lov. Pr'ythee trifle no longer with me—nor do not jeſt with Pains like mine.

Val. Do you know her Hand?

Lov. Death! does ſhe write to him?

Val. Theſe Credentials will confirm ſhe does.

[*Gives him her Letter with the B. N.*

Lov. Confuſion to thee—And a Bill for Money——Away, it cannot be——By Hell, the Company thou keep'ſt has taught thee to be a Villain: Thou haſt abus'd her Honour, which I will juſtify. Draw.

Val. Here's a Rogue now—When I have withſtood a Temptation would have ſhook a Hermit—he'd cut my Throat for not taking his Miſtreſs from him.—Well,

theſe romantic Lovers are whimſical Things——Harkye, *Charles*, I believe you know I am no Coward, and if your fighting Fit remains on you till To-morrow Morning—I'll meet you when and where you pleaſe; but I'm engag'd now—as you may ſee. Farewel———

[*Exit, ſhewing him the Box*, &c.

Lov. What Man but would forever ſcorn, deſpiſe this falſe Ingrate—But I'm a Slave to Love, and bound with ſuch a Chain, no Injuries can break—Something muſt be done; but what I know not. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Betty *comes forwards.*

Betty. So, my Lady has brought herſelf into a fine Præmunire. Well, I'm glad I heard this; and hope to make it turn to Mr. *Lovewell*'s Advantage—who is a generous Man, and deſerves a Counteſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Lady* Wealthy's *Lodgings.*

Lady Wealthy, *ſola.*

L. *Weal.* So, thus far I'm ſucceſsful: The Porter ſays he was tranſported with the Letter, and will inſtantly be here——Who's there? [*Enter Footman.*] Bid my Woman come hither.

Footm. She's not within, Madam.

L. *Weal.* How, not within!

Footm. Here ſhe comes.

Enter Betty.

L. *Weal.* Hey! where have you been to put yourſelf in this Heat?

Betty. Speaking to a Relation, Madam.

L. *Weal.* A Relation; ſure 'twas a warm Conference has left ſuch Signs on't in your Cheeks—Set my Toilet——I'll throw theſe mournful Blacks away—adorn'd in chearful White, receive and charm my Hero.

Betty. Mr. *Lovewell*, Madam.

L. *Weal.* No, Fool; When did you ever ſee me dreſs at an old Lover? He's mine; ſecurely mine: But *Valere*, the Gay, the Rover, the unconquer'd Rambler; he, he alone deſerves my Care.

Betty.

Betty. Madam, might I presume to speak———

L. *Weal.* Your Nonsense freely; I am in a good Humour, and can bear it all.

Betty. Then *Valere* is the most ungrateful—and Mr. *Lovewell* the most accomplish'd of any Man breathing.

L. *Weal.* Ha, ha, ha: And is this your Speech——*Lovewell* is beholden to you truly; and Mr. *Valere* shall know his Friend.

Betty. I hate him, Madam: and you have Reason.

L. *Weal.* Peace. I find I gave you too much Liberty.

Enter a Footman.

Footm. Madam, a Letter for your Ladyship.

L. *Weal.* Humph! from *Lovewell:* I know the Hand; some Compliment, some dismal Madrigal, or tedious Ditty, in worse Prose, I am sure? [*Opens it.*] Ha, my own Bill! What means this—*Madam—You have bestow'd your Favour's unworthily: Notwithstanding this Proof, I would have fought, defended you beyond Demonstration; but your new Choice declin'd the Sword———and that Love I so long languish'd for.*

Your neglected, injur'd, but still faithful
Lovewell.

Base Traytor! Is this a Man of Honour? this the Return to my Advances—It is impossible—He has waylaid the Porter, brib'd him, and deceiv'd me.

Betty. Indeed he has not, Madam.

L. *Weal.* Why, know you ought of this?

Betty. Yes, I can tell you all—if you will promise to interpret for the Good of him who loves you truly.

L. *Weal.* Come in, and let me hear the Story—If *Valere* has triumph'd o'er my Weakness, and expos'd my unrequested Bounty——

Such a Repulse may fix this wand'ring Heart:
And constant Love may meet its due Desert. [Going.

Enter the Marquis.

Marq. Turn back, bright Fair, and listen to an Action glorious as *Condé*, *Luxembourg*, or *Hoss*, or any He that ever grac'd the Field.

L. *Weal.* More Plagues!——I begin to grow weary of this Train of Fools—Pray make your Story ſhort, Sir.

Marq. I'll be as conciſe as the Heroic Deed— *Veni, Vidi, Vici,* as *Cæſar* ſaid.

L. *Weal.* Over whom was this Conqueſt? your Footman and your Taylor?

Marq. No, Madam, over my Rival, *Valere.*

L. *Weal.* Ha! where met you that Report?

Marq. Every where——The World ſays you are in Love with him—'Tis all the Diſcourſe at the *Chocolate-Houſe.*

L. *Weal.* Confuſion! Am I become ſo wretched——I ſhall be ſung in Ballads ſhortly.

Marq. Having a profound Reſpect for your Ladyſhip —away flew I to his Lodgings—where I had no ſooner enter'd, but the Memory of your Wrongs——ſet the ſtormy Marks of Anger on my Brow——Sir, ſaid I—Sir, ſaid he, your moſt humble Servant—Sir, ſaid I—here is a Rumour ſpread abroad, prejudicial to the Reputation of a Lady whom I have honour'd with my Eſteem.

L. *Weal.* Honour'd! Oh, audacious!

Marq. And Report ſays you are the Author——Who I? ſaid he, in the meekeſt, humbleſt Tone that ever Lover begg'd in—frightned out of his Wits———Her Name, I pray———which when I had told him, and bid him draw; he poorly diſclaim'd his Paſſion, and ſa'd, I might take you with all his Heart, for he would not fight ——— At which I ſtept up to him, ſaying, *Sauve vous, Monſieur, du Lanſquenet*———that is as much as to ſay, in *Engliſh*, a Flip of the Noſe, Madam—at which the good Gentleman pull'd off his Hat, and made me the loweſt Bow; and I, in Triumph, left———Now, my Reward —my Reward, Madam.

L. *Weal.* Your Reward; never to ſee me more: For though I love Valour, I know this Story falſe—and you made up of Cowardice. Do'e hear—if ever my Doors are open [*Enter three Footmen*] to this bold Intruder more, I'll have your Liveries pull'd over your Ears. [*Exit.*

Marq. Gone! I durſt have ſworn ſhe would have married me for the News———Now here's a good Invention

vention loſt——Ah poor Monſieur *Markee*, thou'lt never thrive with theſe Women of Quality——I muſt to ſome rich toothleſs City Dame—

On them my Courage and my Shame may paſs:
Theſe Court-end Wits diſcover me an Aſs. [Exit.

SCENE *the Street.*

Hector *ſolus.*

Hect. Well, I have not Patience any longer to ſee this Maſter of mine play——I find which Way he's going——Odſo, here's his Father——How ſhall I ſend him away——For if he ſhould ſee his Son come out of this Gaming-Houſe, we ſhall be undone again—— [*Enter Sir* Thomas Valere.] Oh, Sir, I have been all over the Town to look you——

Sir *Tho.* For what, pray? Did my laſt Greeting pleaſe you ſo well, that you've a Mind to more on't—Where's the Rake your Maſter?

Hect. Oh, Sir, happy, happy beyond Expreſſion——He's with *Angelica*, who has preſented him with her Picture, ſet round with Gems of ineſtimable Value.

Sir *Tho.* Ha! Say'ſt thou ſo, Boy? And is he likely to carry *Angelica?*

Hect. Carry her, Sir; why the Buſineſs is done, and nothing wanting but your Preſence, with a Lawyer, to fit 'em for the Prieſt—Good Sir, make haſte——

Sir *Tho.* I'll be there in an Inſtant——And ſhall I be a Grandfather adad——I could find in my Heart to give thee Six-pence for thy News—And I will too——there *Hector*, drink your young Maſter's and Lady's Health, Sirrah——Ah my dear Boy *Jemmy*, I forgive thee all——I'm ſo tranſported, I think it an Age till I embrace thee. [*Exit.*

Hect. 'Fore *George* if this old Fellow finds me in a Lie, as he moſt certainly will; for if *Angelica* hears my Maſter is at play again, ſhe'll never have him that's ſure too——I muſt let him know what I have done, and get him in the Mind to go this Hour to *Angelica*——or *Hector*'s Bones will pay for't.

To ſerve my Maſter, I a Lie may tell,
But would not ſuffer, when I mean it well. [Exit.

SCENE *discovers a Gaming-Table, with* Valere, *Count* Cogdie, *and other Gentlemen at Hazard, with several Rakes and Sharpers, waiting round the Table; a Box-Keeper and Attendants.*

Cogd. Come ——— Seven ——— What do you set Gentlemen?

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

1ſt Gent. That.

2d Gent. Ten Pieces.

Val. The Devil's in the Dice—There, Sir, a Hundred Guineas. [*Angrily.*]

[Cogdie. *rattling the Box, and conſidering where to throw.*

Box-K. Knock where you are, Sir.

Cogd. I am at the faireſt only; [*Throws out the Dice.* Come, and that little Silver too.

Box-K. Four to Seven.

1ſt Rake. Mr. *Cogdie*, to three a Crown, ſhall I?

2d Rake. To three and eleven Guineas if you pleaſe.

1ſt Sharp. Here's three Crowns to eleven, and if I loſe, by all that's good I know not where to eat.

Cogd. [*To 1ſt Rake.*] You go to three a Crown [*To 2d Rake.*] you to three, and eleven Guineas. [*To Sharper.* You ſhall go yours to eleven *York.*

Box-K. Pray, Sir, throw away, don't hold the Box all Night.

Cogd. There, [*Shakes the Box and throws three.*] you're in once, Gentlemen.

Both Rakes. We go again.

Cogd. With all my Heart. [*Shakes the Box again and throws four.*

Box-K. Four, Troy-Ace.

Cogd. There, Gentlemen, I have brought you off again. [*To the Rakes.*]

Val. You did not throw out your Dice fair, and I'll not yield it.

Cogd. Judgment, Gentlemen.

1ſt

1ſt Gent. I think 'twas fair enough.

2d. Gent. Ay, ay, a Man may throw his Dice how he pleaſes.

Val. Sir, I ſay this Hat's white. [*In a Paſſion.*]

Cogd. I ſay ſo too.

Val. 'Tis falſe, 'tis black.

Cogd. As you ſay, I think it is black.

Val. No, Sir, 'tis neither black nor white.

Cogd. Nay, very likely, Sir.——He haſt loſt his Money and now he grows mutinous.

Box-K. Come, pray Gentlemen don't quarrel, and I'll aſk it round.

Cogd. Aſk what, you Blockhead? whether his Hat's black or white? [*Toſſes a Pair of Dice in his Face.*

Box-K. No, Maſter, whether you won the Money or not.

2d Gent. He won it fairly. Come *Valere*, I'll lend thee ten Pieces, ſet boldly, ſet boldly, I warrant thee Luck, Boy.

1ſt Gent. Ay, ay, come whoſe is the Box?

Cogd. 'Tis mine——

2d Gent. Throw a Main then.

Cogd. Five.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. There——take all.

1ſt Gent. That——

2d Gent. That——

Cogd. Where I was laſt. Now little Dice.

Val. Shake your Dice.

Cogd. There, Sir, [*Shakes the Dice and throws Duce Ace.*] Oh, burn 'em.

Box-K. Duce Ace.

Val. Out——Give me the Box——Six.

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Cogd. There, Sir, if you dare throw at it.

1ſt Gent. That——

2d Gent. That——

Val. At you all—— [*Shakes the Box and throws Quatre Duce.*

Box-K. Six. Quatre Duce, you've won it, Sir.

Cogd. Um! [*Seems diſorder'd.*]

Val. Come, Seven. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

Cogd. A hundred Guineas.

Val. Now little Dice———

Cogd. Not another Nick ſure. [*Speaks as* Valere *is going to throw the Dice.*

Val. Nick by *Juno*———

Box-K. Cinque Duce.

Cogd. Oh! Blood! and Death and Fire! [*Riſes and walks about in a Paſſion.*

Val. Nine. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Nine's the Main.

Cogd. There, Sir, I'll ſet you two hundred Guineas upon that Note.

Val. Note, Sir! Whoſe Note is it pray?

Cogd. Why 'tis very good, Sir, 'tis upon Sir *F—s Ch—d.*

Val. At it, Egad. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Nine, Cinque and Quatre, the Box is due.

Cogd Um! [*Throws away the Dice, Breaks the Box.*] Sir, I bar that Throw.

Val. Sir, I did not ſee you,—and I won it fairly.

Cogd. The Devil, I that underſtand Play ſo well, to be bubbled of my Money—Sir, I ſay this Hat's white—Who dare ſay the contrary?

Val. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Cogd. I ſay 'tis black.

Val. Why, as you ſay, I think 'tis black.

Cogd. I ſay, Sir, 'tis neither black nor white.

Val. Then it ſhall be green, blue red, or yellow, or what you pleaſe, Sir. I have more Manners than to quarrel now I'm on the winning Side, Ha, ha, ha,

1ſt Gent. Prithee don't quarrel with him, you'll get nothing by it. *Valere* will fight, you know.

Cogd. And ſo will I, Sir. You're all a Parcel of—If ever I play upon the Square again———I'll give 'em Leave to make Dice of my Bones.

Val. Ha, ha, ha, hold, let me pay my Debts. There Sir—[*to 2d Gent.*]

Box-K. You owe a Box, Sir, an't pleaſe you.

Val. There—[*Gives a Shilling.*]

Box-

Box-K. You owe me a Teaſter for a back-hand Tip, a little while ago, Maſter.

Val. There you Dog. [*Gives him Six-pence.*]

Box-K. Thank you Maſter—I'll thank any Gentleman that will put that Shilling in the Box.

Enter Angelica *in Man's Cloaths.*

Ang. Ay, here he is.

Val. Come Seven.

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

1ſt Gent. That———

2d Gent. That———

Val. 'Tis mine.

Box-K. Eleven.

2d Gent. I never ſaw ſuch Fortune.

1ſt Gent. Here's the laſt of a Hundred, if Luck turn not I'm broke.

Ang. Save you Gentlemen——— may one fling off a Guinea or two with you? [*This while* Cogdie *ſits diſordered and plays by himſelf at another Table.*

Val. Ay, a hundred if you pleaſe, a pert young Bubble this, flung Six.

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Ang. Fifty Pieces, Sir.

Val. Well ſaid Stripling—Down with 'em—Six or a Dozen Dice—Duce Ace—Ah ſplit it———

[*Throws down the Box.*

Box-K. Duce Ace.

Ang. Out, Sir, give me Fifty Guineas, Sir.

Val. There 'tis, Sir.

[Cogdie *riſes and comes to* Angelica.

Cogd. [*To* Angelica.] Sir, will you do me the Favour to let me go two Pieces with you; I am juſt ſtript.

Ang. With all my Heart, Sir. Come Gentlemen [*Throws.*] ſet boldly.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. A hundred Guineas.

Ang. Along [*Throws.*] 'tis mine. [*Sweeps the Money.*]

Box-K. Five, Trey, Duce.

Ang. [*To* Cogdie.] There's your two Pieces, Sir.

Cogd. I go the four, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Ang. By and by, Sir, you ſhall.

1ſt Gent. I'm broke; but I'll be here again inſtantly. [*Exit.*

2d Gent. I'll throw off this Stake—If Luck turn not I muſt home for Recruits too.

Ang. Come on then, Sir, ſix. [*Throws.*

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Val. In my Conſcience, I believe this young Dog will ſtrip us all. There, Sir.

Ang. And there, Sir. [*Sweeps the Money.*

Box-K. A Dozen.

2d Gent. I hope you'll ſtay till my Return? [*Exit.*

Ang. If theſe Gentlemen can hold me play.

Box-K. I hope, Gentlemen, you won't ſtay late, for Fear of the Preſs-maſters, here was two Gangs laſt Night before twelve o'Clock.

[*All the Sharpers ſneak off, and leave* Angelica *and* Valere *together.*

Ang. Pſhaw, hang the Preſs-maſters, come, Sir, Five.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. That upon Five.

Ang. Nick ———

Box-K. Five, Quarter Ace, you owe me a Box, Sir.

Val. Confuſion! Did ever Man ſee the like? That Watch at twenty Guineas. [*Sets a Gold Watch.*

Ang. Done, Sir, Nine. [*Throws.*

Box-K. Nine's the Main.

Ang. 'Tis mine. [*Throws.*

Box K. Nine, Six, and Three, a Main above a Box.

Val. Furies and Hell—That Ring at Ten Guineas.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, with all my Heart, Sir, Six again. [*Throws,*

Box K. Six is the Main.

Ang. Nick again, Ha, ha, ha.

Box K. Six, Cinque Ace, two Mains above a Box.

Val. The Devil —— I'll ſet you a hundred Guineas upon Honour, Sir.

Ang. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I never play upon Honour with Strangers — If you have nothing elſe to ſet, your humble Servant.

Val. Death—ſhall he carry off my Money thus——

Hold,

Hold, Sir, Friends will be here preſently, I'll borrow ſome of them.

Ang. That's baulking my Hand——I can't ſtay, Sir, have you nothing elſe?

Val. Yes, one Thing, but that is dearer to me than my Life. [*Takes out the Picture.*

Ang. What can that be pray?

Val. 'Tis a Picture, the Original of which is neareſt to my Soul—— [*Kiſſes it.*

Ang. Piſh—a Trifle——Oh my Heart——Yet you ſhan't ſay I'm ungenerous—whate'er you value it at, I'll anſwer it.

Val. Value it at—It is not to be valued.

Ang. Then you'll not ſet it; Sir, your Servant.

Val. Stay, Sir,—Luck may turn—I'll ſet the Diamonds at two hundred Guineas.

Ang. Oh Villain—Well, Sir, Seven——

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

[Angelica *throws at the Picture.*

Box-K. Four or Seven.

Val. I bar the firſt Throw.

Box-K. Bar.

[Angelica *throws two or three Times and then wins it.*

Ang 'Tis mine, Sir.

Box-K. Four, Trey, Ace; you owe me three Boxes, Sir.

Val. Eternal Furies——loſt——He ſhall reſtore it, or I'll cut his Throat.——Well, Sir, take the Diamonds, but I muſt have the Picture.

Ang. The Picture, Sir.

Val. Ay, the Picture, Sir.

Ang. I won it, Sir, and I ſhan't reſtore it, I aſſure you.

Val. But you ſhall reſtore it, Sir, e'er you and I part.

Ang. If I ſhould draw a Duel upon my Hands here——I'm in a fine Condition—[*Aſide.*] Nay, Sir, if you are angry, good by——

Val. Nay, nay, nay, [*Runs between her and the Door.*] you ſhan't carry off the Picture, by *Hercules*—Look'e Sir, either take my Bond, or fight me for't. [*Draws.*

Ang. Sir—[*Trembling.*] What ſhall I do? I muſt be oblig'd to diſcover myſelf—— [*Aſide.*

Enter 1*ſt and* 2*d Gentlemen.*

1*ſt Gent.* Hold *Valere.*

2*d Gent.*

2d Gent. What's the Meaning of this?

[*Lays hold of* Valere.

Ang. Ha! A lucky Eſcape———— [*Runs off.*

Val. Away; ſtand off; or I ſhall make my Paſſage through you, Traytor, Dog—Oh I could tear my Fleſh—Cut off theſe Hands that laid the Jewel down, and ſtab my Heart for having once conſented———

[*Walks about raving.*

1ſt Gent. What can be the Cauſe of this Paſſion?

2d Gent. Ho, he has loſt his Money—Pr'ythee don't let that trouble thee, I'll lend thee more—Come let's throw for the Box.

Val. Throw for the Devil—No, henceforth a Gameſter is my Foe; nor ſhould the *Indies* bribe me even to touch a Die; nor, after this Moment, will I e'er ſet Foot in ſuch a Houſe again.

1ſt Gent. The Man is mad.

2d Gent. Pr'ythee let's go ſeek out better Company.

[*Exeunt.*

Val. Now I behold what a Monſter this darling Sin has made me, and loath myſelf for my long Race of Folly.

Now I repent, but oh it comes too late,
And 'tis but Juſtice now that ſhe ſhould hate:
He that flies Virtue ſtill to follow Vice,
'Tis fit, like me he loſe his Paradiſe.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE Valere's *Lodgings.*

Valere *ſolus.*

Val. WHAT ſhall I do? There's no going near *Angelica.* The Action I have done carries ſuch a Face that ſhe can ne'er forgive me.

Enter

Enter Hector.

Hect. Another 'ſcape, Sir, another 'ſcape. Your Father was juſt at the Gaming-Houſe Door upon the Hunt for you,—but Thanks to my Wit, I found a Way to ſend him packing. He's gone to *Angelica*'s with a Lawyer. Follow him, follow him, Sir,—If he gets there before you, the old Gentleman will believe me no more—for I told him you ſtaid for him there ——— Ha; he minds me not. Sir, Sir; don't you hear me?

Val. No: I'll neither hear, nor ſee, nor eat, nor drink, nor ever reſt again.

Hect. Ah, the Devil! I ſhall be as ſlender as a Hazel-Switch in a little Time then; for I ſuppoſe I muſt keep you Company in that thin Diet——Ah! what I dreaded is come to paſs—What then is all the Money loſt?

Val. Money! My Life, my Soul is loſt.

Hect. Hey day! What's the Matter now?

Val. The Picture.

Hect. The Picture, Sir——— [*With a frightful Look.*] Mercy on us; ſhake your Pockets, ſhake your Pockets, Sir. [*Runs to* Valere *and ſhakes his Coat Pockets.*

Val. Hold off: I tell thee I've loſt it at Play.

Hect. Why then you have play'd fair—Why what will you do now, Sir?

Val. Cut your Throat, Sirrah, and then my own.

[*Clapping hold of* Hector.

Hect. 'Twas none of my Fault, Sir. [*Half weeping.*

Val. O no! it was my own: For had I taken thy Counſel, this Curſe had been prevented.

Hect. Ay, Sir, but a Gameſter's Life was the moſt genteel of any———their Fob was a Fund, and their Hands Philoſophers Stones. Ay, Sir.

Val. No more—go fetch me a Book— [*Sits down.*

Hect. What Book, Sir?

Val. The firſt that comes to your Hand, no Matter which. [*Exit* Hector, *returns with a Book.*

Hect. Here's *Seneca*, Sir?

Val. Well, read—Was ever Man ſo unfortunate!

[*Walking about in a thinking Poſture.*

Hect. Who, I read *Seneca*, Sir?

Val.

Val. Why not?

Hect. I seldom read any Thing, Sir, but Almanacks.

Val. Oh read, read at a Venture ——— To lose upon Seven when the Chance was Four! Confusion! [*Stamps.*

Hect. [*Reads.*] —Be not taken with the glittering Dreams of Riches, their Possession brings Trouble: Tranquility is a certain Equality of Mind, which no Condition of Fortune can either exalt or depress. If his Fortune be good, he tempers it; if bad, he masters it.

Val. The Devil was in me, that I could not leave off when I was a Winner.

Hect. What is the End of Ambition and Avarice? We are but Stewards of what we falsely call our own. All those Things which we pursue with so much Hazard, for which we break Faith and Friendship, what are they but the mere Depositor of Fortune, and not ours, but already inclining towards a new Master.—Now will I be hang'd, if *Seneca* himself was not given to Gaming.—— Sir, don't you think this looks like a moral Reflection after a Loss.—In my Conscience, I'm half in the Mind that he play'd away a Mistress's Picture too——

Val. Ha! Name it not, for if thou dost, I'll shake thee into Atoms.— [*Shaking him.*

Hect. Ah, Sir, I've done, I've done,———But, Sir, this *Seneca* was a wonderous Man —Was he ever in *London*, Sir?

Val. No, he lived at *Rome*.———Not one in ten, Oh wretched Luck.

Hect. That's a long Way off—I thought indeed 'twas something made his Morals so little minded —— Come, Sir, Courage.

Val. Yes, I'll to the Camp, there, in the Service of my Country, expiate my Follies.

Hect. To the Camp, Sir, what do you mean? Odsbud, Sir, go to *Angelica*, this Minute, and marry her out of Hand, she does not know you have lost the Picture, and when once she's secure, if she asks for it, stop her Mouth with Kisses, Sir.

Val. Well, I will go, if but to take my Leave of her —For I much fear she'll read Guilt in my Face—

This I resolve, whatever Fate's in Store,
To touch the curst infectious Dice no more.

Hect.

Heft. Ay, ſtick you but there, and I warrant we proſper.

SCENE, *The Lady* Wealthy's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Wealthy, *Mrs.* Betty *to her.*

Betty. Madam, Mr. *Lovewell* to wait on your Ladyſhip.

L. *Weal.* How ſhall I ſee him! Shame and Confuſion riſes in my Face, yet it is not in my Temper to own myſelf in the wrong, if he upbraids me, this is his laſt Viſit, bring him up———

Enter Mr. Lovewell.

I ſuppoſe you come triumphant, but know, I give Account of my Actions to no Man. Am free, and will ſo remain.

Love. 'Tis my hard Fortune ſtill to be miſtaken, my Love's too blind to think you do amiſs—I have ſince been with *Valere*, ſworn to him the Letter was a Plot of mine, the Hand and Bill all counterfeit, to ſatisfy my jealous Scruple, if there were Affairs between ye, he believed it, and your Honour's free from all ill Tongues—And the Wretch doom'd to be hated ſtill,—Am come to take my everlaſting Leave.

L. *Weal.* This Generoſity ſhocks me—[*Aſide.*] Farewel, you have clear'd me to your Rival, but to yourſelf can ſay ſhe was ungrateful and deſpiſed me: Love without Eſteem is a ſore'd Plant and wants its Root, therefore my ill Conduct parts us, and thank your generous Carriage for this Confeſſion,—Great Spirits hardly yield themſelves to blame.

Lov. Nor are you; I have not watch'd ſo many Years your Temper, each Turn and Sally of your Mind, but I can judge it right, Honour is center'd in your Soul, nor would you wrong it in an eſſential Part. All your little Affectations are but the Effects your Glaſs produces, which tells ye, Beauty like yours, may take ten thouſand Liberties.

L. *Weal.* You have choſe a cunning Way to move my

Heart.

Heart, when I was arm'd with Accuſations to extenuate my Faults. And if I could perſuade myſelf to truſt a Man, I think it would be you.

Lov. Oh cheriſh that kind Opinion, and if ever you do repent it, proclaim me to the World a Villain.

L. *Weal.* This I reſolve in Favour of your noble Uſage, to baniſh from my Houſe that ſenſeleſs Train of Fop Admirers, which I always laugh at, and only kept to feed my Vanity.

Lov. On my Knees I thank you; but do not, do not daſh my Tranſports by Delay.——Your Year of Widowhood is juſt expir'd————reward my conſtant Love, and make me happy. A Huſband will fright the Fool Pretenders from approaching, and theſe fond Arms ſecure you ever mine.

L. *Weal.* Bleſs me, is the Man mad? Here would be a ſtrange Leap indeed, from Mortal Odds into Matrimony. No, no; a little longer Time muſt try you firſt.

Lov. If Time be now required, you may defer my Joys till Age has ſtrew'd my Head with hoary Hairs; for from my very Infancy I have ador'd you—'Tis but a Month ago when my auſpicious Stars inclin'd you to a Fit of Mercy.————I flew, got a Licence, came with eager Hopes, and you deny'd to ſee me. The ſame Authority will do now.————Nor will I leave you, till your Hand is mine.

Enter Betty.

L. *Weal. Betty*, come to my Aid; here's an audacious Man will marry me, in ſpite of my Teeth, this very Inſtant.

Betty. O Madam, the luckieſt Moment in the World. I have been juſt looking on *Erra Pater*, and there's the happieſt Conjunction————And the Chaplain ſauntering about the Gardens ready for Employment.

Lov. Nay, look not back, your Eyes conſent, and I'll have no Denial.

L. *Weal.* Well, this is the maddeſt Thing.

Lov. The happieſt Thing————Thus————

The wand'ring Fair are by long Courtſhips kind,
And conſtant Love does luckieſt Minutes find. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Angelica.

Ang. Lovewell and my Siſter; happy Pair!—— I am only curſt in a looſe Reprobate, whom no Chance, no Obligations can fix. I muſt reſolve to blot him from my Soul—but how hard 'tis to efface the firſt Impreſſion—— *Valere*, if I can part with thee, Mankind will be upon the Square. Thy Uncle may ſucceed; Old or Young: For I ſhall never look with loving Eyes again—Let me think—To loſe my Picture—O unpardonable Fault.

Enter Dorante *and Mrs.* Favourite *at a Diſtance.*

Fav. Now, Sir, is your Time; ſhe is horridly out of Humour. I know 'tis with *Valere*, for nothing elſe makes her ſo.

Dor. Madam, I hope you will pardon my Intruſion, when 'tis to warn you of approaching Danger. I can prove to you my Nephew has broke all his Oaths, and played with the veriеſt Rakes the Town affords, in a public Gaming-Houſe.

Ang. Malice, Malice all

Dor. As this is true or falſe, may I your Love enjoy.

Ang. Suppoſe it true, am I confin'd to make my Choice in your Family—or indeed to chooſe at all——Perhaps I'll never marry.——————

Dor. O ſay not ſo; let not ſo much Beauty loſe the End of its Creation—You ſhould bleſs the World with your Increaſe.

Ang. Methinks you are too much in the Wain to think of Increaſe—However, I am yet reſolv'd on nothing—and deſire to be freed from Importunity—'Tis well you

Enter Valere *and* Hector.

are come: Your Uncle has been uſing all his Rhetoric to ſupplant you.

Hect. The Day's our own: She's in a pure Humour. [*Aſide.*

Val. No clandeſtine Dealings, Uncle, I beſeech you: Give me fair Play and let the Lady chooſe——————

Ang. With what Aſſurance he approaches. [*Aſide.*

Dor. However her Choice may go, I know who deſerves

ſerves her moſt—I'm no Gameſter, Sir—Her peaceful Hours of Reſt ſhall ne'er be broke by me.

Heſt. That I dare ſwear. [*Aſide.*

Val. No Reflections, Sir, on former Follies. You in your Youth doubtleſs had your Share—though now you are paſt 'em, and only rail at what you can't enjoy—— But I in my full Strength and Vigour give 'em over, reſolving never to indulge the tempting Vice again.

Dor. This you have often ſwore, and as often broke your Vows.

Val. I have; but 'tis not in the Power of Fate to make me do't again; and what's paſt this Lady has forgiven.

Ang. To end your Diſputes, Mr. *Dorante*, I'll now own to you, that my Heart has been long ſince given to *Valere*——and this Morning I renew'd my Vows.

Val. O Tranſport! Now, Uncle, I hope you are ſatisfied.

Dor. No, Sir, I am not ſatisfied—nor can I believe what ſhe ſays real, without condemning her Judgment.

Ang. A ſtrange poſitive old Man this——*Valere*, pray clear his Underſtanding—Shew him the Preſent I made you to Day; then let him judge who I deſign my Heart for.

Val. Ha! What ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.*

Heſt. O, I'm thunder-ſtruck! [*Aſide.*

Val. O ſpare his Age, Madam, I forgive him. He is my Uncle, and I would not triumph——'Twou'd make him mad, ſhould I produce the Picture.

Ang. No, no, fear not; 'tis rather Charity: For ſince he refuſes to believe my Words, 'tis but Reaſon he ſhould have ocular Demonſtration.

Val. He that doubts what's utter'd by that Tongue, is unworthy of your farther Care——Therefore pardon me, Madam; a Thing ſo ſacred as your Image, never ſhall convince him.

Heſt. Well hinted, I'faith. [*Aſide.*

Ang. But when I deſire it, methinks you ſhould not refuſe. Obedience becomes a Lover.

Heſt. Loſt again. [*Aſide.*

Val. You ever ſhall command me——

[*Feeling firſt in one Pocket, then in t'other.*

Ha! Where did I put it?

Heſt.

Hect. Humph. [*Lifting up his Eyes.*

Ang. I'm amaz'd at his Impudence. [*Aside.*

Val. Bleſs me! ſure I did not leave it in the Bed.—Which Way ſhall I come off?—[*Aside.*]—*Hector.*

Hect. Sir——— [*Looking very ſimply.*

Val. Did you not ſee a Picture any where to Day?

Hect. A Picture, Sir——— [*In a Kind of Fright.*

Val. Ay, a Picture. What makes you look ſo, Sirrah? Ha! I ſuſpect your Rogueſhip has done ſomething with it.

Hect. O dear Sir——— [*Trembling.*

Val. Where is it? Speak, Raſcal, or I'll cut your Ears off. [*Furious.*

Hect. O Sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole Truth. [*Falls on his Knees.*

Ang. What means the Fellow? [*Aside.*

Val. What will you tell me, Sirrah?

Hect. Why, Sir, fearing that your Pocket might be pick'd, or your Lodgings robb'd, and you might loſe the Picture, and that I thought would break your Heart, knowing how much you did eſteem the Piece, I took it, Sir, to a famous Painter of my Acquaintance to have it copied, Sir, that's all.

Ang. A well invented Tale. [*Aside.*

Val. Fly, Sirrah, and fetch it. [*Slaps him on the Back.*

Hect. Yes, Sir. [*Going.*

Ang. Oh you may ſpare your Pains, Sir—the Picture is already here—[*Pulls it out.*] now, Sir, do you bluſh.

Val. I am amaz'd to think how ſhe came by it. [*Aside.*

Hect. Ruin'd paſt Redemption—Oh, oh, oh,——that ſuch a compleat Lye ſhould turn to no Account. [*Aside.*

Ang. Ungrateful Man.

Dor. How, how's this?

Ang. Is this the Price you ſet upon my Favours——the Sight of this would mind you of your Duty——if I remember, thoſe were your Words—But I preſume you meant it ſhould remind you of a laſt Stake—How have I been deceiv'd.————Is it poſſible thou couldſt be ſo baſe to expoſe my Picture at a common Board, amongſt a Crew of Revellers.

Val. Madam———

Ang. Be dumb, and make no impudent Excuſes.

Dor.

Dor. Dol, dol, dery dol, dery dol. [*Sings.*

Val. No, Madam, I ſhall not ſtudy to excuſe myſelf, only this, I am not guilty of all your Charge, for there was none in Preſence when I loſt it, but the Youth that won it. Who had not liv'd to have brought it you, had not an unlucky Chance prevented me.

Ang. Then to conceal your Treachery, you would have committed Murder,—excellent Moraliſt ——But, Sir, the Privacy of the Act you boaſt of—Does not in the leaſt extenuate your Crime; I told you whilſt you kept that Picture, my Heart was yours, but you grew weary of the Trifle, and reſtor'd it back, and now I have Liberty to give it to whom I pleaſe.

Dor. I hope you are ſatisfied now, Nephew, ha, ha ha.

Val. I am with every Thing this Lady is pleaſed to inflict, I know ſhe can uſe me no worſe than I deſerve.—I own the Foulneſs of my Guilt, and will not hope for Pardon.

Enter Sir Thomas Valere, *with a Lawyer.*

Hect. Nay, then we are friendleſs, indeed,—Sir, Sir, ſhall I ſee what *Seneca* ſays upon this Head? [*Aſide to* Valere.

Val. Away, and plague me not—Ha, my Father.—

Sir *Tho.* I'm bleſt, beyond Expreſſion bleſt.—Madam, I wiſh you Joy: My Son, I have brought Mr. *Demurr* the Lawyer,———I'll reſerve but Five Hundred a Year for myſelf———the Reſt is thine, Boy,———full Two Thouſand Pounds *per Annum.*

Ang. Sir *Thomas*, your Words carry a Meaning in 'em—which I am a Stranger to.

Sir *Tho.* Meaning, Madam,—I hope my Son and you underſtand one another's Meaning,———and I underſtand it too, Madam.———Come, Mr. *Demurr*, where are the Writings of my Eſtate?——He ſhall make thee a ſwinging Jointure, my Girl.———

Ang. You muſt pardon me, Sir *Thomas*,—my Mind's alter'd.———

Sir *Tho.* How! Did you not promiſe?

Ang. Suppoſe I did. When a Man breaks all his Oaths to me, I know no Reaſon I ſhould keep my Word with him.

Hect.

Hect. Ah *Hector*, *Hector*, what will become of thee? [*Aside.*

Sir *Tho.* Why I underſtood theſe Quarrels were made up———and as a Token of your being reconcil'd, you made him a Preſent of your Picture.———

Ang. True,—And that's the Thing that parts us.

Sir *Tho.* What do you mean?

Dor. He gam'd it away, Brother; now do you underſtand her?

Sir *Tho.* Malice and Marriage, Brother, ill becomes your Years.—She does not mean it ſo.

Ang. Indeed but I do.—

Sir *Tho.* Say you ſo, Madam,—then I'll do you Juſtice immediately. [*Draws.*] Sirrah, I'll ſave the Hangman a Labour.—I will you Baſtard.

Val. Do, kill me, Sir; you ſhall find I will not vent one Groan,—for my Soul has ta'en its Flight already,—My baſe Ingratitude has deeper ſtabb'd my Heart, than now your Sword can do——

Sir *Tho.* Say you ſo, Sirrah,—then I hope you'll live to want Nothing, for I'll take Care you ſhall have Nothing to ſupport your Extravagance.— Mr. *Demurr*, I deſire you to make my Will this Minute,—and put the ungracious Rogue down a Shilling.—Sirrah, I charge you never to come in Sight of me or my Habitation more; nor, do you hear, dare to own me for your Father.—Go, Troop, Sirrah, I ſhall hear of your going up *Holbourn-Hill* in a little Time.—

Hect. So, there's all my Wages loſt.— [*Aside.*

Ang. Ha! this Uſage ſhocks me. [*Aside.*

Val. Sir, I promiſe you to obey you to a Tittle,——and this undutiful Child ſhall ne'er offend you with his Preſence more.—You but enjoin, but I before had choſe, for *England* now would be the worſt of Fates.

Ang. My Heart beats as if the Strings were breaking. [*Aside.*

Val. Madam, there is but one Requeſt that I will make—then take my Leave for ever, and if you grant it not, I ſhall be ſo much more unhappy.——My being diſinherited weighs not a Hair, compar'd with what I've loſt in loſing you, whom my Soul prefers before all Wealth,

Wealth, Friends, or Family.——Then, where ſhould I aſk Pardon but where I moſt have injur'd?——Thus on my Knees, I beg you not to hate my Memory, nor ſuffer the Follies which I have now caſhier'd for ever from my Breaſt;—(but oh too late) to drive my Name as diſtant as my Body from you, ſometimes vouchſafe to think on loſt *Valere*.

Ang. There is Nothing ſo indifferent but we think of it ſometimes——

Sir *Tho.* Sirrah—begone I ſay. [*Puſhes him.*

Val. I have done.—Now Madam, eternally adieu.

Ang. Shall I ſee him ruin'd—no—that would be barbarous beyond Example.—*Valere*, come back, ſhould I forgive you all—Would my Generoſity oblige you to a ſober Life.—Can you upon Honour (for you ſhall ſwear no more) forſake that Vice that brought you to this low Ebb of Fortune?

Val. Ha! Oh let me fold thee in my repenting Arms—and whiſper to thy Soul, that I am intirely chang'd—[*Embraces her.*] Yes, my Love, I ſwear the Courſe of Life that I've run hitherto—is grown more hateful to me than Toads or Adders; and I would as ſoon keep thoſe Animals in my Boſom, whoſe Sting I know would kill me, as once indulge my former Follies.

Ang. Then I am happy.—Know I was the Youth that won the Picture, and you parted with it to myſelf.

Val. I ſhall die with Joy, that's certain— [*Aſide.*

Val. Then I did not break my Oath entirely, you were excepted, Madam.

Sir *Tho.* How lucky a Turn is this! Madam, your Example is too good not to be followed.—*Valere*, I forgive thee, and confirm my firſt Deſign:—Bleſs you both ——Now Brother, I hope you'll believe you can't get my Boy's Miſtreſs from him. Ha, ha, ha.

Don. Nor he ſhan't get a Penny of my Eſtate, Brother, remember that.——

Sir *Tho.* He wants it not.——Ha! Who have we here——my Lady *Wealthy* and her old Lover.

Enter Lovewell *and Lady* Wealthy.

Love. Wiſh me Joy, Friends, wiſh me Joy. Sir

Sir *Tho.* With all my Heart, for in my Conſcience thou deſerv'ſt her.———

Ang. I wiſh you Joy, Siſter; here let all Quarrels ceaſe. [*Salutes her.*

L. *Weal.* I over-heard your Reconciliation,——and I wiſh you the ſame.

Love. Oh my Friend! Sure never Man was bleſt like me. [*To* Valere.

Val. Yes, I can boaſt a Happineſs beyond thee,—I that merited her endleſs Scorn, am, by her ſweet forgiving Temper, rais'd to laſting Joy.———

Enter Marquis *of* Hazard.

Marq. I underſtand you are married, Madam; and come to wiſh you Joy.———I do it with a *bon cœur, le Diable m'en porte*———

L. *Weal.* O Monſieur *Marque*, I am infinitely oblig'd to you e'er ſince your Knight-Errantry with *Valere* in Defence of my Honour,

Marq. A Duce of that unlucky Story.——No Words on't now, Madam, I beſeech you.

Val. How's that?

Marq. By the Honour of *France* I ſhall be diſcover'd.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, Mrs. *Security* has brought a Pair of very fine Diamond Ear-rings to ſhew you, they were loſt in Pawn, ſhe ſays,——and therefore ſhe can afford them an extraordinary good Pennyworth.

L. *Weal.* Bring her in.———

Enter Mrs. Security.

Well, Mrs. *Security*, are they very fine ones.

Mrs. *Sec.* As fine a Pair as ever your Ladyſhip ſaw in all your Life, Madam.———[*Gives her the Ear-rings.*] Bleſs me,—What do I ſee, my Couſin *Robin Ship*? I'm glad to ſee thee with all my Heart. [*To the* Marquis.

L. *Weal.* Do you know what you ſay, Mrs. *Security*?——That is a *French* Nobleman.

Mrs. *Sec.* A Nobleman,———What do you think I don't know my Brother's Son?———

Marq. A Fox of ſuch Kindred—Now all will out—

Mrs. *Sec.* Why how long haſt thou been in *England*, *Robert?*——I heard thou wert Footman to the Prince of *Conti*.———Thy old Maſter, Sir *William*, aſks mightily how thou doſt.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha,

Val. How's this, the Marquis of *Hazard* a Footman? Ha, ha, ha.

Heſt. Brother, give me thy Hand———Hold, now I think on't keep your Diſtance, Friend,———for a *Valet de Chambre* is above a Footman.——— [*Struts.*

L. *Weal.* My Footman, Sir, will ſhew you into the Buttery; a Horn of ſmall Beer may quench your Thirſt of Honour. Ha, ha.

Val. This Morning he boaſted of his Royal Blood at my Lodgings,—but his Cowardiſe confirm'd me what he is.—

L. *Weal.* He told me he was at your Lodgings, and preſented you with a Tweague by the Noſe——

Val. How, Scoundrel, beneath my Sword, and therefore take this.——— [*Kicks him.*

Marq. Very fine, very fine Breeding, Gentlemen, truly.—Well this is my Maxim ſtill——

Who once by Policy a Title gains,
Merits above the Fool that's born to Means. [Exit.

Mrs. *Sec.* 'Tis dirtily done of you, Mr. *Valere*, ſo it is, to kick a Man for nothing;—His Father, though I ſay it, was as honeſt a Man as ever broke Bread, and I could find in my Heart to———

L. *Weal.* No more of your Noiſe, —— Wait without there.——— [*Exit Mrs.* Security.

Sir *Tho.* Come, come, enough of this Nonſenſe,—— Let's have a Dance.

A Country Dance.

Val. Now Virtue's pleaſing Proſpect's in my View,
With double Care I'll all her Paths purſue;
And proud to think I owe this Change to you. [*To* Ang.
Virtue that gives more ſolid Peace of Mind,
Than Men in all their vicious Pleaſures find;
Then each with me the Libertine reclaim,
And ſhun what ſinks his Fortune, and his Fame.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

Written by N. ROWE, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

IF humble Wives that drag the Marriage Chain
With curſed dogged Huſbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to ſtarve, as we by you,
They may, at leaſt, for Alimony *ſue.*
Know, we reſolve to make the Caſe our own,
Between the Plaintiff Stage, *and the* Defendant-Town.
When firſt you took us from our Father's *Houſe,*
And lowingly our Intereſt did eſpouſe;
You kept us fine, careſs'd and lodg'd us here,
And Honey-Moon *held out above* Three Year;
At length, for Pleaſures known do ſeldom laſt,
Frequent Enjoyments pall'd your ſprightly Taſte;
And though at firſt you did not quite neglect,
We found your Love was dwindled to Reſpect;
Sometimes, indeed, as in your Way it fell,
You ſtop'd, and call'd to ſee if we were well.
Now, quite eſtrang'd, this wretched Place you ſhun,
Like bad Wine, Buſineſs, Duels, or a Dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's *Race?*
Been often pregnant with your Wit's Embrace?
And born you many chopping Babes of Grace?
Some ugly Toads we had, and that's the Curſe,
They were ſo like you that they far'd the worſe;
For this to-night we are not much in Pain,
Look on't, and if you like it, Entertain;
If all the Midwife ſays of it be true,
There are ſome Features too like ſome of you;
For us, if you think fitting to forſake *it,*
We *mean to* run away, *and let the* Pariſh take it.

THE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. SANTLOW.

AS one condemn'd, and ready to become
For his Offences past, a Pendulum,
Does e'er be dies, bespeak the learned Throng.
Then, like the Swan, expires in a Song.
So I, though doubtful long which Knot to choose,
Whether the Hangman's, or the Marriage Noose)
Condemn'd good People, as you see, for Life,
To play that tedious, juggling Game, a Wife,
Have but one Word of good Advice to say,
Before the doleful Cart draws quite away.

You roaring Boys, who know the Midnight Cares
Of rattling Tatts, ye Sons of Hopes and Fears:
Who labour hard to bring your Ruin on,
And diligently toil to be undone;
Your'e Fortune's sporting Footballs at the best,
Few are his Joys, and small the Gamester's Rest:
Suppose then Fortune only rules the Dice,
And on the Square you play; yet, who that's wise,
Would to the Credit of a faithless Main,
Trust his good Dad's hard-gotten hoarded Gain?
But then such Vultures round a Table wait,
And how'ring watch the Bubble's sickly State;
The young fond Gambler covetous of more,
Like Æsop's Dog, loses his certain Store.
Then the Spunge squeez'd by all, grows dry,—And now
Compleatly wretched turns a Sharper too;
These Fools, for Want of Bubbles too, play fair,
And lose to one another on the Square;
So Whores the Wealth from numerous Culls they glean,
Still spend on Bullies, and grow poor again.

This

EPILOGUE.

This Itch for Play has likewiſe fatal been,
And more than Cupid, *drawn the Ladies in,*
A Thouſand Guineas for Baſſet *prevails,*
A Bait, when Caſh runs low, that ſeldom fails;
And when the Fair One can't the Debt defray
In Sterling Coin does Sterling Beauty pay.

In vain we labour to divert your Care,
Nor Song, nor Dance can bribe your Preſence here,
You fly this Place like an infectious Air.
To yonder happy Quarter of the Town,
You croud; and your own fav'rite Stage diſown;
We're like old Miſtreſſes, you love the Vice,
And hate us only 'cauſe we once did pleaſe.
Nor can we find how elſe 'tis we deſerve,
Like Tantalus, *'midſt Plenty thus to ſtarve.*

THE

BASSET-TABLE.

A

COMEDY.

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. PENKETHMAN.

IN all the Faces that to Plays reſort,
Whether of Country, City, Mob, or Court,
I've always found, that none ſuch Hopes inſpire,
As you—dear Brethren of the Upper Tire.
Prologues, may both preach and rail,
Yet all their Wiſdom nothing will avail;
Who writes up to you 'tis Ten to One will fail.
Your thundering Plaudit is that deals out Fame;
You make Plays [illegible] tho' of themſelves but Lame:
How often have we known your Noiſe commanding,
Impoſe on your inferior Maſters Underſtanding;
Therefore, dear Brethren, (ſince I am one of you)
Whether adorn'd in Grey, Green, Brown, or Blue,
This Day ſtand all by me, as I will fall by you.
And now to let———
The poor Pit ſee how Pinky's *Voice commands,*
Silence — Now rattle all your Sticks, and clap your grimy Hands.
I greet your Love—and let the vaineſt Author ſhew,
Half this Command on cleaner Hands below,
Nay, more to prove your Intereſt, let this Play live by you.
So may you ſhare good Claret with your Maſters,
Still free in your Amours from their Diſaſters;
Free from poor Houſe-keeping; where Peck is under Locks,
Free from cold Kitchens, and no Chriſtmas-Box:
So may no long Debates i' th' Houſe of Commons,
Make you in the Lobby ſtarve, when Hunger ſummons;
But may your plenteous Vails come flowing in,
Give you a lucky Hit, and make you Gentlemen;
And thus preferr'd, ne'er fear the World's Reproaches,
But ſhake your Elbows with my Lord, and keep your Coaches.

THE

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. ESTCOURT.

THIS goodly Fabrick, to a gazing Tar,
Seems Fore and Aft, a Three Deckt Man of War:
Abaft, the Hold's the Pit, from thence look up;
Aloft! that's Swabber's Neſt, that's the Main-Top.
Side Boxes mann'd with Beau, and mediſh Rake,
Are like the Fore-Caſtle and Quarter-Deck.
Theſe dark-diſguiſed, advent'rous black-wo'd few,
May paſs for Gunners, or a Fire-Ship's Crew.
Some come like Privateers a Prize to ſeize,
And catch the French *within the Narrow Seas.*
The Orange Ladies, Virgins of Renown,
Are Powder-Monkies running up and down.
We've here our Calms, our Storms, and proſp'rous Gales,
And ſhift our Scenes as Seamen ſhift their Sails.
The Ship's well mann'd, and not ill woman'd neither,
So ballaſted and ſtow'd, my Lads, ſhe'll bear the Weather.
But greater Dangers vent'ring Players alarm;
This Night's Engagement's worſe than any Storm.
The Poet's Captain, but half dead with Fright,
She leaves her Officers to maintain the Fight;
Yond middle Teer with Eighteen Pounders maul us,
That Upper-Deck with Great and Small Shot gaul us.
But from this Lower-Teer moſt Harm befals,
There's no oppoſing their prevailing Balls.
At either Foe or Friend their Chain-Shot flies,
We ſink or ſwim, we conquer, fall or riſe.
To fit and rig our Ships much Pains we take;
Grant we may now a Saving-Voyage make.
Here we're embark'd, and as you ſmile or frown,
You are our Stars, by you we live or drown.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Lord Worthy, *in Love with Lady* Reveller, *a Hater of Gaming,*	*Mr.* Mills.
Sir James Courtly, *an airy Gentleman, given to Gaming,*	*Mr.* Wilks.
Lovely, *an Engliſh, in Love with* Valeria,	*Mr.* Bickerſtaff.
[illegible] Plainman, *formerly a Citizen, but now lives in* Covent-Garden, *a great Lover of a Soldier, and an inveterate Enemy to the French,*	*Mr.* Bullock.
Captain Hearty, *a Sea Officer, deſign'd by Sir* Richard, *to marry* Valeria,	*Mr.* Eſtcourt.
Sago, *a Druggiſt in the City, very fond of his Wife,*	*Mr.* Johnſon.
Buckle, *footman to Lord* Worthy,	*Mr.* Penkethman.

WOMEN.

Lady Reveller, *a Coquetiſh Widow, that keeps a* Baſſet-Table,	*Mrs.* Oldfield.
Lady Lucy, *her Couſin, a religious ſober Lady,*	*Mrs.* Rogers.
Valeria, *a philoſophical Girl, Daughter to Sir* Richard, *in Love with* Lovely,	*Mrs.* Montford.
Mrs. Sago, *the Druggiſter's Wife, a gaming profuſe Woman, great with my Lady* Reveller, *in Love with Sir* James,	*Mrs.* Croſs.
Alpiew, *Woman to Lady* Reveller,	*Mrs.* L[illegible]s,

Ladies, and Gentlemen, for the Baſſet-Table.

Chairmen, Footmen, &c.

SCENE, *Lady* Reveller's *Lodgings, in* Covent-Garden; *the Time, Four o'Clock in the Morning.*

THE

THE BASSET-TABLE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A large Hall, a Porter with a Staff, several Chairs waiting, and Footmen asleep, with Torches and Flambeaux standing about the Room.*

Footman.

CERTAINLY they'll play all Night, this is a curſed Life.

Port. How long have you liv'd with your Lady?

Footm. A Month; too long by thirty Days, if this be her Way of Living, I ſhall be dead before the Year's out; ſhe games all Night, and ſleeps all Day.

Port. Then you ſleep too, what's the Matter?

Footm. I deny that; for while ſhe ſleeps I'm employ'd in Howd'ye's, from one End of the Town to the other; *Port.* but you rod while ſhe's gaming; What would you do if you led my Life? This is my Lady's conſtant Practice.

Footm. Your Lady keeps a *Baſſet-Table*, much good may do you with your Service——Hark, they are broke up. [*Within.*] Ha, by, my Lady *Gamewell*'s Chair ready there—Mr. *Senica*'s Servant. [*The Footmen wake in a Hurry.*

1ſt Footm. Where the Devil is my Flambeaux?

2d Footm. So-hey——*Robin*, get the Chair ready, my Lady's coming; ſtay, ſtay, let me light my Flambeaux.

3d Footm. [*Yawning*] Hey, hoa, what han't they done play yet?

Port. They are now coming down, but your Lady is gone half an Hour ago.

3d Footm. The Devil ſhe is! Why did not you call me?

Port. I did not ſee you.

3d Footm. Was you blind—She has loſt her Money, that's certain——She never ſtinches upon a winning [illegible]——Her Plate and Jewels walk To-morrow to [illegible]ſmith her Pocket—a Pox of Gaming, I ſay. [*Exit.*

[*Knocks.*] Mr. *Looſeall*'s Man——

4th Footm. Here—So-ho, who has ſtole my Flambeaux?

[*Within.*] My Lady *Umbray*'s Coach there——

5th Footm. Hey! *Will*, pull up there.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Lady Reveller *and* Alpiew, *her Woman.*

Lady. My Lady *Raffle* is horridly out of Humour at her ill Fortune, ſhe loſt 300 *l.*

Alp. She has generally ill Luck, yet her Inclination for Play is as ſtrong as ever.——Did your Ladyſhip win or loſe, Madam?

Lady. I won about 50 Pieces—Pr'ythee, what ſhall we do, *Alpiew?* 'Tis a fine Morning, 'tis pity to go to Bed.

Alp. What does your Ladyſhip think of a Walk in the Park?—The Park is pleaſant in a Morning, the Air is ſo very ſweet.

Lady. I don't think ſo; the Sweetneſs of the Park is at Eleven, when the Beau-Monde make their Tour there; 'tis an unpoliſh'd Curioſity to walk when only Birds can ſee one.

Alp. Bleſs me, Madam! Your Uncle—Now for a Sermon of two Hours.

Enter Sir Richard Plainman, *in a Night-Gown, as from Bed.*

Sir *Rich.* So, Niece! I find you're reſolv'd to keep on your Courſe of Life; I muſt be wak'd at four, with Coach

Coach, Coach, Chair, Chair; give over, for Shame, and marry, marry, Niece.

Lady. Now would I forfeit the Heart of my next Admirer, to know the Cauſe of this Reproach. [*Aſide.* Pray, Uncle, explain yourſelf; for I proteſt I can't gueſs what Crime I have unhappily committed to merit this Advice.

Sir *Rich.* How can you look me in the Face, and aſk me that Queſtion? Can you that keep a *Baſſet-Table*, a public Gaming-Houſe, be inſenſible of the Shame on't? I have often told you how much the vaſt Concourſe of People, which Day and Night make my Houſe their Rendezvous, incommode my Health; your Apartment is a Parade for Men of all Ranks, from the Duke to the Fidler; and your Vanity thinks they all pay Devoir to your Beauty—but you miſtake; every one has his ſeveral Ends in meeting here, from the Lord to the Sharper, and each their ſeparate Intereſts to purſue—Some Fools there may be, for there's ſeldom a Crowd without.

Lady. Malice—ſome Fools? I can't bear it.

Alp. Nay, 'tis very affronting, truly, Madam.

Lady. Ay, is it not, *Alpiew?*—Yet, now I think on't, 'tis the Defect of Age to rail at the Pleaſures of Youth, therefore I ſhall not diſorder my Face with a Frown about it. Ha, ha, I hope, Uncle, you'll take peculiar Care of my Couſin *Valeria*, in diſpoſing of her according to the Breeding you have given her.

Sir *Rich.* The Breeding I have given her! I would not have her have your Breeding, Miſtreſs, for all the Wealth of *England*'s Bank; no, I bred my Girl in the Country, a Stranger to the Vices of this Town, and am reſolv'd to marry her to a Man of Honour, Probity, and Courage.

Lady. What, the Sea Captain, Uncle? Faugh, I hate the Smell of Pitch and Tar; one that can entertain one with nothing but Fire and Smoke, Larboard and Starboard, and t'other Bowl of Punch; ha, ha, ha.

Alp. And for every Fault that ſhe commits, he'll condemn her to the Bilboes; ha, ha.

Lady. I fancy my Couſin's Philoſophy, and the Captain's courageous Bluſter, will make Angelic Harmony.

Sir *Rich.* Yes, Madam; ſweeter Harmony than your

Sipt

Sept & Leva Fops, Rakes, and Gameſters; give me the Man that ſerves my Country, that preſerves both my Eſtate and Life—Oh, the glorious Name of Soldier; if I were young, I'd go myſelf in Perſon, but as it is——

Alp. You'll ſend your Daughter———

Sir *Rich.* Yes, Minx, and a good Dowry with her, as a Reward for Virtue, like the Captain's.

Alp. But ſuppoſe, Sir, Mrs. *Valeria* ſhould not like him?

Sir *Rich.* I'll ſuppoſe no ſuch Thing, Miſtreſs, ſhe ſhall like him.

Lady. Why, there 'tis now; indeed, Uncle, you're too poſitive.

Sir *Rich.* And you too impertinent: Therefore I reſolve you ſhall quit my Houſe; you ſhan't keep your Revels under the Roof where I am.

Alp. I'd have you to know, Sir, my Lady keeps no Revels beneath her Quality.

Sir *Rich.* Hold your Tongue Mrs. *Pert*, or I ſhall diſplay your Quality in its proper Colours.

Alp. I don't care, ſay your worſt of me, and ſpare not; but for my Lady——my Lady's a Widow, and Widows are accountable to none for their Actions——Well, I ſhall have a Huſband one of theſe Days, and be a Widow too, I hope.

Sir *Rich.* Not unlikely, for the Man will hang himſelf the next Day, I warrant him.

Alp. And if any Uncle pretends to controul my Actions———

Sir *Rich.* He'd loſe his Labour, I'm certain———

Alp. I'd treat him———

Sir *Rich.* Don't provoke me, Huſſy, don't.

Lady. Be gone, and wait in the next Room.

[*Exit* Alpiew.

Sir *Rich.* The Inſolence of a Servant is a great Honour to the Lady, no doubt; but I ſhall find a Way to humble you both.

Lady. Lookye, Uncle, do what you can, I'm reſolv'd to follow my own Inclinations.

Sir *Rich.* Which infallibly carry you to Noiſe, Nonſenſe, Foppery and Ruin; but no matter, you ſhall go

out

out of my Doors, I'll promiſe you; my Houſe ſhall no longer bear the ſcandalous Name of a *Baſſet-Table*: Huſbands ſhall no more have Cauſe to date their Ruin from my Door, nor cry, There, there my Wife gam'd my Eſtate away—Nor Children curſe my Poſterity, for their Parents knowing my Houſe.

Lady. No more Threatning, good Uncle; act as you pleaſe, but don't ſcold, or I ſhall be oblig'd to call *Alpiew* again.

Sir *Rich.* Very well, very well, ſee what will come on't; the World will cenſure thoſe that game, and in my Conſcience, I believe not without Cauſe.

For ſhe whoſe Shame no good Advice can wake,
When Money's wanting will her Virtue ſhake.

[Exit.

Lady. Advice! Ha, ha, ridiculous Advice.

Enter Lady Lucy.

No ſooner rid of one Miſchief but another follows— [*Aſide.*] I foreſee this to be a Day of Mortification, *Alpiew.*

Enter Alpiew.

Alp. Madam.

Lady My Uncle's gone, you may come in, ha, ha, ha.

L. *Lucy.* Fye, Couſin, does it become you to laugh at thoſe that give you Counſel for your Good?

Lady. For my Good! Oh, *mon cœur!* Now cannot I divine what 'tis that I do more than the reſt of the World to deſerve this Blame.

Alp. Nor I, for the Soul of me.

L. *Lucy.* Shou'd all the reſt of the World follow your Ladyſhip's Example, the Order of Nature would be inverted, and every Good deſign'd by Heaven, become a Curſe; Health and Plenty no longer would be known among us———You croſs the Purpoſe of the Day and Night; you wake when you ſhould ſleep, and make all who have any Dependance on you wake, while you repoſe.

Lady. Bleſs me! may not any Perſon ſleep when they pleaſe?

L.

L. *Lucy*. No; there are certain Hours that good Manners, Modesty, and Health, require your Care; for Example; disorderly Hours are neither healthful nor modest——And 'tis not civil to make Company wait Dinner for your Dressing.

Lady. Why does any Body dine before Four o'Clock in *London*? For my Part, I think it an ill-bred Custom to make my Appetite Pendulum to the Twelfth Hour.

Alp. Besides, 'tis out of Fashion to dine by Day-light; and so I told Sir *Richard* Yesterday, Madam.

L. *Lucy*. No doubt but you did, Mrs. *Alpiew*; and then yet entertain such a Train of People, Cousin, that my Lady *Reveller* is as noted as a public Ordinary, where every Fool with Money finds a Welcome.

Lady. Would you have me shut my Doors against my Friends?—Now she is jealous of Sir *James Courtly* [*Aside*.] Besides, is it possible to pass the Evenings without Diversions?

Alp. No, certainly———

L. *Lucy*. I think the Playhouse the much more innocent and commendable Diversion.

Lady. To be seen there every Night, in my Opinion, is more destructive to the Reputation.

L. *Lucy*. Well; I had rather be noted every Night in the Front Box, than, by my Absence, once be suspected of Gaming; one ruins my Estate and Character, the other diverts my Temper, and improves my Mind. Then you have such a Number of Lovers.

Lady. Oh, *Cap!!* is it a Crime to have a Number of Lovers? If it be, 'tis the pleasantest Crime in the World. A Crime that falls not every Day to every Woman's Lot.

L. *Lucy*. I dare be positive every Woman does not wish it.

Lady. Because Wishes have no Effect, Cousin, ha, ha.

L. *Lucy*. Methinks my Lord *Worthy*'s Affinity might have banish'd the admiring Crowd by this Time.

Lady. Banish'd 'em! Oh, *mon cher!* what Pleasure is there in one Lover? 'tis like being seen always in one Suit of Cloaths; a Woman, with one Admirer, will never be a reigning Toast.

L. *Lucy*. I am sure those that encourage more, will never have the Character of a reigning Virtue.

Lady.

Lady. I ſlight the malicious Cenſure of the Town, yet defy it to aſperſe my Virtue; Nature has given me a Face, a Shape, a Mein, an Air for Dreſs, and Wit and Humour to ſubdue: And ſhall I loſe my Conqueſt for a Name?

Alp. Nay, and among the unfaſhionable Sort of People too, Madam; for Perſons of Breeding and Quality will allow, that Gallantry and Virtue are not inſeparable.

L. *Lucy.* But Coquetry and Reputation are; and there is no Difference in the Eye of the World, between having really committed the Fault, and lying under the Scandal; for my own Part, I would take as much Care to preſerve my Fame, as you would your Virtue.

Lady. A little Pains will ſerve you for that, Couſin; for I never once heard you nam'd———A Mortification would break my Heart, ha, ha.

L. *Lucy.* 'Tis better never to be nam'd, than to be ill ſpoken of; but your Reflections ſhall not diſorder my Temper. I could wiſh, indeed, to convince you of your Error, becauſe you ſhare my Blood; but ſince I ſee the Vanity of the Attempt, I ſhall deſiſt.

Lady. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.

Alp. Oh! Madam, here's my Lord *Worthy*, Sir *James Courtly*, and Enſign *Lovely* coming down; will your Ladyſhip ſee them?

Lady. Now have I a ſtrong Inclination to engage Sir *James*, to diſcompoſe her Gravity; for if I have any Skill in Glances, ſhe loves him. But then my Lord *Worthy* is ſo peeviſh ſince our late Quarrel, that I'm afraid to engage the Knight in a Duel; beſides, my Abſence, I know, will teize him more; therefore upon Conſideration I'll retire. Couſin *Lucy*, good Morrow. I'll leave you to better Company, there's a Perſon at hand may prevent your Six o'Clock Prayers. [*Exit.*

L. *Lucy.* Ha! Sir *James Courtly*—I muſt own I think him agreeable; but am ſorry ſhe believes I do. I'll not be ſeen, for if what I ſcarce know myſelf, be grown ſo viſible to her, perhaps he too may diſcover it, and then I am loſt.

While in the Breaſt our Secrets cloſe remain,
'Tis out of Fortune's Power to give us Pain. [Exit.

Enter

Enter Lord Worthy, Sir *James, and Enſign* Lovely.

Sir *Jam.* Ha! was not that Lady *Lucy?*

Enſign. It was—Ah, Sir *James*, I find your Heart is out of Order about that Lady, and my Lord *Worthy* languiſhes for Lady *Reveller.*

Sir *Jam.* And thou art ſick for *Valeria*, Sir *Richard*'s Daughter. A poor diſtreſſed Company of us.

Enſign. 'Tis true, that little She Philoſopher has made me do Penance more heartily than ever my Sins did; I believe her by mere Dint of Patience. I have ſtood whole Hours to hear her aſſert, that Fire cannot burn, nor Water drown, nor Pain afflict, and Forty ridiculous Syſtems——

Sir *Jam.* And all her Experiments on Frogs, Fiſh, and Flies, ha, ha, without the leaſt Contradiction.

Enſign. Contradiction, no, no, I allow'd all ſhe ſaid, with undoubtedly, Madam,—— I am of your Mind, Madam, it muſt be ſo———natural Cauſes, *&c.*

Sir *Jam.* Ha, ha, ha, I think it is a ſupernatural Cauſe, which enables thee to go thro' this Fatigue; if it were not to raiſe thy Fortune, I ſhould think thee mad to purſue her; but go on and proſper, nothing in my Power ſhall be wanting to aſſiſt you——My Lord *Worthy*, your Lordſhip is as melancholy as a loſing Gamester.

Lord. Faith, Gentlemen, I'm out of Humour, but I don't know at what.

Sir *Jam.* Why then I can tell you; for the very ſame Reaſon that made your Lordſhip ſtay here to be Spectator of the very Diverſion you hate, (Gaming) the ſame Cauſe makes you uneaſy in all Company, no Lady *Reveller.*

Lord. Thou haſt hit it, Sir *James*, I confeſs I love her Perſon, but hate her Humours, and her Way of Living; I have ſome Reaſons to believe I'm not indifferent to her, yet I deſpair of fixing her, her Vanity has got ſo much the Miſtreſs of her Reſolution; and yet her Paſſion for Gain ſurmounts her Pride, and lays her Reputation open to the World. Every Fool that has ready Money ſhall dare to boaſt himſelf her very humble Servant; S'death, when I could cut the Raſcal's Throat.

Sir *Jam.* Your Lordſhip is even with her one Way; for

for you are as teſty as ſhe's vain, and as fond of an Opportunity to quarrel with her, as ſhe of a gaming Acquaintance; my Opinion is, my Lord, ſhe'll ne'er be won your Way.

To gain all Women there's a certain Rule:
If Wit ſhould fail to pleaſe, then act the Fool;
And where you find Simplicity not take,
Throw off Diſguiſes, and profeſs the Rake;
Obſerve which Way their ſtrongeſt Humours run,
They're by their own low'd Cant the ſureſt Way undone.

Lord. Thou'rt of a happy Temper, Sir *James*, I wiſh I could be ſo too; but ſince I can't add to your Diverſion, I'll take my Leave; good Morrow, Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Sir *Jam.* This it is to have more Love than Reaſon about one; you and I, *Lovely*, will go on with Diſcretion, and yet I fear it's in Lady *Lucy*'s Power to baniſh it.

Enſign. I find Mrs *Sago*, the Drugſter's Wife's Intereſt, begins to ſhake, Sir *James*.

Sir *Jam.* And I fear her Love for Play begins to ſhake her Huſband's Bags too. Faith, I am weary of that Intrigue, leſt I ſhould be ſuſpected to have a Hand in his Ruin.

Enſign. She did not loſe much to Night, I believe. Pr'ythee, Sir *James*, what kind of a temper'd Woman is ſhe? Has ſhe Wit?

Sir *Jam.* That ſhe has—A large Portion, and as much Cunning, or ſhe could never have manag'd the old Fellow ſo nicely; ſhe has a vaſt Paſſion for my Lady *Revellor*, and ente'rs yours to mimick her in every Thing. Not a Suit of Clothes, or a Top knot, that is not exactly the ſame with her's. Then her Plots and Contrivances to ſupply theſe Expences, put her continually upon the Rack; yet to give her her Due, ſhe has a fertile Brain that Way; but come, ſhall we go Home and ſleep two or three Hours; at Dinner I'll introduce you to Captain *Hearty*, the Sea Officer, your Rival that is to be, he's juſt come to Town.

Enſign. A powerful Rival, I fear, for Sir *Richard* reſolves to marry him to his Daughter; all my Hopes lie in

in her Arguments, and you know Philoſophers are very poſitive. And if this Captain does but happen to contradict one whimſical Notion, the Poles will as ſoon join, as they couple, and rather than yield, ſhe would go to the *Indies* in ſearch of *Dampier*'s Ants.

Sir *Jam.* Nay, ſhe is no Woman if ſhe obeys.

Women, like Tides, with Paſſions ebb and flow,
And like them too, their Source no Man can know.
To watch their Motions, is the ſafeſt Guide;
Who bins to their Humour, ſails with Wind and Tide. [Exit.

ACT II.

Enter Buckle, *meeting Mrs.* Alpiew.

Alp. GOOD-Morrow.

Buck. Good-Morrow.

Alp. Good-Morrow, good-Morrow, is that all your Buſineſs here? What means that affected Look, as if you long'd to be examin'd what's the Matter?

Buck. The Capricio's of Love, *Mademoiſelle*; the Capricio's of Love.

Alp. Why! are you in Love?

Buck. I—in Love! No! the Devil take me, if ever I ſhall be infected with that Madneſs! 'tis enough for one in a Family to fall under the whimſical Circumſtances of that Diſtemper. My Lord has a ſufficient Portion for both; here—here—here's a Letter for your Lady; I believe the Contents are not ſo full of Stars, and Darts, and Flames, as they us'd to be.

Alp. My Lady will not concern herſelf with your Lord, nor his Letters neither, I can aſſure you that.

Buck. So much the better; I'll tell him what you ſay ——Have you no more?

Alp. Tell him it is not my Fault; I have done as much for his Service as lay in my Power, till I put her in ſo great a Paſſion, that 'tis impoſſible to appeaſe her.

Buck. Very good—my Lord is upon the Square, I promiſe ye, as much inraged as her Ladyſhip to the full. Well,

Well, Mrs. *Alpiew*, to the longeſt Day of his Life, he ſwears never to forget Yeſterday's Adventure, that has given him perfect, perfect Liberty.

Alp. I believe ſo——What was it, pray?

Buck. I'll tell you; 'twas Matter of Conſequence, I aſſure you, I've known Lovers part for a leſs Trifle by half.

Alp. No Digreſſions, but to the Point, what was it?

Buck. This———my Lord, was at the Fair with your Lady.

Alp. What of that?

Buck. In a Raffling Shop ſhe ſaw a young Gentleman, which ſhe ſaid was very handſome—At the ſame Time, my Lord praiſed a young Lady; ſhe redoubles her Commendations of the Beau——He enlarges on the Beauty of the Belle; their Diſcourſe grew warm on the Subject; they pauſe; ſhe begins again with the Perfections of the Gentleman; he ends with the fame of the Lady: Thus they purſued their Arguments, ſtill finding ſuch mighty Charms in their new Favourites, till they found one another ſo ugly—ſo ugly—that they parted with full Reſolution never to meet again.

Alp. Ha, ha, ha, pleaſant; well, if you have no more to tell me, adieu.

Buck. Stay a Moment, I ſee my Lord coming, I thought he'd follow me. Oh! Lovers Reſolutions.

Enter Lord Worthy.

Lord. So, have you ſeen my Lady *Reveller?* [*To* Buck.

Alp. My Lord———

Lord. Ha! Mrs. *Alpiew.* [*Gives him his own Letter.*

Buck. Here's your Lordſhip's Letter.

Lord. An Anſwer! She has done me very much Honour.

Alp. My Lord, I am commanded——

Lord. Hold a little, dear Mrs. *Alpiew.* [*All this while he is opening the Letter, thinking it from the Lady.*]

Buck. My Lord, ſhe would not———

Lord. Be quiet, I ſay———

Alp. I am very ſorry———

Lord. But a Moment——Ha! Why this is my own Letter.

Buck.

Buck. Yes, my Lord.

Lord. Yes, my Lord—— What, ſhe'd not receive it then?

Buck. No, my Lord.

Lord. How durſt you ſtay ſo long.

Alp. I beg your Lordſhip not to harbour an ill Opinion of me; I oppoſed her Anger with my utmoſt Skill, prais'd all your Actions, all your Parts, but all in vain.

Lord. Enough, enough, Madam; ſhe has taken the beſt Method in the World—Well, then we are ne'er to meet again.

Alp. I know not that, my Lord——

Lord. I rejoice at it, by my Life I do; ſhe has only prevented me; I came on purpoſe to break with her——

Buck. [*Aſide.*] Yes, ſo 'twas a Sign, by the Pleaſure you diſcover'd in thinking ſhe had writ to you.

Lord. I ſuppoſe ſhe has entertain'd you with the Cauſe of this.

Alp. No, my Lord, never mention'd a Syllable, only ſaid, ſhe had forever done with you; and charg'd me, as I valu'd her Favour, to receive no Meſſage nor Letter from you.

Lord. May I become the very'ſt Wretch alive, and all the Ills imaginable fall upon my Head, if I ſpeak to her more; nay, ever think of her but with Scorn—Where is ſhe now? [*Walks about.*

Alp. In her Dreſſing-Room.

Lord. There let her be; I am weary of her fantaſtic Humours, affected Airs, and unaccountable Paſſions.

Buck. For half an Hour. [*Aſide.*

Lord. Do you know what ſhe's doing?

Alp. I believe, my Lord, trying on a Mantua; I left her with Mrs. *Pleatwell*, and that us'd to hold her a great while, for the Woman is ſaucily familiar with all the Quality, and tells her all the Scandal.

Lord. And conveys Letters upon Occaſion; 'tis tack'd to their Profeſſion—But, my Lady *Reveller* may do what ſhe pleaſes, I am no more her Slave, upon my Word; I have broke my Chain—She has not been out then ſince ſhe roſe.

Alp. No, my Lord.

Lord

Lord. Nay, if ſhe has, or has not, 'tis the ſame Thing to me; ſhe may go to the End of the World, if ſhe will, I ſhan't take any Pains to follow her———Whoſe Footman was that I met?

Alp. I know not, my Lord, we have ſo many come with How-d'ye's, I ne'er mind them.

Lord. You are uneaſy, Child; come, I'll not detain you, I have no Curioſity, I proteſt I'm ſatisfied if ſhe's ſo; I aſſure ye, let her deſpiſe me, let her hate me, 'tis all one; adieu. [*Going.*

Alp. My Lord, your Servant.

Lord. Mrs. *Alpiew*, let me beg one Favour of you, [*turns back*] not to ſay I was here.

Alp. I'll do juſt as you pleaſe, my Lord.

Lord. Do that then, and you'll oblige me. [*Is going, and comes back often.*

Alp. I will.

Lord. Don't forget.

Alp. Your Lordſhip may depend upon me.

Lord. Hold! now I think on't—Pray tell her you did ſee me, do you hear?

Alp. With all my Heart.

Lord. Tell her how indifferent ſhe is to me in every reſpect.

Alp. I ſhan't fail.

Lord. Tell her every Thing juſt as I expreſt it to you.

Alp. I will.

Lord. Adieu. [*Going.*

Alp Your Servant.

Lord. Now I think on't, Mrs. *Alpiew*, I have a great Mind ſhe ſhould know my Sentiments from my own Mouth.

Alp. Nay, my Lord, I can't promiſe you that.

Lord. Why?

Alp. Becauſe ſhe has expreſly forbid your Admittance.

Lord. I'd ſpeak but one Word with her.

Alp. Impoſſible.

Lord. Pugh, pr'ythee let me ſee her. [*Intreating.*

Buck. So, now all this mighty Rage ends in a begging Submiſſion.

Lord. Only tell her I'm here.

Alp.

Alp. Why ſhould you deſire me to meet her Anger, my Lord.

Lord. Come, you ſhall oblige me once.

[*Puts a Ring upon her Finger.*

Alp. O dear, my Lord, you have ſuch a Command over your Servant, I can refuſe nothing. [*Exit.*

Lord. Have you been at the Goldſmith's about the Bill, for I am fix'd on Travelling.

Buck. Your Lordſhip's ſo diſturb'd, you have forgot you countermanded me, and ſent me hither.

Lord. True.

Enter Mrs. Alpiew.

Alp. Juſt as I told your Lordſhip, ſhe fell in a moſt violent Paſſion at the bare mention of your Name: Tell him, ſaid ſhe, in an heroic Strain, I'll never ſee him more and commanded him to quit that Room, for I'm coming thither.

Lord. Tyrant, curſe on my Folly, ſhe knows her Power; well, I hope I may walk in the Gallery; I would ſpeak with her Uncle.

Alp. To be ſure, my Lord. [*Exit Lord* Worthy.

Buck. Learn, Miſtreſs, learn, you may come to make me mad in Time, ha, ha, ha.

Alp. Go, Fool, follow your Lord. [*Exit* Buck.

Enter Lady Reveller.

Lady. Well, I'll ſwear, *Alpiew*, you have given me the Vapours for all Day.

Alp. Ah! Madam, if you had ſeen him, you muſt have had Compaſſion; I would not have ſuch a Heart of Adamant for the World; poor Lord, ſure you have the ſtrangeſt Power over him.

Lady. Silly—one often fancies one has Power, when one has none at all; I'll tell thee, *Alpiew*, he vex'd me ſtrangely before this grand Quarrel; I was at *Piquet* with my Lady *Lurewit* four Nights ago, and bid him read me a new Copy of Verſes, becauſe, you know, he never plays, and I did not well know what to do with him; he had ſcarce begun, when I, being eager at a Pique, he roſe up and ſaid, he believ'd I lov'd the Muſic of my own Voice,

Voice, (crying Nine and Twenty, Threescore) better than the sweetest Poetry in the Universe, and abruptly left us.

Alp. A great Crime, indeed, not to read; when People are at a Game they are oblig'd to talk all the while.

Lady. Crime; yes, indeed was it, for my Lady loves Poetry better than Play, and perhaps before the Poem had been done, had lost her Money to me. But I wonder, *Alpiew*, by what Art 'tis you engage me in this Discourse, why should I talk of a Man that's utterly my Aversion———Have you heard from Mrs. *Sago* this Morning?

Alp. Certainly, Madam, she never fails; she has sent your Ladyship the finest Cargo, made up of Chocolate, Tea, *Montifiasco* Wine, and fifty Rarities beside, with something to remember me, good Creature, that she never forgets. Well, indeed, Madam, she is the best-natur'd Woman in the World; it grieves me to think what Sums she loses at play.

Lady. Oh, fye, she must; a Citizen's Wife is not to be endur'd amongst Quality; had she not Money, 'twere impossible to receive her———

Alp. Nay, indeed, I must say that of you Women of Quality, if there is but Money enough, you stand not upon Birth or Reputation, in either Sex; if you did, so many Sharpers of *Covent-Garden*, and Mistresses of St. *James's*, would not be daily admitted.

Lady. Peace, Impertinence, you take strange Freedoms. [*Enter* Valeria *running*. Why in such Haste, Cousin *Valeria?* [*Stopping her.*

Val. Oh! dear Cousin, don't stop me, I shall lose the finest Insect for Dissection, a huge Flesh Fly, which Mr. *Lovely* sent me just now, and opening the Box to try the Experiment, away it flew.

Lady. I am glad the poor Fly escap'd; will you never be weary of these Whimsies?

Val. Whimsies! natural Philosophy a Whimsy! Oh! the unlearned World.

Lady. Ridiculous Learning!

Alp. Ridiculous indeed, for Women; Philosophy suits our Sex, as Jack-Boots would do.

Val. Custom would bring them as much in Fashion as

Furbeloes, and Practice would make us as valiant as e'er a Hero of them all; the Reſolution is in the Mind —Nothing can enſlave that.

Lady. My Stars! this Girl will be mad, that's certain.

Val. Mad! ſo *Nero* baniſh'd Philoſophers from *Rome*, and the firſt Diſcoverer of the *Antipodes* was condemn'd for a Hereſie.

Lady. In my Conſcience, *Alpiew*, this pretty Creature's ſpoil'd. Well, Couſin, might I adviſe, you ſhould beſtow your Fortune in founding a College for the Study of Philoſophy, where none but Women ſhould be admitted; that to immortalize your Name, they ſhould be called *Valerians*, ha, ha, ha.

Val. What you make a Jeſt of, I'd execute, were Fortune in my Power.

Alp. All Men would not be excluded; the handſome Enſign, Madam.

Lady. In Love! Nay, there's no Philoſophy againſt Love; *Solon* for that.

Val. 'Pſhaw, no more of this trifling Subject; Couſin, will you believe there's any Thing without Gall.

Lady. I am ſatisfy'd I have one, when I loſe at play, or ſee a Lady addreſs'd when I am by; and 'tis equal to me, whether the reſt of the Creation have or not.

Val. Well, but I'll convince you then; I have diſſected my Dove——and poſitively I think the vulgar Notion true, for I could find none,

Lady. Oh, barbarous! kill'd your pretty Dove.

[*Starting.*

Val. Kill'd it! Why, what did you imagine I bred it up for? Cold Animals, Inſects, or Reptiles, be put to a nobler Uſe than to improve our Knowledge? Couſin, I'll give you this Jewel for your *Italian* Greyhound.

Lady. What to cut to Pieces? Oh, horrid! he had need be a Soldier that ventures on you; for my Part, I ſhould dream of nothing but Inciſion, Diſſection, and Amputation, and always fancy the Knife at my Throat.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's Sir *Richard*, and a——

Val. A——What, is it an Accident, a Subſtance, a Material Being, or a Being of Reaſon?

Serv.

Serv. I don't know what you call a Material Being, it is a Man.

Val. 'Pſhaw, a Man, that's nothing.

Lady. She'll prove by and by, out of *Deſcartes* that we are all Machines.

Enter Sir Richard, *and Capt.* Firebrand.

Alp. Oh, Madam, do you ſee who obſerves you? My Lord walking in the Gallery, and every Minute gives a Peep.

Lady. Does he ſo! I'll fit him for Eves-dropping—

Sir *Rich.* Sir, I like the Relation you have given me of your Naval Expedition; your Diſcourſe ſpeaks you a Man fit for the Sea

Capt. You had it without a Fleuriſh, Sir *Richard*; my Word is this, I hate the *French*, love a handſome Woman, and a Bowl of Punch.

Val. Very blunt.

Sir *Rich.* This is my Daughter, Captain, a Girl of ſober Education; ſhe underſtands nothing of Gaming, Parks, or Plays.

Alp. But wanting theſe Diverſions, ſhe has ſupply'd the Vacancy with greater Follies. [*Aſide.*

Capt. A tight little Frigate [*Salutes her.*] 'Faith, I think ſhe looks like a freſh Man Sea-ſick——But here's a gallant Veſſel—with all her Streamers out, Top and Top-Gallant—with your Leave, Madam, [*Salutes her.*] Who is that Lady, Sir *Richard?*

Sir *Rich.* 'Tis a Niece of mine, Captain—tho' I am ſorry ſhe is ſo; ſhe values nothing that does not ſpend their Days at their Glaſs, and their Nights at *Baſſet*; ſuch who ne'er did good to their Prince, nor Country, except their Taylor, Peruke-maker, and Perfumer.

Lady. Fye, fye, Sir, believe him not, I have a Paſſion, an extreme Paſſion for a Hero—eſpecially if he belongs to the Sea; methinks he has an Air ſo fierce, ſo piercing, his very Looks commands Reſpect from his own Sex, and all the Hearts of ours.

Sir *Rich.* The Devil——Now, rather than let another Female have a Man to herſelf, ſhe'll make the firſt Advances. [*Aſide.*

Capt. Ay, Madam, we are preferr'd by you fine Ladies, ſometimes before the ſprucer Sparks——there's a Conveniency in't; a fair Wind, and we hale out, and leave you Liberty and Money, two Things the moſt acceptable to a Wife in Nature.

Lady. Oh! ay, it's ſo pretty to have one's Huſband gone Nine Months of the Twelve; and then to bring one home fine China, fine Lace, fine Muſlin, and fine *Indian* Birds, and a thouſand Curioſities.

Sir *Rich.* No, no; Nine is a little too long, Six would do better for one of your Conſtitution, Miſtreſs.

Capt. Well, Madam, what think you of a cruiſing Voyage towards the Cape of Matrimony, your Father deſigns me for the Pilot; if you agree to it, we'll hoiſt Sail immediately.

Val. I agree to any Thing dictated by good Senſe, and comprehended within the Borders of Elocution; the Converſe I hold with your Sex, is only to improve and cultivate the Notions of my Mind.

Sir *Rich.* What the Devil is ſhe going upon now? [*Aſide.*

Val. I preſume you are a Mariner, Sir——

Capt. I have the Honour to bear the Queen's Commiſſion, Madam.

Val. Pray ſpeak properly, poſitively, laconically, and naturally.

Lady. So; ſhe has given him a Broadſide already.

Capt. Laconically! Why, why, what is your Daughter, Sir *Richard*? ha.

Sir *Rich.* May I be reduc'd to wooden Shoes, if I can tell you, the Devil: had I liv'd near a College, the Haunts of ſome Pedant might have brought this Curſe upon me; but to have got my Eſtate in the City, and to have a Daughter run mad after Philoſophy, I'll ne'er ſuffer it in the Rage I am in; I'll throw all the Books and Mathematical Inſtruments out of the Window.

Lady. I dare ſay, Uncle, you have ſhook Hands with Philoſophy——for I'm ſure you have baniſh'd Patience, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Rich.* And you Diſcretion—By all my Hatred for the *French*, they'll drive me mad: Captain, I'll expect you

you in the next Room; and you Mrs. *Laconick*, with your Philoſophy at your Tail. [*Exit.*

Lady. Shan't I come too, Uncle, ha, ha.

Capt. By *Neptune*, this is a kind of a whimſical Family. Well, Madam, what was you going to ſay ſo poſitively and properly, and ſo forth?

Val. I would have aſk'd you, Sir, if ever you had the Curioſity to inſpect a Mermaid———Or if you are convinc'd there is a World in every Star———We, by our Teleſcopes, find Seas, Groves and Plains, and all that; but what they are peopled with, there's the Queere.

Capt. Let your next Contrivance be how to get thither, and then you'll know a World in every Star—Ha, ha, ſhe's fitter for *Moorfields* than Matrimony; pray, Madam, are you always infected, Full and Change, with this Diſtemper?

Val. How has my Reaſon err'd, to hold Converſe with an irrational Being———Dear, dear Philoſophy, what immenſe Pleaſures dwell in thee!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, *John* has got the Fiſh you ſent him in ſearch of.

Val. Is it alive?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

Val. Your Servant, your Servant, I wou'd not loſe the Experiment for any Thing, but the Tour of the new World. [*Exit.*

Capt. Ha, ha, ha, is your Ladyſhip troubled with theſe Vagaries too? Is the whole Houſe poſſeſt?

Lady. Not I, Captain, the ſpeculative Faculty is not my Talent; I am for the Practice, can liſten all Day to hear you talk of Fire, ſubſtantial Fire, Rear and Front, and Line of Battle—admire a Sea-man, hate the *French*—love a Bowl of Punch: Oh! nothing ſo agreeable as your Converſation, nothing ſo jaunty as a Sea Captain.

Alp. So; this engages him to play,—if he has either Manners or Money. [*Aſide.*

Capt. Ay; give me the Woman that can hold me tack in my own Dialect—She's mad too, I ſuppoſe, but I'll humour her a little. [*Aſide.*] Oh, Madam, not a

fair Wind, nor a rich Prize, nor Conqueſt o'er my Enemies, can pleaſe like you; accept my Heart without Capitulation———'Tis yours, a Priſoner at Diſcretion.

[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Enter Lord Worthy.

Lord. Hold, Sir, you muſt there contend with me; the Victory is not ſo eaſy as you imagine.

Lady. Oh, fye, my Lord, you won't fight for one you hate and deſpiſe? I may truſt you with the Captain; ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*

Capt. This muſt be her Lover——and he is mad another Way: This is the moſt unaccountable Family I ever met with. [*Aſide.*] Look ye, Sir, what you mean by contending, I know not; but I muſt tell you, I don't think any Woman I have ſeen ſince I came aſhore, worth fighting for. The philoſophical Gimcrack I don't value of a Cockle-Shell. And am too well acquainted with the Danger of Rocks and Quick-ſands, to ſteer into t'other's Harbour.

Lord. He has diſcover'd her already; I, only I am blind. [*Aſide.*

Capt. But, Sir, if you have a mind to a Breathing, here, tread upon my Toe, or ſpeak but one Word in favour of the *French*, or againſt the Courage of our Fleet, and my Sword will ſtart of itſelf, to do its Maſter and my Country Juſtice.

Lord. How ridiculous do I make myſelf———Pardon me, Sir, you are in the right. I confeſs I ſcarce knew what I did.

Capt. I thought ſo, poor Gentleman, I pity him: this is the Effect of Love on Shore--When do we hear of a Tar in theſe Fits, longer than the firſt freſh Gale--Well, I'll into Sir *Richard*, eat with him, drink with him; but to match into his Generation, I'd as ſoon marry one of his Daughter's Mermaids. [*Exit.*

Lord. Was ever Man ſo ſtupid as myſelf? But I will rouſe from this lethargic Dream, and ſeek elſewhere what is deny'd at home; Abſence may reſtore my Liberty.

Enter

Enter Mr. Sago.

Sago. Pray, my Lord, did you ſee my *Keecky?*

Lord. Keecky, what's that?

Sago. My Wife, you muſt know, I call her *Keecky*, ha, ha.

Lord. Not I, indeed——

Sago. Nay, pray my Lord ben't angry, I only want to tell her what a Preſent of fine Wine is ſent her juſt now; and ha, ha, ha, ha what makes me laugh—is, that no Soul can tell from whence it comes.

Lord. Your Wife knows, no doubt.

Sago. No more than myſelf, my Lord—We have often Wine and Sweatmeats; nay, whole Pieces of Silk, and the Duce take me if ſhe could deviſe from whence; nay, ſometimes ſhe has been for ſending them back again, but I cry'd, whoſe a Fool then.

Lord. I'm ſure thou art one in Perfection, and to me inſupportable. [*Going.*

Sago. My Lord, I know your Lordſhip has the Privilege of this Houſe, pray do me the Kindneſs, if you find my Wife, to ſend her out to me. [*Exit.* Lord.] I ne'er ſaw ſo much of this Lord's Humour before; he is very ſurly, methinks——Adod, there are ſome Lords of my Wife's Acquaintance, as civil and familiar with me, as I am with my Journeyman—Oh! here ſhe comes.

Enter Mrs. Sago, *and* Alpiew.

Mrs. *Sago.* Oh, Puddy, ſee what my Lady *Reveller* has preſented me withal.

Sago. Hey, Keecky, why ſure you riſe—as the Saying is, for at Home there's four Hampers of Wine ſent ye.

Mrs. *Sago.* from whence, dear Puddy?

Sago. Nay, there's the Jeſt, neither you nor I know. I offer'd the Rogue that brought it a Guinea to tell from whence it came, and he ſwore he durſt not.

Mrs. *Sago.* No, if he had, I'd never have employ'd him again. [*Aſide.*

Sago. So I gave him half a Crown, and let him go.

Mrs. *Sago.* It comes very opportunely; pray, Puddy, ſend a Couple of the Hampers to my Lady *Reveller*'s, as

a ſmall Acknowledgment for the rich Preſent ſhe has made me.

Sago. With all my Heart, my Jewel, my Precious.

Mrs. *Sago.* Puddy I am ſtrangely oblig'd to Mrs. *Alpiew*; do, Puddy, do, dear Puddy.

Sago. What?

Mrs. *Sago.* Will ye, then? Do, dear Puddy, do, lend me a Guinea to give her, do.

[*Hanging upon him in a wheedling Tone.*

Sago. 'Pſhaw, you are always wanting Guineas; I'll ſend her half a Pound of Tea, Keecky.

Mrs. *Sago.* Tea—ſha—ſhe drinks Ladies Tea; do, dear Puddy do; can you deny, Keecky, now?

Sago. Well, well, there. [*Gives it her.*

Mrs. *Sago.* Mrs. *Alpiew*, will you pleaſe to lay the Silk by for me, till I ſend for it, and accept of that?

Alp. Your Servant, Madam, I'll be careful of it.

Mrs. *Sago.* Thank ye, borrow as much as you can on't, dear *Alpiew*. [*Aſide to her.*

Alp. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Sago.* I muſt raiſe a Sum for *Baſſet* againſt Night.

Sago. Pr'ythee, *Keecky*, what kind of humour'd Man is Lord *Worthy?* I did but aſk him if he ſaw thee, and I thought he wou'd have ſnapp'd my Noſe off.

Mrs. *Sago.* Oh, a mere Woman, full of Spleen and Vapours, he and I never agree.

Sago. Adod, I thought ſo—I gueſs'd he was none of thy Admirers—ha, ha, ha; why there's my Lord *Courtall*, and my Lord *Horneit*, bow down to the Ground to me where ever they meet me.

Enter Alpiew.

Alp. Madam, Madam, the Goldſmith has ſent in the Plate.

Mrs. *Sago.* Very well, take it along with the Silk.

[*Aſide to her.*

Alp. Here's the Jeweller, Madam, with the Diamond Ring, but he don't ſeem willing to leave it without Money. [*Exit* Alpiew.

Mrs. *Sago.* Humph! I have a ſudden Thought; bid him ſtay, and bring me the Ring———Now for the Art of Wheedling———

Sago.

Sago. What are you whiſpering about? Ha! Precious———

Mrs. *Sago.* Mrs. *Alpiew* ſays, a Friend of her's has a Diamond Ring to ſell, a great Pennyworth, and I know you love a Bargain, Puddy.

Enter Alpiew, *gives her the Ring.*

Sago. 'Pſhaw, I don't care for Rings; it may be a Bargain, and it may not; and I can't ſpare Money; I have paid for a Lot this Morning; conſider Trade muſt go forward, Lambkin.

Alp. See how it ſparkles.

Mrs. *Sago.* Nay, Puddy, if it be not worth your Money, I don't deſire you to buy it; but don't it become my Finger, Puddy? See now———

Sago. Ah! that Hand, that Hand it was which firſt got hold of my Heart; well, what's the Price of it? Ha, I am raviſh'd to ſee it upon *Keeky*'s Finger———

Mrs. *Sago.* What did he ſay the Price of it was?

[*To* Alpiew.

Alp. Two hundred Guineas, Madam.

[*Aſide to Mrs.* Sago.

Mrs. *Sago.* Threeſcore Pounds, dear Pudd:—The Devil's in't if he won't give that. [*Aſide.*

Sago. Threeſcore Pounds! Why 'tis worth a Hundred, Child, richly—'tis ſtole—'tis ſtole———

Alp. Stole! I'd have you to know, the Owner is my Relation, and has been as great a Merchant as any in *London*, but has had the Misfortune to have his Ships fall into the Hands of the *French*, or he'd not have parted with it at ſuch a Rate; it coſt him two hundred Guineas.

Mrs. *Sago.* I believe as much; indeed it is very fine.

Sago. So it is, *Keeky*, and that dear little Finger ſhall have it too; let me bite it a little tiny Bit—

[*Bites her Finger.*

Mrs. *Sago.* Oh! dear Pudd, you hurt me.

Sago. Here—I han't ſo much Money about me, but there's a Bill, Lambkin———there now, you'll buſs poor Puddy now, won't you?

Mrs. *Sago.* Buſs him—yes, that I will, agen and agen, and agen, dear Pudd. [*Flies about his Neck.*

Sago.

Sago. You'll go home with Puddy now to Dinner, won't you?

Mrs. *Sago.* Yes—a—dear Puddy, if you desire it—— I will—but—a—

Sago. But what?

Mrs. *Sago.* But I promis'd my Lady *Reveller* to dine with her, Deary—Do, let me, Pud—I'll dine with you To-morrow-day.

Alp. Nay, I'm sure my Lady won't eat a Bit, if she don't stay.

Sago. Well, they are all so fond of my Wife; my *Keecky*, shew me thy little Finger agen——O dear little Finger, my *Keecky!* [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Sago.* My nown Pudd—— Here *Alpiew*, give him his Ring agen, I have my End; tell him 'tis too dear. [*Aside.*

Alp. But what will you say when Mr. *Sago* misses it?

Mrs. *Sago.* I'll say—that it was too big for my Finger, and I lost it; 'tis but a Crying-bout, and the good Man melts into Pity.

I th' married State, this only Bliss we find,
An easy Husband to our Wishes kind.
I've gain'd my Point, replenish'd Purse once more,
Oh! cost me, Fortune, on the winning Shore:
Now let me gain what I have lost before. [Exit.

ACT III.

The SCENE *draws, and discovers* Valeria *with Books upon a Table, a Microscope, putting a Fish upon it, several Animals lying by.*

Val. PSHAW! Thou fluttering Thing — So, now I've fix'd it.

Enter Alpiew.

Alp. Madam, here's Mr. *Lovely*; I have introduced him

him as one of my Lady's Viſitors, and brought him down the Back-Stairs.

Val. I'm oblig'd to you, he comes opportunely.

Enter Lovely.

O Mr. *Lovely!* come, come here, look through this Glaſs, and ſee how the Blood circulates in the Tail of this Fiſh.

Lov. Wonderful! but it circulates prettier in this fair Neck.

Val. 'Pſhaw—be quiet—I'll ſhew you a Curioſity, the greateſt that ever Nature made.— [*Opens a Box.*] In opening a Dog the other Day, I found this Worm.

Lov. Prodigious! 'Tis the Joint-Worm, which the Learned talk of ſo much.

Val. Ay; the *Lumbricus*, *Lætus*, or *Faycia*, as *Hippocrates* calls it, or vulgarly in Engliſh, the Tape-Worm—*Thudæus* tells us of one of theſe Worms found in a Human Body, two hundred Feet long, without Head or Tail.

Lov. I wiſh they be not got into thy Brain. [*Aſide.* Oh, you charm me with theſe Diſcoveries.

Val. Here's another Sort of Worm call'd *Lumbricus teres Inteſtinalis.*

Lov. I think the firſt you ſhew'd me the greateſt Curioſity.

Val. 'Tis very odd, really, that there ſhould be every Inch a Joint, and every Joint a Mouth——Oh, the profound Secrets of Nature!

Lov. 'Tis ſtrangely ſurprizing——But now let me be heard, for mine's the Voice of Nature too; methinks you neglect yourſelf, the moſt perfect Piece of all her Works.

Val. Why, what Fault do you find in me?

Lov. You have not Love enough; that Fire would conſume and baniſh all Studies but its own; your Eyes would ſparkle, and ſpread I know not what, of Lively and Touching, o'er the whole Face; this Hand when preſs'd by him you Love, would tremble to your Heart.

Val. Why ſo it does——Have I not told you twenty Times I love you?——for I hate Diſguiſe; your Temper being adapted to mine, gave my Soul the firſt Im-

preſſion;——You know my Father's poſitive,——but do not believe he ſhall force me to any Thing that does not love Philoſophy.

Lov. But that Sea Captain, *Valeria.*

Val. If he was a Whale, he might give you Pain, for I ſhould long to diſſect him; but as he is a *Man*, you have no Reaſon to fear him.

Lov. Conſent then to fly with me.

Val. What, and leave my Microſcope, and all my Things for my Father to break in Pieces?

Sir *Rich. Valeria, Valeria.* [*Within.*

Val. O Heavens! he is coming up the Back-Stairs. What ſhall we do?

Lov. Humph; ha, can't you put me in that Cloſet there?

Val. Oh, no, I han't the Key.

Lov. I'll run down the great Stairs, let who will ſee me. [*Going.*

Val. Oh no, no, no, no, not for your Life;—here, here, get under this Tub.

[*Throws out ſome Fiſh in haſte and turns the Tub over him.* Sir, I'm here.

Enter Sir Richard.

Sir *Rich.* What, at your Whims—and Whirligigs, ye Baggage! I'll out at Window with them.

[*Throwing away the Things.*

Val. Oh! dear Father, ſave my *Lumbricus Lætus.*

Sir *Rich.* I'll Lamprey and Latum you; what's that I wonder? Ha! Where the Devil got you Names that your Father don't underſtand? Ha? [*Treads upon them.*

Val. Oh, my poor Worm! Now you have deſtroy'd a Thing, that, for ought I know, *England* can't produce again.

Sir *Rich.* What is it good for? Anſwer me that. What's this Tub here for? Ha? [*Kicks it.*

Val. What ſhall I do now?——it is a——'tis a——Oh dear Sir! don't touch the Tub——for there's a Bear's young Cub that I have bought for Diſſection,——but I dare not touch it till the Keeper comes.

Sir *Rich.* I'll Cub you, and Keeper you, with a Vengeance

geance to you; is my Money laid out in Bears Cubs? — I'll drive out your Cub–[*Opens the Door, ſtands at a Diſtance off, and with his Cane lifts up the Tub,* Lovely *riſes.*

Lov. Oh the Devil! diſcover'd; your Servant, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sir *Rich.* Oh! your Servant, Sir—What is this your Bear's Cub? Ha, Miſtreſs! His Taylor has lick'd him into Shape, I find——What did this Man do here? Ha, Huſſy——I doubt you have been ſtudying Natural Philoſophy, with a Vengeance.

Val. Indeed, Sir, he only brought me a ſtrange Fiſh, and hearing your Voice, I was afraid you would be angry, and ſo that made me hide him.

Sir *Rich.* A Fiſh! 'tis the Fleſh I fear; I'll have you married To-night —— I believe this Fellow was the beggarly Enſign, who never march'd further than from *Whitehall* to the *Tower*, who wants your Portion to make him a Brigadier, without ever ſeeing a Battle—Huſſy, ha—tho' your philoſophical Cant, with a Murrain to you—has put the Captain out of Conceit, I have a Husband ſtill for you; come along, come along, I'll ſend the Servants to clear this Room of your Baubles. [*Pulls her off.*] I will ſo.

Val. But the Servants won't, old Gentleman, that's my Comfort ſtill. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Lovely.

Lov. I'm glad they are gone, for the Duce take me if I could hit the Way out.

Enter Sir James.

Sir *Jam.* Ha—Enſign! luckily met; I have been labouring for you, and I hope done you a Piece of Service. Why, you look ſurpriz'd.

Lov. Surpriz'd! ſo wou'd you, Sir *James*, if you had been whelm'd under a Tub, without Room to breathe.

Sir *Jam.* Under a Tub! ha, ha, ha.

Lov. 'Twas the only Place of Shelter.

Sir *Jam.* Come, come, I have a better Proſpect; the Captain is a very honeſt Fellow, and thinks if you can bear with the Girl, you deſerve her Fortune; here's your

your Part, [*Gives a Paper.*] he'll give you your Cue; he ſtays at his Lodgings for you.

Lov. What's the Deſign?

Sir *Jam.* That will tell you; quick Diſpatch.

Lov. Well, Sir *James*, I know you have a prolific Brain, and will rely on your Contrivances, and if it ſucceeds, the Captain ſhall have a Bowl of Punch large enough to ſet his Ship afloat. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Reveller, *Lady* Lucy, *and Mrs.* Sago.

Sir *Jam.* The Tea-Table broke up already! I fear there has been but ſmall Recruits of Scandal To-day.

Mrs. *Sago.* Well, I'll ſwear I think the Captain's a pleaſant Fellow.

Sir *Jam.* That's becauſe he made his Court to her. [*Aſide.*

L. *Revel.* Oh—Knarſeate thoſe amphibious Creatures.

Sir *Jam.* Umph, ſhe was not addreſs'd to.

L. *Lucy.* He ſeems neither to want Senſe, Honour, nor true Courage; and methinks there is a Beauty in his plain Delivery.

Sir *Jam.* There ſpoke Sincerity without Affectation.

L. *Revel.* How ſhall we paſs the Afternoon?

Sir *Jam.* Ay, Ladies, how ſhall we?

L. *Revel.* You here! I thought you had liſted yourſelf Volunteer under the Captain, to board ſome Prize, you whiſper'd ſo often, and ſneak'd out one after another.

Sir *Jam.* Who would give one ſelf the Pains to cruiſe Abroad, when all one values is at Home?

L. *Revel.* To whom is this directed? Or will you monopolize and ingroſs us all?

Sir *Jam.* No,—tho' you would wake Deſire in every Beholder, I reſign you to my worthy Friend.

L. *Lucy.* And the reſt of the Company have no Pretence to you.

Mrs. *Sago.* That's more than ſhe knows. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jam.* Beauty, like yours, would give all Mankind Pretence.

Mrs *Sago.* So, not a Word to me; are theſe his Vows? [*In an uneaſy Air.*

L. *Lucy.* There's one upon the Teize already. [*Aſide.*

L. *Revel.* Why, you are in Diſorder, my Dear; you look

look as if you had loſt a *Trant Leva:* What have you ſaid to her, Sir *James?*

Sir *Jam.* I ſaid, Madam! I hope I never ſay any Thing to offend the Ladies. The Devil's in theſe married Women, they can't conceal their own Intrigues, though they ſwear us to Secrecy. [*Aſide.*

L. *Lucy.* You miſtake, Couſin; 'tis his ſaying nothing to her has put her upon the Fret.

L. *Revel.* Ah! your Obſervations are always malicious.

Mrs. *Sago.* I deſpiſe them dear Lady *Reveller,* let's in to Picquet; I ſuppoſe Lady *Lucy* would be pleas'd with Sir *James* alone to finiſh her Remarks.

L. *Lucy.* Nay, if you remove the Cauſe, the Diſcourſe ceaſes.

Sir *Jam.* [*Going up to her.*] This you draw upon your ſelf; you will diſcover it. [*To her.*

Mrs. *Sago.* Yes your Falſhood.

L. *Revel.* Come, my dear Sir *James,* will you make one at a Pool?

Sir *Jam.* Pardon me, Madam, I'm to be at *White's* in half an Hour, anon at the *Baſſet-Table.* I'm yours.

Mrs. *Sago.* No, no, he can't leave her.

[*Going, ſtill looking back.*

L. *Lucy.* They play Gold, Sir *James.*

Sir *Jam.* [*Going up to Lady* Lucy.] Madam, were your Heart the Stake, I'd renounce all Engagements to win that, or retrieve my own.

L. *Lucy.* I muſt like the Counter-ſtake very well, e'er I play ſo high.

Mrs. *Sago.* Sir *James,* harkye, one Word with you.

[*Breaking from Lady* Reveller's *Hand, pulling Sir* James *by the Sleeve.*

L. *Lucy.* Ha, ha, I knew ſhe could not ſtir; I'll remove your Conſtraint, but with my wonted Freedom, will tell you plainly—your Huſband's Shop would better become you than Gaming and Gallants. Oh Shame to Virtue, that Women ſhould copy Men in their moſt reigning Vices!

Of Virtue's wholſome Rules unjuſtly we complain,
When Search of Pleaſures give us greater Pain.
How ſlightly we our Reputation guard,
Which loſt [illegible] never be repair'd.

Lady

L. *Revel.* Farewel Sentences.

Enter Alpiew.

Alp. Madam——— [*Whiſpers her Lady.*

Mrs. *Sago.* So then, you perſuade me 'twas the Care of my Fame.

Sir *Jam.* Nothing elſe I proteſt, my dear little Rogue; I have as much Love as you, but I have more Conduct.

Mrs. *Sago.* Well, you know how ſoon I forgive you your Faults.

Sir *Jam.* Now to what Purpoſe have I lyed myſelf into her good Graces, when I would be glad to be rid of her? [*Aſide.*

L. *Revel.* Booted and ſpurr'd ſay you! Pray ſend him up, Sir *James*; I ſuppoſe truſty *Buckle* is come with ſome diverting Embaſſy from your Friend.

Enter Buckle *in a Riding-Dreſs.*

Mr. *Buckle*, Why in this Equipage?

Buck. Ah! Madam———

L. *Revel.* Out with it.

Buck. Farewel, Friends, Parents, and my Country; thou, dear Play-Houſe, and ſweet Park, Farewel.

L. *Revel.* Farewel, why, whither are you going?

Buck. My Lord and I am going where they never knew Deceit.

Sir *Jam.* That Land is inviſible, *Buckle.*

L. *Revel.* Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Jam.* Were my Lord of my Mind, your Ladyſhip ſhould not have had ſo large a Theme for your Mirth. Your Servant Ladies. [*Exit.*

L. *Revel.* Well, but what's your Buſineſs?

Buck. My Lord charg'd me in his Name to take his everlaſting Leave of your Ladyſhip.

L. *Revel.* Why, where is he going pray?

Buck. In Search of a Country where there is no Women.

Mrs. *Sago.* Oh dear! Why what have the Women done to him, pray?

Buck. Done to him, Madam! He ſays they are all proud, perfidious, vain, inconſtant Coquets in *England.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sago.* Oh! he'll find they are every where the ſame.

L. *Revel.* And this is the Cauſe of his whimſical Pilgrimage? Ha, ha.

Buck. And this proceeds from your ill Uſage, Madam; when he left your Houſe—he flung himſelf into his Coach with ſuch a Force, that he broke all the Windows—as they ſay—for my Part I was not there—When he came home, he beat all his Servants round to be reveng'd.

Alp. Was you there, *Buckle?*

Buck. No, I thank my Stars, when I arriv'd, the Expedition was over—in haſte he mounted his Chamber ——flung himſelf upon his Bed—burſt out into a violent Paſſion—Oh that ever I ſhould ſuffer myſelf to be impos'd upon, ſaid he, by this coquettiſh Beauty!

L. *Revel.* Meaning me, *Buckle,* Ha, ha.

Buck. Stay till I have finiſhed the Piece, Madam, and your Ladyſhip ſhall judge——ſhe's as fickle as ſhe's fair—ſhe does not uſe more Art to gain a Lover, ſaid he, than to deceive him when he is fix'd——Humph.

[*Leering at her.*

L. *Revel.* Pleaſant——and does he call this taking Leave?

Mrs. *Sago.* A comical Adieu.

Buck. Oh! Madam, I'm not come to the tragical Part of it yet; ſtarting from his Bed—

L. *Revel.* I thought it had been all Farce—if there be any Thing Heroic in't, I'll ſet my Face and look grave.

Buck. My Relation will require it, Madam, for I am ready to weep at the Repetition: Had you but ſeen how often he travers'd the Room, [*Acting it.*] heard how often he ſtamp'd, what diſtorted Faces he made, calling up his Eyes thus, biting his Thumbs thus.

L. *Revel.* Ha, ha, ha, you'll make an admirable Actor—ſhall I ſpeak to the Patentees for you?

Mrs. *Sago.* But pray how did this end?

Buck. At laſt, Madam, quite ſpent with Rage, he ſunk down upon his Elbow, and his Head fell upon his Arm.

L. *Revel.* What, did he faint away?

Buck. Oh, no.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sago.* He did not die?

Buck. No, but he fell asleep.

L. *Revel.* Oh brave Prince *Prettiman!*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Buck. After three Hours Nap, he wak'd—and calling haſtily—my dear *Buckle*, ſaid he, let's to the End of the World; and try to find a Place where the Sun ſhines not here and there at one Time———for 'tis not fit that it ſhould at once look upon two Perſons whoſe Sentiments are ſo different— She no longer regards my Pain, ungrateful, falſe, inhuman, barbarous Woman.

L. *Revel.* Fooliſh, fond, believing, eaſy Man; there's my Anſwer—Come, ſhall we to *Picquet*, my Dear?

Buck. Hold, hold, Madam, I han't half done——

Mrs. *Sago.* Oh! Pray my Lady *Reveller*, let's have it out, 'tis very diverting.——

Buck. He call'd me in a feeble Voice; *Buckle*, ſaid he, bring me my little Scrutore—for I will write to Lady *Reveller* before I part from this Place, never to behold her more—What, don't you cry, Madam?

L. *Revel.* Cry—No, no; go on, go on.

Buck. 'Tis done, Madam—and there's the Letter.

[*Gives her a Letter.*

L. *Revel.* So, this compleats the Narration. [*Reads.*

Madam, *Since I cannot live in a Place where there is a Poſſibility of ſeeing you without adoring, I reſolve to fly; I am going to* Flanders: *Since you are falſe I have no Buſineſs here—I need not deſcribe the Pain I feel, you are but too well acquainted with that—therefore I'll chuſe Death rather than return*—Adieu.

Buck. Can any Man in the World write more tenderly, Madam? Does he not ſay 'tis impoſſible to love you, and go for *Flanders?* and that he would rather hear of your Death than return———

L. *Revel.* Excellent, Ha, ha.

Buck. What, do you laugh?

Mrs. *Sago.* Who can forbear?

Buck. I think you ought to die with Grief; I warrant Heaven will puniſh you all. [*Going.*

Alp. But harkye, *Buckle*, where are you going now?

Buck.

Buck. To tell my Lord in what Manner your Lady receiv'd his Letter; Farewel—now for *Flanders*—

Alp. A fair Wind and a good Voyage to you.

[*As he goes out enter Lord* Worthy.

Buck. My Lord here! So, now may I have my Head broke for my long Harangue, if it comes out.

L. *Revel.* Oh miraculous—my Lord! you have not finish'd your Campaign already, have you? Ha, ha, ha; or has the *French* made Peace at hearing of your Lordship's intended Bravery, and left you no Enemies to combat?

Lord. My worst of Foes are here—here, within my Breast; your Image, Madam.

L. *Revel.* O dear, my Lord, no more of that Theme, for *Buckle* has given us a Surfeit on't already——even from your breaking the Glasses of your Coach—to your falling fast asleep, Ha, ha, ha.

Lord. The Glasses of my Coach! What do you mean, Madam—Oh Hell! [*Biting his Thumbs.*

Buck. Ruin'd quite——Madam, for Heaven's Sake, what does your Ladyship mean? I ly'd in every Syllable I told you, Madam.

L. *Revel.* Nay, if your Lordship has a Mind to act it over again, we will oblige you for once—*Alpiew*, set Chairs——Come, dear *Sago*, sit down—and let the Play begin—*Buckle* knows his Part, and upon Necessity could act yours too, my Lord.

Lord. What has this Dog been doing? When he was only to deliver my Letter, to give her new Subject for Mirth—Death, methinks I hate her—Oh that I could hold that Mind——What makes you in this Equipage? Ha, Sirrah? [*Aside.*

Buck. My Lord, I, I, I, I,

Lord. Peace, Villain——— [*Strikes him.*

Lady. Hey—This is changing the Scene.

Buck. Who the Devil would rack his Brains for these People of Quality, who like no Body's Wit but their own?——— [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Sago.* If the Beating were Invention before, thou hast it now in reality; if Wars begin, I'll retire. They may agree better alone perhaps. [*Exit.*

Lady

Lady. Where did you learn this Rudeneſs, my Lord, to ſtrike your Servant before me?

Lord. When you have depriv'd a Man of his Reaſon, how can you blame his Conduct?

Buckle. Reaſon — Egad — there's not three Drams of Reaſon between you both—as my Cheek can teſtify. [*Aſide.*

Lady. The Affront was meant to me — nor will I endure theſe Paſſions—I thought I had forbid your Viſits.

Lord. I thought I had reſolv'd againſt them too.

Alpiew. But Reſolutions are of ſmall Force of either Side. [*Aſide.*

Lord. Grant me but this one Requeſt, and I'll remove this hated Object.

Lady. Upon Condition 'tis the laſt.

Lord. It ſhall — I think it ſhall at leaſt — Is there a Happy Man for whom I am deſpiſed?

Lady. I thought 'twas ſome ſuch ridiculous Queſtion; I'm of the Low-Church, my Lord, conſequently hate Confeſſors! ha, ha, ha.

Buckle. And Penance too I dare ſwear. [*Aſide.*

Lord. And every Thing but Play.

Lady. Dare you, the Subject of my Power—you, that petition Love, arraign my Pleaſures? Now I'm fixt—and will never ſee you more.

Buckle. Now wou'd any Body ſwear ſhe's in earneſt.

Lord. I cannot bear that Curſe — ſee me at your Feet again. [*Kneels.*] Oh! you have tortur'd me enough, take Pity now dear Tyrant, and let my Sufferings end.

Lady. I muſt not be Friends with him, for then I ſhall have him at my Elbow all Night, and ſpoil my Luck at the *Baſſet-Table.* [*Aſide.*] Either Cringing or Correcting, always in Extreams—I am weary of this Fatigue.

He that would gain my Heart, muſt learn the Way
Not to controul, but readily obey;
For he that once pretends my Faults to ſee,
That Moment makes himſelf all Faults to me. [Exit.

Buckle. There's the Inſide of a Woman. [*Aſide.*

Lord. Gone — now Curſes on me for a Fool—the worſt of Fools—a Woman's Fool—.

Whoſe

Whoſe only Pleaſure is to feed her Pride,
Fond of her Self, ſhe cares for none beſide:
So true Coquets their numerous Charms diſplay,
And ſtrive to conquer, purpoſe to betray.

ACT IV.

Enter Lord Worthy *and Sir* James.

Sir *James.* WELL, my Lord, I have left my Cards in the Hand of a Friend to hear what you have to ſay to me. Love I'm ſure is the Text, therefore divide and ſubdivide as quick as you can.

Lord. Coud'ſt thou infuſe into me thy Temper, Sir *James*, I ſhould have thy Reaſon too; but I am born to love this Fickle, Faithleſs Fair—What have I not eſſay'd to raze her from my Breaſt; but all in vain! I muſt have her, or I muſt not live.

Sir *James.* Nay, if you are ſo far gone, my Lord, your Diſtemper requires an able Phyſician—What think you of *Lovely*'s bringing a File of Muſketteers and carry her away, *Vi & Armis?*

Lord. That Way might give her Perſon to my Arms, but where's the Heart?

Sir *James.* A Trifle in Competition with her Body.

Lord. The Heart's the Gem that I prefer.

Sir *James.* Say you ſo my Lord? I'll engage three Parts of *Europe* will make that Exchange with you; Ha, ha, ha.

Lord. That Maxim wou'd hold with me perhaps in all but her; there I muſt have both or none; therefore inſtruct me, Friend, thou who negligent in Love, keeps always on the Level with the Fair—What Method ſhall I take to ſound her Soul's Deſign? For tho' her Carriage puts me on the Rack when I behold that Train of Fools about her, yet my Heart will plead in her Excuſe, and calm my Anger ſpite of all Efforts.

Sir *James.* Humph? I have a Plot, my Lord, if you will comply with it.

Lord. Nothing of Force.

Sir *James.* Whate'er it be you ſhall be Witneſs of it, 'twill

'twill either quench your Flame, or kindle hers. I only will appear the Guilty; but here's Company, I'll tell you all within.

Enter Captain and Lovely, *dreſs'd like a Tar.*

L. *Wor.* I'll expect you. [*Exit.*

Sir *James.* Ha, Captain, how ſits the Wind between you and your Miſtreſs? Ha?

Capt. North and by South, Faith; but here's one ſails full Eaſt, and without ſome unexpected Tornado, from the old Man's Coaſt—he makes his Port I warrant ye.

Lovely. I wiſh I were at Anchor once.

Sir *James.* Why, thou art as errant a Tar, as if thou had'ſt made an *Eaſt-India* Voyage, ha, ha.

Lovely. Ay, am I not, Sir *James?* But Egad I hope the old Fellow underſtands nothing of Navigation; If he does, I ſhall be at a Loſs for the Terms.

Sir *James.* Oh! no Matter for Terms—look big, and bluſter for your Country—deſcribe the *Vigo* Buſineſs—publick News will furniſh you with that, and I'll engage the Succeſs.

Capt. Ay, ay, let me alone, I'll bear up with Sir *Richard*, and thou ſhalt board his Pinnace with Conſent, ne'er fear—ho, here he comes full Sail.

Enter Sir Richard.

Sir *Richard*, I'm glad to ſee you; this is my Kinſman which I told you of; as ſoon as he landed I brought him to kiſs your Hands.

Sir *Rich.* I honour you, you are welcome.

Lovely. I thank you, Sir—I'm not for Compliments; 'tis a Land Language, I underſtand it not; Courage, Honeſty, and Plain-dealing Truth, is the Learning of our Element; if you like that I am for ye.

Sir *James.* The Rogue does it to a Miracle.

[*Aſide to the Captain.*

Capt. He's an improving Spark, I find, ha, ha.

Sir *Rich.* Like it, Sir? why 'tis the only Thing I do like, haug Compliments and Court breeding, it ſerves only to make Men a Prey to one another, to encourage Cowardice and ruin Trade—No, Sir, give me the Man

that

that dares meet Death and Dinner with the ſame Appetite — one who rather than let in Popery, would let out his Blood; to maintain ſuch Men I'd pay double Cuſtom; nay, all my Gain ſhou'd go for their Support.

Sir *James*. The beſt Well-wiſher to his Country of an *Engliſhman* I ever heard.

Lovely. Oh! Sir *Richard*, I wiſh the Nation were all of your Mind, 'twou'd give the Soldiers and the Sailors Life. Captain launch off a round Lye or two.

Capt. And make us fight with Heart and Hand; my Kinſman, I'll aſſure, fits your Principle to a Hair; he hates the *French* ſo much, he ne'er fails to give them a Broadſide where'er he meets them; and has brought in more Privateers this War than half the Captains in the Navy; he was the firſt Man that boarded the *French* Fleet at *Vigo*—and in *Gibraltar* Boſineſs—the *Gazetteer* will inform you of the Name of Captain *Match*.

Sir *James*. Is this that Captain *Match*?

Lovely. For want of a better, Sir.

Sir *James*. Sir, I ſhall be proud of being known to you.

Sir *Rich*. And I of being related to you, Sir—I have a Daughter young and handſome, and I'll give her a Portion ſhall make thee an Admiral, Boy; for a Soul like thine is only fit to command a Navy—what ſay'ſt thou? art thou for a Wife?

Sir *James*. So, 'tis done, ha, ha, ha. [*Aſide*.

Capt. A proſperous Gale I' faith

Lovely. I don't know, Sir *Richard*, mehap a Woman may not like me; I am rough and Storm like in my Temper, unacquainted with the Effeminacy of Courts; I was born upon the Sea, and ſince I can remember, never liv'd two Months on Shore; if I marry, my Wife muſt go Aboard, I promiſe you that.

Sir *Rich*. Aboard Man? Why ſhe ſhall go to the *Indies* with thee—Oh! ſuch a Son-in-Law—how ſhall I be bleſs'd in my Poſterity? now do I foreſee the Greatneſs of my Grand-Children; the Sons of this Man ſhall, in the Ages to come, make *France* a Tributary Nation.

Lovely. Once in an Engagement, Sir, as I was giving Orders to my Men, comes a Ball and took off a Fellow's Head, and ſtruck it full in my Teeth; I whipp'd it up, clap'd it into a Gun, and ſhot it at the Enemy again.

Sir

Sir *Rich.* Without the leaſt Concern!

Lovely. Concern, Sir—ha, ha, ha, if it had been my own Head I would have done the like.

Sir *Rich.* Prodigious Effect of Courage!—Captain I'll fetch my Girl, and be here again in an Inſtant—What an Honour will it be to have ſuch a Son. [*Exit.*

Capt. Ha, ha, ha, ha, you outdo your Maſter.

Sir *James.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, the old Knight's tranſported.

Lovely. I wiſh it was over, I'm all in a Sweat; here he comes again.

Enter Sir Richard *and* Valeria.

Sir *Rich.* I'll hear none of your Excuſes — Captain your Hand—there take her, and theſe Gentlemen ſhall be Witneſſes, if they pleaſe, to this Paper, wherein I give her my whole Eſtate when I die, and twenty thouſand Pounds down upon the Nail; I care not whether my Boy be worth a Groat—get me but Grandſons and I'm rich enough.

Capt. Generouſly ſaid, I'faith—much Good may do him with her.

Lovely. I'll do my Endeavour, Father, I promiſe you.

Sir *James.* I wiſh you Joy, Captain, and you, Madam.

Val. That's impoſſible; can I have Joy in a Species ſo very different from my own? Oh my dear *Lovely!*—We were only form'd for one another;—thy dear Enquiring Soul is more to me—than all theſe uſeleſs Lumps of animated Clay: Duty compels my Hand—but my Heart is ſubject only to my Mind,—the Strength of that they cannot conquer;—no, with the Reſolution of the Great Unparallel'd *Epictetus*, —I here proteſt my Will ſhall ne'er aſſent to any but my *Lovely.*

Sir *Rich.* Ay, you and your Will may philoſophize as long as you pleaſe,—Miſtreſs,—but your Body ſhall be taught another Doctrine,—it ſhall ſo,——Your Mind and your Soul quotha! Why, what a Pox has my Eſtate to do with them? Ha? 'Tis the Fleſh Houſewife, that muſt raiſe Heirs,—and Supporters of my Name;—— and ſince I knew the getting of the Eſtate, 'tis fit I ſhould diſpoſe of it,——and therefore no more Excuſes, this

this is your Husband, do you see, ——take my Word for it.

Val. *The outward empty Form of Marriage take,*
But all beyond I keep for Lovely's *Sake.*
Thus on the Ground for ever fix my Eyes;
All Sights but Lovely *shall their Balls despise.*

Sir *Rich.* Come, Captain,—my Chaplain is within, he shall do the Business this Minute: If I don't use the Authority of a Father, this Baggage will make me lose such a Son-in-Law, that the City's Wealth can't purchase me his Fellow. [*Aside.*

Lov. *Thanks dear Invention for this timely Aid:*
The Bait's gone down, he's by himself betray'd.
Thus still where Arts both true and honest fail,
Deceitful Wit and Policy prevail.

Val. To Death, or any Thing,—'tis all alike to me. [*Exit cum* Valeria.

Sir *Rich.* Get you in I say,———Hussey, get you in. In my Conscience my Niece has spoil'd her already; but I'll have her married this Moment: Captain, you have bound me ever to you by this Match; command me and my House for ever; — But shall I not have your Company, Gentlemen, to be Witnesses of this Knot, this joyful Knot?

Capt. Yes, Faith, Sir *Richard*, I have too much Respect for my Kinsman to leave him,—till I see him safe in Harbour; I'll wait on you presently.

Sir *James.* I am engag'd in the next Room at Play, I beg your Pardon, Sir *Richard*, for an Hour; I'll bring the whole Company to congratulate the Bride and Bridegroom.

Sir *Rich.* Bride and Bridegroom! Congratulate me, Man! Methinks I already see my Race recorded amongst the foremost Heroes of my Nation; — Boys, all Boys,— and all Sailors.

They shall the Pride of France *and* Spain *pull down,*
And add their Indies *to our* English *Crown.* [*Exit.*

Sir *James.* Ha, ha, ha, never was Man so bigotted be-

fore;——how will this end when he discovers the Cheat? Ha, ha, won't you make one with the Ladies, Captain?

Capt. I don't Care if I do venture a Piece or two; I'll but dispatch a little Business, and meet you at the Table, Sir *James*.

Enter Lady *Lucy*.

Sir *James*. Ha, Lady *Lucy!* is your Ladyship reconcil'd to *Basset* yet? Will you give me Leave to lose this Purse to you, Madam?

L. *Lucy*. I thank Fortune, I neither wish, nor need it, Sir *James*; I presume the next Room is furnish'd with Avarice enough to serve you in that Affair, if it is a Burthen to you; or Mrs. *Sago*'s ill Luck may give you an Opportunity of returning some of the Obligations you lie under.

Sir *James*. Your Sex, Madam, extorts a Duty from ours, and a well bred Man can no more refuse his Money to a Lady, than a Sword to his Friend.

L. *Lucy*. That Superfluity of good Manners, Sir *James*, would do better converted into Charity; this Town abounds with Objects,——wou'd it not leave a more glorious Fame behind you to be the Founder of some pious Work, when all the Poor, at mention of your Name, shall bless your Memory, than that Posterity shou'd say you wasted your Estate on Cards and Women.

Sir *James*. Humph, 'tis pity she were not a Man, she preaches so emphatically. [*Aside.*] Faith, Madam, you have a very good Notion, but something too early;—— when I am old, I may put your Principles in Practice, but Youth for Pleasure was design'd.—

L. *Lucy*. The truest Pleasure must consist in doing good, which cannot be in Gaming.

Sir *James*. Every Thing is good in its Kind, Madam; Cards are harmless Bits of Paper, Dice insipid Bones—and Women made for Men.

L. *Lucy*. Right, Sir *James*,—but all these Things may be perverted.——Cards are harmless Bits of Paper in themselves, yet through them, what Mischiefs have been done? What Orphans wrong'd? What Tradesmen ruin'd? What Coaches and Equipage dismiss'd for them?

Sir

Sir *Jam.* But then, how many fine Coaches and Equipages have they ſet up, Madam?

L. *Lucy.* Is it the more honourable for that? How many Miſſes keep Coaches too? Which Arrogance in my Opinion only makes them more eminently ſcandalous———

Sir *Jam.* Oh! thoſe are ſuch as have a Mind to be damn'd in this State, Madam;—but I hope your Ladyſhip don't rank them amongſt us Gameſters.

L. *Lucy.* They are inſeparable, Sir *James*; Madam's Grandeur muſt be upheld — tho' the Baker and Butcher ſhut up Shop.

Sir *Jam.* Oh! Your Ladyſhip wrongs us middling Gentlemen there; to ruin Tradeſmen is the Quality's Prerogative only; and none beneath a Lord can pretend to do't with an honourable Air, ha, ha.

L. *Lucy.* Their Example ſways the meaner Sort; I grieve to think that Fortune ſhou'd exalt ſuch vain, ſuch vicious Souls,———whilſt Virtue's cloath'd in Rags.

Sir *Jam.* Ah! Faith, ſhe'd make but a ſcurvy Figure at Court, Madam; the Stateſmen and Politicians wou'd ſuppreſs her quickly;——but whilſt ſhe remains in your Breaſt ſhe's ſafe,———and makes us all in love with that fair Covering.

L. *Lucy.* Oh! Fie, fie, Sir *James*, you could not love one that hates your chief Diverſion.

Sir *Jam.* I ſhou'd hate it too, Madam, on ſome Terms that I cou'd name.

L. *Lucy.* What wou'd make that Converſion, pray?

Sir *Jam.* Your Heart.

L. *Lucy.* I cou'd pay that Price—but dare not venture upon one ſo wild.—[*Aſide.*] Firſt let me ſee the Fruit, e'er I take a Leaſe of the Garden, Sir *James*.

Sir *Jam.* Oh! Madam, the beſt Way is to ſecure the Ground, and then you may manure and cultivate it as you pleaſe.

L. *Lucy.* That's a certain Trouble, and uncertain Profit, and in this Affair, I preſer the Theory before the Practice: But I detain you from the Table, Sir *James*, you are wanted to Tally——your Servant.— [*Exit.*

Sir *Jam.* Nay, if you leave me, Madam, the Devil will

will tempt me,———She's gone, and now can't I ſhake off the Thought of ſeven Wins, eight Loſes——for the Blood of me,———and all this grave Advice of her's is loſt,———Faith,—tho' I do love her above the reſt of her Sex;——ſhe's an exact Model of what all Women ought to be,—and yet your merry little coquettiſh Tits are very diverting;—well, now for *Baſſet*; let me ſee what Money have I about me.—Humph! about a hundred Guineas,——half of which will ſet the Ladies to cheating—falſe Parolies in abundance.

Each Trifling Toy wou'd tempt in Times of Old,
Now nothing melts a Woman's Heart like Gold.
Some Bargains drive, others more nice than they,
Who'd have you think they ſcorn to kiſs for Pay;
To purchuſe them you muſt loſe deep at Play.
With ſeveral Women, ſeveral Ways prevail;
But Gold's a certain Way that cannot fail. [Exit.

The SCENE *draws, and diſcovers Lady* Reveller, *Mrs.* Sago, *and ſeveral Gentlemen and Ladies round a Table at* Baſſet.

Enter Sir James.

L. *Revel.* Oh! Sir *James*, are you come? We want you to tally for us.

Sir *Jam.* What Luck, Ladies?

L. *Revel.* I have only won a *Sept & leva.*

Mrs. *Sago.* And I have loſt a *Trante & leva*,——my ill Fortune has not forſook me yet I ſee.

Sir *Jam.* I go a Guinea upon that Card.

L. *Revel.* You loſe that Card.

Mrs. *Sago.* I maſe Sir *James*'s Card double.

Banker. Seven wins, and five loſes; you have loſt it, Madam.

Mrs. *Sago.* Again?——ſure never was Woman ſo unlucky———

Banker. Knave wins, and ten loſes; you have won, Sir *James*.

L. *Revel.* Clean Cards here.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sago.* Burn this Book, 't has an unlucky Air, [*Tears them.*] Bring ſome more Books.

Enter Captain.

L. *Revel.* Oh! Captain,——here ſet a Chair; come, Captain, you ſhall ſit by me—now if we can but ſtrip this Tarr. [*Aſide.*

Capt. With all my Heart, Madam;——come, what do you play Gold?—that's ſomething high tho';—well, a Guinea upon this honeſt Knave of Clubs.

L. *Revel.* You loſe it for a Guinea more.

Capt. Done. Madam.

Banker. The Five wins, and the Knave loſes.

L. *Revel.* You have loſt it, Captain.

Sir *Jam.* The Knave wins for two Guineas more, Madam.

L. *Revel.* Done, Sir *James.*

Banker. Six wins,—Knave loſes.

Sir *Jam.* Oh! the Devil, I fac'd, I had rather have loſt all.

Banker. Nine wins, Queen loſes,—you have won.

Mrs. *Sago.* I'll make a Paroli,—I maſe as much more; your Card loſes, Sir *James*, for two Guineas, yours, Captain, loſes for a Guinea more.

Banker. Four wins, Nine loſes;—— you have loſt, Madam.

Mrs. *Sago.* Oh! I could tear my Fleſh—as I tear theſe Cards;—Confuſion!—I can never win above a wretched Paroli; for if I puſh to *Sept & Leva*, 'tis gone.

[*Walks about diſorderly.*

Banker. Ace wins, Knave loſes.

Capt. Sink the Knave, I'll ſet no more on't.

L. *Revel.* Fac't again;—what's the Meaning of this ill Luck to Night; Bring me a Book of Hearts, I'll try if they are more ſucceſsful, that on the Queen; yours and your Card loſes.

Mrs. *Sago.* Bring me a freſh Book; bring me another Book; bring me all Diamonds.

[*Looks upon them One by One, then throws them over her Shoulders.*

L. *Revel.* That can never be lucky; the Name of Jewels don't become a Citizen's Wife. [*Aſide.*

Banker. King wins, the Tray loſes.

Sir *Jam.* You have great Luck to Night, Mr. *Sharper.*

Sharper. So I have, Sir *James*,—I have won *Seneca* every Time.

L. *Revel.* But if he has got the knack of winning thus, he ſhall ſharp no more here, I promiſe him. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Sago.* I maſe that.

L. *Revel.* Sir *James*, pray will you Tally.

Sir *Jam.* With all my Heart, Madam.

[*Takes the Cards and ſhuffles them.*

Mrs. *Sago.* Pray give me the Cards, Sir.

[*Takes 'em and ſhuffles 'em, and gives 'em to him again.*

Capt. I ſet that.

L. *Revel.* I ſet Five Guineas upon this Card, Sir *James.*

Sir *Jam.* Done Madam,——Five wins,—Six loſes.

Mrs. *Sago.* I ſet that.

Sir *Jam.* Five don't go, and Seven loſes.

Capt. I maſe double.

L. *Revel.* I maſe that.

Sir *Jam.* Three wins, Six loſes.

Mrs. *Sago.* I maſe, I maſe double, and that—Oh ye malicious Stars!——again.

Sir *Jam.* Eight wins, Seven loſes.

Capt. So, this *Trante & leva* makes ſome amends;—Adſhud, I hate cheating—What's that falſe Cock made for now? Ha, Madam?

L. *Revel.* Nay, Mrs. *Sago*, if you begin to play foul.

Mrs. *Sago.* Rude Brute, to take Notice of the Slight of Hand in our Sex;—I proteſt he wrongs me, Madam,—there's the *Dernier* Stake, and I'll ſet it all,——now Fortune favour me, or this Moment is my laſt.

L. *Revel.* There's the laſt of fifty Pounds,—what's the meaning of this?

Sir *Jam.* Now for my Plot; her Stock is low I perceive. [*Slips a Purſe of Gold into the Furbelows of Lady* Reveller's *Apron.*

L. *Revel.* I never had ſuch ill Luck,——I muſt fetch more Money: Ha, from whence came this? This is the genteeleſt Piece of Gallantry; the Action is Sir *Harry*'s, I ſee by his Eyes.

[*Diſcovers a Purſe in the Furbelows of her Apron.*

Sir

Sir *Jam.* Nine wins, Six loſes.

Mrs. *Sago.* I am ruin'd and undone for ever; Oh, oh, oh, to loſe every Card, Oh, oh, oh. [*Burſts out a crying.*

Capt. So, there's one Veſſel ſprung a-Leak, and I am almoſt aſhore;——if I go on at this Rate, I ſhall make but a lame Voyage on't I doubt.

Sir *Jam.* Duce wins, King loſes.

Capt. I maſe again,—I maſe double, I maſe again;—now the Devil blow my Head off if ever I ſaw Cards run ſo; damn 'em. [*Tears the Cards, and ſtamps on 'em.*

Sir *Jam.* Fie, Captain, this Concern among the Ladies is indecent.

Capt. Damn the Ladies,—mayn't I ſwear,——or tear my Cards, if I pleaſe; I'm ſure I have paid for them: Pray count the Cards, I believe there's a falſe Tally.

Sir *Jam.* No, they are right, Sir. [*Sir* James *counts 'em.*

Mrs. *Sago.* Not to turn one Card! Oh, oh, oh. [*Stamps up and down.*

L. *Revel.* Madam, if you play no longer, pray don't diſturb thoſe that do.—Come, Courage, Captain, Sir *James*'s Gold was very lucky.—Who cou'd endure theſe Men, did they not loſe their Money? [*Aſide.*

Capt. Bring another Book here;—that upon Ten,—and I maſe that.— [*Puts down a Card, and turns another.*

Sir *Jam.* King fac't, Eight wins, Ten loſes.

Capt. Fire and Gunpowder. [*Exit.*

L. *Revel.* Ha, ha, ha, what is the Captain vaniſh'd in his own Smoke?—Come, I bett it with you, Mr. *Sharper*; your Card loſes.

Re-enter Captain, pulling in a Stranger, which he had fetch'd out of the Street.

Capt. Sir, do you think it poſſible to loſe a *Trante & leva*, a *Quinze-leva*,—and a *Sept leva*,—and never turn once.

Stranger. No ſure, 'tis impoſſible.

Capt. Ounds you lye, I did Sir. [*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

All the Women. Ah, ha, ah, ha. [*Shriek and run off.*

Capt. What the Devil had I to do among theſe Land-Rats?—Zounds, to loſe forty Pounds for nothing, not ſo

much as a Wench for it; Ladies, quotha,—a Man had as good be acquainted with Pick-pockets. [*Exit.*

Sir *Jam.* Ha, ha, ha, the Captain has frightened the Women out of their Wits,——now to keep my Promiſe with my Lord, tho' the Thing has but an ill Face, no Matter.

They join together to enſlave us Men,
And why not we to conquer them again.

ACT V.

Enter Sir James *on one Side, and Lady* Reveller *on the other.*

L. *Revel.* SIR *James*, what have you done with the rude Porpoiſe?

Sir *Jam.* He is gone to your Uncle's Apartment, Madam, I ſuppoſe.———I was in Pain till I knew how your Ladyſhip did after your Fright.

L. *Revel.* Really, Sir *James*, the Fellow has put me into the Spleen by his ill Manners. Oh, my Stars! that there ſhould be ſuch an unpoliſh'd Piece of Humanity, to be in that Diſorder for loſing his Money to us Women —I was apprehenſive he would have beat me, ha, ha.

Sir *Jam.* Ha, ha, your Ladyſhip muſt impute his ill Breeding to the Want of Converſation with your Sex; but he is a Man of Honour with his own, I aſſure you.

L. *Revel.* I hate out of faſhion'd Honour.———But where's the Company, Sir *James*? Shan't we play again?

Sir *Jam.* All diſpers'd, Madam.

L. *Revel.* Come, you and I will go to Picquet then.

Sir *Jam.* Oh, I'm tir'd with Cards, Madam, can't you think of ſome other Diverſion to paſs a chearful Hour? —I cou'd tell you one, if you'd give me leave.

L. *Revel.* Of your own Invention? Then it muſt be a pleaſant One.

Sir *Jam.* Oh, the pleaſanteſt one in the World.

L. *Revel.* What is it, I pray?

Sir *Jam.* Love, Love, my dear Charmer. [*Approaches her.*

L.

L. *Revel.* Oh, *Cupid!* How came that in your Head?

Sir *Jam.* Nay, 'tis in my Heart, and except you pity me, the Wound is mortal.

L. *Revel.* Ha, ha, ha, is Sir *James* got into Lord *Worthy*'s Claſs?——You that could tell me I ſhould not have ſo large a Theme for my Diverſion, were you in his Place, ha, ha, ha: What, and is the gay, the airy, the witty, inconſtant Sir *James* overtaken? ha, ha.

Sir *Jam.* Very true, Madam,——you ſee there is no jeſting with Fire.——Will you be kind?

[*Gets between her and the Door.*

L. *Revel.* Kind? What a diſmal Sound was there?—I'm afraid your Fever's high, Sir *James*, ha, ha.

Sir *Jam.* If you think ſo, Madam, 'tis time to apply cooling Medicines. [*Locks the Door.*

L. *Revel.* Ha, what Inſolence is this? The Door lock'd! What do you mean, Sir *James?*

Sir *Jam.* Oh, 'tis ſomething indecent to name it, Madam, but I intend to ſhew you. [*Lays hold on her.*

L. *Revel.* Unhand me, Villain, or I'll cry out——

Sir *Jam.* Do, and make yourſelf the Jeſt of Servants, expoſe your Reputation to their vile Tongues,—which, if you pleaſe, ſhall remain cloſe within my Breaſt; but if with your own Noiſe you blaſt it, here I bid Defiance to all Honour and Secreſy,—and the firſt Man that enters, dies. [*Struggles with her.*

L. *Revel.* What ſhall I do? Inſtruct me Heaven.—Monſter! is this your Friendſhip to my Lord? And can you wrong the Woman he adores?

Sir *Jam.* Ay, but the Woman does not care a Souſe for him; and therefore he has no Right above me; I love you as much, and will poſſeſs.

L. *Revel.* Oh! Hold,——Kill me rather than deſtroy my Honour;—what Devil has debauch'd your Temper? Or, how has my Carriage drawn this Curſe upon me? What have I done to give you Cauſe to think you ever ſhould ſucceed this hated Way? [*Weeps.*

Sir *Jam.* Why this Queſtion, Madam? Can a Lady that loves Play ſo paſſionately as you do,—that takes as much Pains to draw Men in to loſe their Money, as a Town Miſs to their Deſtruction,——that careſſes all

Sorts of People for your Intereſt, that divides your Time between your Toilet and *Baſſet-Table*; can you, I ſay, boaſt of innate Virtue?—Fye, fye, I am ſure you muſt have gueſs'd for what I play'd ſo deep;———we never part with our Money without Deſign,—or writing Fool upon our Foreheads;——therefore no more of this Reſiſtance, except you would have more Money.

L. *Revel.* Oh! horrid.

Sir *Jam.* There was fifty Guineas in that Purſe, Madam,——here's fifty more; Money ſhall be no Diſpute. [*Offers her Money.*

L. *Revel.* [*Strikes it down.*] Periſh your Money with yourſelf———you Villain——there, there; take your boaſted Favours, which I reſolv'd before to have paid in *Specie*; baſeſt of Men, I'll have your Life for this Affront———what ho, within there.

Sir *Jam.* Huſh!——'Faith, you'll raiſe the Houſe. [*Lays hold on her.*] And 'tis in vain—you're mine; nor will I quit this Room 'till I'm poſſeſs'd. [*Struggles.*

L. *Revel.* Raiſe the Houſe! I'll raiſe the World in my Defence; help, Murther! Murther———a Rape, a Rape———

Enter Lord Worthy *from another Room with his Sword drawn.*

Lord. Ha! Villain, unhand the Lady——or this Moment is thy laſt.

Sir *Jam.* Villain, back my Lord———follow me. [*Exit.*

L. *Revel.* By the bright Sun that ſhines, you ſhall not go—no, you've ſav'd my Virtue, and I will preſerve your Life—let the vile Wretch be puniſh'd by your Hands—yours ſhall not be prophan'd with Blood—Baſe, if I have any Power———

Lord. Shall the Traytor live?—Tho' your barbarous Uſage does not merit this from me, yet in Conſideration that I lov'd you once—I will chaſtiſe his Inſolence.

L. *Revel.* Once——Oh! ſay not once, do you not love me ſtill? Oh! how pure your Soul appears to me above that deteſted Wretch. [*Weeps.*

Sir *Jam.* [*Peeping.*] It takes as I cou'd wish———

Lord.

Lord. Yet how have I been ſlighted; every Fop preferr'd to me—Now you diſcover what Inconveniency your Gaming has brought you into———this from me would have been unpardonable Advice—now you have prov'd it at your own Expence.

L. *Revel.* I have, and hate myſelf for all my Folly—Oh! forgive me—and if ſtill you think me worthy of your Heart——I here return you mine——and will this Hour ſign it with my Hand.

Sir *Jam.* How I applaud myſelf for this Contrivance.

Lord. Oh the tranſporting Joy, it is the only Happineſs I covet here.

Haſte then my Charmer, haſte the long'd-for Bliſs,
The happieſt Minute of my Life is this. [Exit.

Sir *Jam* Ha, ha, ha, ha; how am I cenſur'd now for doing this Lady a Piece of Service, in forcing that upon her, which only her Vanity and Pride reſtrain'd.

So bluſhing Maids refuſe the courted Joy,
Tho' wiſhing Eyes, and preſſing Hands comply;
Till by ſome Stratagem the Lover gains,
What ſhe deny'd to all his amorous Pains.

As Sir James *is going off, enter Lady* Lucy *meeting him.*

Sir *Jam.* Ha, Lady *Lucy!*——Having ſucceeded for my Friend, who knows but this may be my lucky Minute too?———Madam, you come opportunely to hear.

[*Takes her by the Hand.*

L. *Lucy.* Stand off, baſeſt of Men, I have heard too much; coud'ſt thou chuſe no Houſe but this, to act thy Villanies in? And coud'ſt thou offer Vows to me, when thy Heart, poiſon'd with vicious Thoughts, harbour'd this Deſign againſt my Family?

Sir *Jam.* Very fine, 'Faith, this is like to be my lucky Minute with a Witneſs; but Madam—

L. *Lucy.* Offer no Excuſe, 'tis height of Impudence to look me in the Face.

Sir *Jam* 'Egad ſhe loves me——Oh! happy Rogue ——this Concern can proceed from nothing elſe. [*Aside.*

L. *Lucy.* My Heart till now unus'd to Paſſion ſwells with this Affront; wou'd reproach thee———wou'd reproach myſelf, for having harbour'd one favourable Thought of thee.

Sir *Jam.* Why did you, Madam ?—'Egad I owe more to her Anger than ever I did to her Morals.

L. *Lucy.* Ha ! What have I ſaid ?

Sir *Jam.* The only kind Word you ever utter'd.

L. *Lucy.* Yes, Impoſtor ; know to thy Confuſion, that I did love thee, and fancy'd I diſcover'd ſome Seeds of Virtue amongſt that Heap of Wickedneſs ; but this laſt Action has betray'd the fond Miſtake, and ſhew'd thou art all o'er Fiend.

Sir *Jam.* Give me leave, Madam———

L. *Lucy.* Think not this Confeſſion meant to advance thy impious Love, but hear my final Reſolution.

Sir *Jam.* 'Egad I muſt hear it——I find ; for there's no ſtopping her.

L. *Lucy.* From this Moment I'll never———

Sir *Jam.* [*Clapping his Hand before her Mouth.*] Nay, nay, nay, after Sentence no Criminal is allow'd to Plead ; therefore I will be heard—not Guilty, not Guilty, Madam, by—if I don't prove that this is all a Stratagem, contriv'd, ſtudy'd, deſign'd, proſecuted, and put in Execution, to reclaim your Couſin, and give my Lord Poſſeſſion—may you finiſh your Curſe, and I be doom'd to everlaſting Abſence—'Egad I'm out of Breath——

L. *Lucy.* Oh ! Coud'ſt thou prove this ?

Sir *Jam.* I can, if by the Proof you'll make me happy ; my Lord ſhall convince you.

L. *Lucy.* To him I will refer it, on this Truth your Hopes depend.

In vain we ſtrive our Paſſions to conceal,
Our very Paſſions do our Loves reveal ;
When once the Heart yields to the Tyrant's Sway,
The Eyes our Tongue will ſoon the Flame betray. [Exit.

Sir *Jam.* I was never out at a critical Minute in my Life.

Enter Mr. Sago *and two Bailiffs meeting* Alpiew.

Sago. Hark ye, Miſtreſs, is my Wife here ?

Alp. Truly, I ſhan't give myſelf the Trouble of ſeeking her for him, now ſhe has loſt all her Money—your Wife is a very indiſcreet Perſon, Sir.

Sago. I'm afraid I ſhall find it ſo to my Coſt.

Bailiff.

Bailiffs. Come, come, Sir, we can't wait all Day—the Actions are a thouſand Pounds——You ſhall have Time to ſend for Bail, and what Friends you pleaſe.

Sago. A thouſand Pounds! [*Enter Mrs.* Sago.] Oh Lambkin! have you ſpent me a thouſand Pounds?

Mrs. *Sago.* Who, I Pudd? Oh! undone for ever——

Sago. Pudd me no Pudd—Do you owe Mr. *Taly* the Mercer two hundred Pounds, ha?

Mrs. *Sago.* I, I, I don't know the Sum, dear Pudd—but, but, but, I do owe him ſomething; but I believe he made me pay too dear.

Sago. Oh! thou Wolfkin inſtead of Lambkin——— for thou haſt devour'd my Subſtance; and do'ſt thou owe Mr. *Dollar* the Goldſmith, three hundred Pounds? Do'ſt thou? Ha, ſpeak Tygreſs.

Mrs. *Sago.* Sure it can't be quite three hundred Pounds. [*Sobbing.*

Sago. Thou Iſland Crocodile thou——and do'ſt thou owe *Ratſbane* the Vintner an hundred Pounds? And were thoſe Hampers of Wine which I receiv'd ſo joyfully, ſent by thyſelf to thyſelf, ha?

Mrs. *Sago.* Yes, indeed, Puddy——I, I, I beg your Pardon. [*Sobbing.*

Sago. And why did'ſt not thou tell me of them, thou Rattle-Snake?———for they ſay they have ſent a hundred Times for their Money—elſe I had not been arreſted in my Shop.

Mrs. *Sago.* Be, be, be becauſe I, I, I was afraid, dear Puddy. [*Crying.*

Sago. But wer't thou not afraid to ruin me tho', dear Pudd? Ah! I need aſk thee no more Queſtions, thou Serpent in Petticoats; did I doat upon thee for this? Here's a Bill from *Callico* the Linen-Draper; another from *Setwell* the Jeweller——from *Coupler* a Mantua-maker, and *Pimpwell* the Milliner; a Tribe of Locuſts enough to undo a Lord-Mayor.

Mrs. *Sago.* I hope not, truly, Dear, Deary I'm ſure that's all.

Sago. All with a Pox ——— no Mrs. *Jezebel*, that's not all, there's two hundred Pounds due to my ſelf for Tea, Coffee, and Chocolate, which my Journeyman has confeſs'd,

confess'd, since your Roguery came out—that you have embezzled, Hussy, you have; so, this comes of your keeping Quality Company——e'en let them keep you now, for I have done with you, you shall come no more within my Doors, I promise you.

Mrs. *Sago*. Oh! Kill me rather; I never did it with Design to part with you, indeed, Puddy. [*Sobbing*.

Sago. No, no, I believe not, whilst I was worth a Groat. Oh!

Enter Sir James.

Sir *Jam*. How! Mrs. *Sago* in Tears, and my honest Friend in Ruffians Hands; the Meaning of this?

Sago. Oh! Sir *James*—— my hypocritical Wife is as much a Wife as any Wife in the City —— I'm arrested here in an Action of a thousand Pounds, that she has taken up Goods for, and gam'd away; get out of my Sight, get out of my Sight, I say.

Mrs. *Sago*. Indeed, and indeed, [*Sobbing*.] dear Puddy, but I cannot—no, here I will hang for ever on this Neck. [*Flies about his Neck*.

Sago. Help, Murder, Murder; why, why, what will you collar me?

Sir *Jam*. Right, Woman; I must try to make up this Breach——Oh! Mr. *Sago*, you are unkind——'tis pure Love that thus transports your Wife, and not such base Designs as you complain of.

Sago. Yes, yes; and she run me in Debt out of pure Love too, no doubt.

Mrs. *Sago*. So, it was, Pudd.

Sago. What was it, ha, Mistress, out of Love to me that you have undone me? Thou, thou, thou, I don't know what to call thee bad enough.

Mrs. *Sago*. You won't hear your Keecky out, dear Pudd, it was not out of Love for Play——but for Lo, Lo, Love to you, dear Pudd; if you'll forgive me, I'll ne'er play again. [*Crying and Sobbing all the nobile*.

Sir *Jam*. Nay, now, Sir, you must forgive her.

Sago. What! Forgive her that would send me to Jail?

Sir *Jam*. No, no, there's no Danger of that, I'll bail you, Mr. *Sago*, and try to compound those Debts——You know me, Officers.

[*Officers*.

Officers. Very well, Sir *James*, your Worſhip's Word is ſufficient.

Sir *Jam.* There's your Fees then, leave here your Priſoner, I'll ſee him forth coming.

Officers. With all our Hearts; your Servant, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sago. Ah thou wicked Woman, how have I doated on thoſe Eyes! How often have I kneel'd to kiſs that Hand! Ha, is not this true, Keecky?

Mrs. *Sago.* Yes, Deary, I, I, I, I do confeſs it.

Sago. Did ever I refuſe to grant whatever thou aſk'd me?

Mrs. *Sago.* No, never Pudd— [*Weeps ſtill.*

Sago. Might'ſt not thou have eaten Gold, as the Saying is, ha?—Oh Keecky, Keecky! [*Ready to weep.*

Sir *Jam.* Leave crying, and wheedle him, Madam, wheedle him.

Mrs. *Sago.* I do confeſs it; and can't you forgive your Keecky then, that you have been ſo tender of, that you ſo often confeſt your Heart has jump'd up to your Mouth when you have heard my Beauty prais'd.

Sago. So it has I profeſs, Sir *James*,—I begin to melt ——I do; I am a good-natur'd Fool, that's the Truth on't: But if I ſhould forgive you, what would you do to make me amends? For that fair Face, if I turn you out of Doors, will quickly be a cheaper Drug than any in my Shop.

Sir *Jam.* And not maintain her half ſo well—promiſe largely, Madam. [*To Mrs.* Sago.

Mrs. *Sago.* I'll love you for ever, Deary.

Sago. But you'll jig to *Covent-Garden* again.

Mrs. *Sago.* No, indeed, I won't come within the Air on't, but take up with City Acquaintance, rail at the Court, and go twice a Week with Mrs. *Outſide* to *Pinmakers-hall*.

Sago. That would rejoice my Heart. [*Ready to weep.*

Sir *Jam.* See, if the good Man is not ready to weep; your laſt Promiſe has conquer'd—Come, come, buſs and be Friends, and end the Matter—I'm glad the Quarrel is made up, for I had had her upon my Hands. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Sago.* Pudd, don't you hear Sir *James*, Pudd?

Sago. I can hold no longer.——Yes, I do hear him, ——come then to the Arms of thy nown Pudd.

[*Run into one another's Arms.*

Sir

Sir *Jam.* Now all's well; and for your Comfort, Lady *Reveller* is by this Time married to my Lord *Worthy*, and there will be no more Gaming, I assure you, in that House.

Sago. Joys upon Joys. Now if the Debts were but accommodated, I should be happier than ever; I should indeed, *Keecky*.

Sir *Jam.* Leave that to me, Mr. *Sago*, I have won Part of your Wife's Money; and will that Way restore it you.

Sago. I thank you, good Sir *James*, I believe you are the first Gamester that ever refunded.

Mrs. *Sago.* Generously done,——Fortune has brought me off this Time, and I'll never trust her more.

Sir *Jam.* But see the Bride and Bridegroom.

Enter Lord Worthy *and Lady* Reveller, *Lady* Lucy, Buckle *and* Alpiew.

L. *Lucy.* This Match which I have now been Witness to, is what I long have wish'd; your Course of Life must of Necessity be chang'd.

L. *Revel.* Ha, Sir *James* here!—Oh if you love me, my Lord, let us avoid that Brute; you must not meet him.

Sir *Jam.* Oh, there's no Danger, Madam———My Lord, I wish you Joy with all my Heart; we only quarrel'd to make you Friends, Madam, ha, ha, ha.

L. *Revel.* What, am I trick'd into a Marriage then?

Lord. Not against your Will, I hope.

L. *Revel.* No, I forgive you; tho' had I been aware of it, it should have cost you a little more Pains.

Lord. I wish I could return thy Plot, and make this Lady thine, Sir *James*.

Sir *Jam.* Then I should be paid with Interest, my Lord.

L. *Lucy.* My Fault is Consideration you know, I must think a little longer on't.

Sir *Jam.* And my whole Study shall be to improve those Thoughts to my own Advantage.

Sago. I wish your Ladyship Joy, and hope I shall keep my *Keecky* to myself now.

Lady.

Lady. With all my Heart, Mr. *Sago*, ſhe has had ill Luck of late, which I am ſorry for.

Mrs *Sago.* My Lord *Worthy* will confine your Ladyſhip from Play as well as I, and my Injunction will be more eaſy when I have your Example.

Buck. Nay, 'tis Time to throw up the Cards when the Game's out.

Enter Sir Richard, *Captain* Hearty, Lovely, *and* Valeria.

Capt. Well, Sir *James*, the Danger's over; we have doubled the Cape, and my Kinſman is ſailing directly to the Port.

Sir *Jam.* A boon Voyage.

Sir *Rich.* 'Tis done, and my Heart is at Eaſe.—Did you ever ſee ſuch a perverſe Baggage? Look in his Face, I ſay, and thank your Stars; for their beſt Influences gave you this Huſband.

Lov. Will not *Valeria* look upon me? She us'd to be more kind when we have fiſh'd for Eels in Vinegar.

Val. My *Lovely*, is it thee! And has natural Sympathy forborn to inform my Senſe thus long? [*Flies to him.*

Sir *Rich.* How! how! This *Lovely?* What, does it prove the Enſign I have ſo carefully avoided?

Lov. Yes, Sir, the ſame; I hope you may be brought to like a Land-Soldier, as well as a Seaman.

Sir *Rich.* And, Captain, have you done this?

Capt. Yes, 'Faith, ſhe was too whimſical for our Element; her hard Words might have conjur'd up a Storm for ought I know,———ſo I have ſet her aſhore.

L. *Revel.* What, my Uncle deceiv'd with his Stock of Wiſdom? ha, ha, ha.

Buck. Here's ſuch a Coupling, Mrs. *Alpiew*, han't you a Month's Mind?

Alp. Not to you, I aſſure you.

Buck. I was but in Jeſt, Child; ſay nay, when you're aſk'd.

Sir *Jam.* The principal Part of this Plot was mine, Sir *Richard*.

Sir [illegible] Wou'd 'twas in my Power to hang you for't.

[*Aſide.*

Sir

Sir *Jam.* And I have no Reaſon to doubt you ſhould repent it; he is a Gentleman, tho' a younger Brother; he loves your Daughter, and ſhe him, which has the beſt Face of Happineſs in a marry'd State; you like a Man of Honour, and he has as much as any one, that I aſſure you, Sir *Richard.*

Sir *Rich.* Well, ſince what's paſt is paſt Recal, I had as good be ſatisfied as not; therefore take her, and bleſs ye together.

Lord. So now each Man's Wiſh is crown'd, but mine with double Joy.

Capt. Well ſaid, Sir *Richard,* let's have a Bowl of Punch, and drink to the Bridegroom's good Voyage to-Night——ſteady, ſteady, ha, ha.

Sago. I'll take a Glaſs with you, Captain,———I reckon myſelf a Bridegroom too.

Buck. I doubt *Keecky* won't find him ſuch. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Sago.* Well,—poor *Keecky*'s bound to good Behaviour,

Or ſhe had quite loſt her Puddy's Favour.

Shall I for this repine at Fortune?———No,
I'm glad at Heart that I'm forgiven ſo.
Some Neighbours Wives have but too lately ſhown,
When Spouſe had left 'em, all their Friends were flown.
Then all you Wives that wou'd avoid my Fate,
Remain contented with your preſent State.

Love at a Venture.

A

COMEDY.

THE

PROLOGUE.

LEST any here shou'd blame our Author's Toil,
For strolling with her Brat a Hundred Mile.
By me to Such, She does this Reason give,
Seeing how many Men by Ventures live.
She straight embark'd, and hoisted Sail to try,
What sure good Nature in these Bottoms lye.
Beside, she hop'd, she might divert you too,
By adding to your Pleasures something new.
The Virtue of these Baths had ne're been known,
If or'e these Hills, no Man had ventur'd down.
Here Doctors Venturing, come in Hopes of Fees,
And Patients Venture, on their Skill for Ease,
For Wealth, the Merchant Ventures on the Seas.
The Lawyer Ventures upon any Cause,
And Venturing Client's beggar'd by the Laws.
The Lover Ventures, to Address the Fair,
With broken Speeches, and dejected Air.
She runs a Venture, who relieves his Care.
The Gamester Ventures, to improve his Store,
And having lost, he Ventures on for more.
The London *Punk, in Garret shut all Day,*
At Night, with last Half-crown she Ventures to the Play.
The Amorous Cully meeting with the Miss,
Ventures at Water-Gruel for a Kiss.
Since every Man, Adventures in his Way,
Hither our Author Ventur'd with her Play:
And hopes her Profits will her Charge defray,
If that bright Circle Ventures to adorn our Day.

THE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs JACOBELLA POWER.

IN Spight of dull inſipid Rules, I'm come,
To learn what Fate attends my Virgin Bloom.
Strange Things I've heard this Night, that makes me fear,
Leaſt I ſhou'd find ſuch Entertainment here.
You Men are grown ſo witty in Deceit,
That We, poor Girls, are often ruin'd by't.
'Tis Pity——but I hope to croſs this Play,
And be reveng'd on you ſome other Way.
Well——but conſider, We are tender Things,
That Innocence, and ſprightly Beauty brings.
Soft Accents, broken Words, and yielding Air,
Are all the Weapons, that attend the Fair.
And can you long reſiſt, the ſweet Temptation,
Give us at leaſt a Bill of Reformation.
That the ſucceeding Age may ſay of you,
You dare be Civil, tho' you can't be true.
But if at laſt no Charms have Power to win ye,
You're paſt Repentance——or the Devil's in ye.

[Runs off.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Belair, *a Gentleman juſt come from Travel, an Airy Spark.*

Sir William Freelove, *Friend to* Belair, *in Love with* Beliza.

Sir Thomas Belair, *Father to* Belair.

Sir Paul Cautious, *a Whimſical, Deſponding, Old Fellow.*

Ned Freelove, *younger Brother to Sir* William.

Wou'dbe, *a Silly, Projecting Coxcomb.*

Poſitive, *Father to* Camilla.

Robin, *Servant to* Belair.

WOMEN.

Lady Cautious, *Wife to Sir* Paul, *and Siſter to Sir* William.

Beliza.

Camilla, *Couſin to* Beliza, *a great Fortune.*

Patch, *Maid to* Beliza.

Flora, *Maid to Camilla.*

LOVE AT A VENTURE.

ACT I.

SCENE *Sir* Paul Cautious's *House*. *Sir* William Freelove's *Apartment*.

Enter Belair *and* Robin, *meeting Sir* William.

Belair.

O H Sir *William*, I am ſo tranſported, I cannot ſpeak in the common Strain of Mankind.

Sir *Will.* And pry'thee, *Belair*, What occaſions this Tranſport?

Bel. Had'ſt thou been my profeſt Enemy all thy Life, and done me as much Miſchief as the *Turk* in *Hungary*, or the *French* in *Flanders*; if thou'lt but help me now, thou woud'ſt make Amends for all—ſuch a Creature! ſuch an Angel!

Sir *Will.* What Viſions! Apparitions?

Bel. Cou'd I but hope to ſee her once more, I'd change the happieſt half of my Life for that one Moment.

Sir *Will.* If you pleaſe to deſcend from your high-flown Raptures, and walk Hand in Hand with my Underſtanding.

Bel. You muſt lead me to her. [*Haſtily.*

Sir *Will.* Ha, ha, ha, what, before I know where ſhe

is

is——you wou'd be landed at your Port before you have taken Shipping, or told the Place you deſign for.

Bel. Pho; you know all my Deſigns.

Robin. When a Woman's concern'd. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* Are extravagant——you have more Intrigues upon your Hands, than a handſome young Poet on the Succeſs of his firſt Play——like a Dog in a Herd, you run at all, and catch none, becauſe you run with ſuch ungovern'd Heat, you ſpring the Quarry before you can draw your Net.

Bel. But if I miſs Sitting, I commonly hit 'em Flying—but this is nothing to the Purpoſe; the Lady, Man, the Lady——

Sir *Wil.* Ay, the Lady; what of her?

Bel. Which I ſaw laſt Night——Oh, ſuch a Creature!

Sir *Will.* At what Window?

Bel. Such a charming Air.——

Sir *Wil.* What Houſe was it at?

Bel. As much Youth as wou'd ſerve to recover half the decay'd Faces in the Town.

Sir *Will.* What Street?

Bel. Wanton as a Nun, yet look'd demure as a Quaker——

Sir *Will.* Z'death, where, where, is this rare Creature to be ſeen?

Bell. Then her Features, Sir *William!* Oh, ſuch Features; ſhe is the moſt perfect Piece in the World——her Shape clean and eaſy——a profuſe Quantity of dark brown Hair—and ſuch a Complexion, as the Gods form when they deſign a Miracle of Beauty.

Sir *Will.* Nay, ſince you will have your own Way, I'll ſtrike in with you——a charming high Forehead.

Bel. Ay, and ſuch a Mouth——

Sir *Will.* Sparkling black Eyes——

Bel. And ſuch a Caſt——

Sir *Will.* Such Dimples in her Cheeks——

Bel. Ay, ay, Rapture, Rapture.

Sir *Will.* Ah, he's got above the Clouds already—when you have recover'd your Senſes, [illegible] you may be fit for Converſation; I have a [illegible] to diſpatch——and muſt beg your Pardon——

Bel. Thou wilt not leave me.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Why, what Service can I do you?

Bel. You muſt aſſiſt me in the Management of this Affair.

Sir *Will.* What Affair? Who is ſhe? Where did you ſee her?

Bel. Why, when I left you laſt Night, I took a Boat reſolving to go up the River for a little Air, when the luckieſt Occaſion preſented to make me the happieſt Man living.

Rob. I have known a hundred of theſe lucky Occaſions; in a Month's Time the moſt unlucky Occaſions, that ever Man had. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* What was it?

Bel. A Lady deſigning to land at *Whitehall* Stairs, ſtepping ſhort from the Boat, fell into the Water, I jumpt in after her, caught her in my Arms, and brought her ſafe aſhore.

Rob. Who cou'd have believ'd he ſhou'd be burnt in the Middle of the *Thames* now.

Sir *Will.* What's her Name?

Bel. I know not, ſhe enquir'd mine, and where I liv'd; gave me a thouſand Thanks, and promis'd I ſhou'd hear from her.

Sir *Will.* Well, and what can I do for you?

Bel. I'll tell you, I muſt have Lodgings in this Houſe, for here I directed her; told her my Name was *Conſtant*, tho', faith, *Bellair* was at my Tongue's End; but you know my Reaſons for concealing my Name, leaſt my Father hear I'm in *England*, before I'd have him, and force me to marry the Woman he commanded me Home for, which, for ought I know, may be ugly, old, ill-natur'd, fooliſh, conceited, vain, and ſo forth—at leaſt, I ſhall think her ſuch, becauſe of his chuſing—I like no Caterer in Love's Market—

Sir *Will.* You ſhall have theſe Lodgings to oblige you, good Mr. *Conſtant*—but what have you done with the other Lady you told me of Yeſterday; you was then dying for her?

Bel. Faith, I like her ſtill——but t'other, t'other, is a perfect Venus——

Rob. Pray, Sir, what is your Name to her? I ſhall certainly forget all theſe Names.

Bel. Colonel *Revel*, you Sot.

Rob. Juſt come from where, Sir?

Bel. From *Portugal*, Blockhead.

Rob. And —— are you an —— Officer too in t'other Place with your new Amour; Co, co, co, con, pray, Sir, do me the Favour to tell me your Name to this Incognita once more?

Bel. Conſtant, Coxcomb.

Rob. And what are you, Sir, pray, what are you?

Bell. An *Oxfordſhire* Gentleman; remember that, Sirrah, come up to Town about a Law-Suit.

Rob. Yes, Sir— Colonel *Revel* juſt come from *Portugal*, — Mr. *Conſtant*, an *Oxfordſhire* Gentleman, come up to Town about a Law-Suit.———Very well, I have it now, Sir, I warrant you.

Sir *Will.* Well but do you think to manage both theſe Intrigues with Secreſy.

Bel. I do; and in order to't, I'll keep my own Lodgings, that are known to the other, and theſe for my Incognita, and I'll engage to play my Part with both.

Sir *Will.* To what Purpoſe?

Bel. Why, ſince my old Dad will have me marry, I would willingly chuſe for my ſelf; now, you muſt know, I deſign to take my ſwing of Love and Liberty——if, in the Chaſe, I chance to meet one that can fix me, her I'll marry; till when I'll, like the Bee, kiſs every Plant, and gather Sweetneſs from every Flower——Youth is the Harveſt of our Lives, Sir *William*.

Sir *Will.* Well, in my Conſcience, Travel has given thee a large Aſſurance.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here is Mr. *Wou'dbe* to wait on you.

Bel. Who's he?

Sir *Will.* The projecting Coxcomb, I told you of Yeſterday.

Bel. What, he that mimicks thee in his Cloaths?

Sir *Will.* The ſame —— now, for hard Words, and ſoft Senſe; bring him up. [*Exit Servant.*

Bel. I'll not ſtay———I expect a Meſſage from my t'other Miſtreſs at my Lodgings; I'll ſend a Night-Gown, and

and a Suit of Cloaths hither; and *Robin* ſhall wait to call me, if my Fair unknown ſends———Oh the Pleaſure of Intrigue; it finds Employment for every Senſe, ſharpens the Wit, and gives a Life to all our Faculties.

When pal'd with one, another ſtill ſupplies,
Thus different Women give us different Joys.
Beauty in one; in t'other Wit we find;
In this a Shape, in that a ſpacious Mind;
But Change, dear Change, thou Life of human Kind.

[Exit.

Enter Wou'dbe.

Wou'd. Dear, Sir *William*, my Stars are ſuperabundantly propitious, in adminiſtring the ſeraphick Felicity of finding you alone.

Sir *Will.* Oh, Mr. *Wou'dbe*———ſpare me, I beſeech you———

Wou'd. My Soul's inhabited; or, rather canoniz'd, with an Alacrity to ſee you.

Sir *Will.* I know not how his Soul's inhabited; but his Head might paſs for a Colony, in *Greenland*, it is ſo thinly Peopled. [*Aſide.*

Enter Ned Free Love.

Ned. Brother, good Morrow; Mr. *Wou'dbe*, yours.

Wou'd. Sir, I am moſt obſequiouſly your Servant.

Ned. What Gentleman was that I ſaw go out juſt now?

Sir *Will.* A Friend of mine, who, for ſome Reaſons, I have promiſ'd this Apartment to; I hope Sir *Paul* won't be alarm'd; I think 'tis beſt not to let him know it, if he does not find it out.

Ned. Much the beſt, for he'll aſk ſo many impertinent Queſtions about him, and be in ſuch a Fright, he'll call in half the Pariſh to watch with him———Who is the Gentleman?

Sir *Will.* If you remember, I told you, when I was in *Spain*, a Gentleman reſcu'd me from the Hands of Ruffians, when I was ſet upon in the Night; this is he, and ever ſince we have held a ſtrict Friendſhip——Perhaps he may have kill'd his Man, I know not; he deſires Privacy——and I am bound, in Honour, to give it.

Ned. Doubtleſs———What's his Name?
Sir *Will. Conſtant.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Taylor has brought home your Cloaths.
Sir *Will.* Bring him in.
Wou'd. But, Sir *William*, pray, how do you like my Way of greeting——I never want Words, you ſee——I hate thoſe dull Rogues, that have no better Expreſſions at meeting their Friends than, dear *Jack*, how is't?

Enter Taylor, and Sir William *dreſſes.*

Meer Fuſtian———ha! What do I ſee? Another Suit ——and, upon my Veracity, a charming one——I muſt put down the Trimming exactly, I ſhall ob'literate half elſe. [*Takes out a Book and writes.*
Ned. Our *Engliſh* Tongue is much oblig'd to you, Mr. *Wou'dbe.*
Sir *Will.* Is it not too ſhort Mr. *Meaſure?* [*To the Taylor.*
Tayl. Not at all, Sir.
Wou'd. The Suit my Taylor is making, is the very ſame Colour; I'll ſend, and have it trimm'd exactly like that. [*Aſide.*
Sir *Will.* How do you like my Fancy in this Suit, Mr. *Wou'dbe?*
Wou'd. Sir *William*, I reverence the Sublimity of your Fancy——If mine be not done by Play-time, I'll break my Taylor's Head, and never pay the Bill. [*Aſide.*
Ned. But what new Diſcoveries have you made lately, Mr. *Wou'dbe*; Never a Project, ha!
Wou'd. Yes, Sir, I am going to erect an Office for Poetry.
Ned. How! An Office for Poetry?
Wou'd. Ay, Sir, where all Poets may have free Acceſs, paying ſuch a Moiety of their Profits, and be furniſh'd with all Sorts of refin'd Words adapted to their ſeveral Characters.
Sir *Will.* The Poets will be very much oblig'd to you truly, Sir.
Wou'd. I think ſo———hark ye, I'm upon another Project, which you'll not gueſs for a Wager?

Sir

Sir *Will.* No, really, Mr. *Wou'dbe*; 'tis not in my ſhallow Capacity, to fathom the Profundity of your Wit.

Wou'd. Oh, Sir *William*, ſuch accumulated Kindneſs will bankrupt my poor Acknowledgements —— Profundity of your Wit——ſpoke like a Gentleman, and a Scholar —— thou art expenſively obliging, therefore I will communicate——tho' it is not grown to a full Maturity, yet——'tis this——for the Good of the Public, I am contriving how to ſave the Charges of Hackney-Coaches; the Raſcals are ſo ſaucy, eſpecially to Ladies, there's no enduring them; I reſolve to deſtroy their Conſtitution.

Ned. As how, pry'thee?

Sir *Will.* They are the moſt neceſſary Things in the World; a Hackney-Coach carries us from one End of the Town to the other in a Trice.

Wou'd. Ay, Sir *William*——but my Project carries 'em quicker——and without going out of their Houſes.

Ned. That's a Stratagem, indeed, beyond my Comprehenſion.

Sir *Will.* If you can do that, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, you need not fear a Patent; the Ladies will be all of your Side.

Wou'dbe. They will have Reaſon, Sir, for they may dreſs, patch, paint, drink Tea, or play at Piquet, all the while they are going to the Play-houſe —— Is not this an excellent Project?

Sir *Will.* Excellent, indeed; but, pry'thee, how is it?

Ned. Ay, ay, how is it, you muſt deal with the Devil certainly.

Wou'd. No, without his Help, I aſſure you, 'tis all my own——this individual Brain contriv'd it——were I known at Court, I ſhou'd be a great Man——a moſt magnificent Man.

Sir *Will.* Oh, this Project, Sir, will do your Buſineſs.

Wou'd. I know you are impatient for the Secret; you are my Friends, or I'd not impart a Matter of this Conſequence.

Sir *Will.* I hope you don't doubt our Secreſy?

Wou'd. Not in the leaſt——to convince you, 'tis this, I'll make the Streets to move.

Ned. Ha, ha, the Streets move! Pry'thee, how wilt thou do that?

Wou'd. Oh by Clock-work, Sir.

Sir *Will.* By Clock-work? What make the ſolid Earth move by Clock-work?

Wou'd. Ay, Sir———I affirm that's poſſible——You miſtake, the Earth is not ſolid; read but *Baker*'s Chronicle, and you'll find a whole Field walk'd ten Mile in Queen *Beſs*'s Days.

Ned. But not by Clock-work, Mr. *Wou'dbe.*

Wou'd. Humph———ha———I can't be poſitive in that, but———if it can walk at all——— why can't it be made walk by Clock-work———but in a Month's Time I ſhall be able to anſwer that, and all other Objections——For, you muſt know, Yeſterday I began my Study, in order to ſearch out the Curioſity of every Country, Language, Art and Science——— you ſhall hear how I have canton'd out the Day———I riſe about five, my firſt Hour is laid out upon Law——— 'tis fit a Gentleman ſhou'd underſtand the Laws of his Country, tho' I hate the confounded Study, 'tis ſo crabbed——— At Six, I read a Leſſon of Greek———at Seven, one of Hebrew——— Eight, is for Italian——— Nine, for Spaniſh——Ten, for French——— Eleven, Aſtronomy———Twelve, is proper for Geometry, then the Sun Beams are perpendicular———

Ned Excellent, ha, ha, ha.

Wou'd. At One, I dine——then repoſe an Hour for Digeſtion——at Three, I ſtudy Phyſic——, that, if I'm poiſon'd by the Vintners, I may not be kill'd by the Doctors——at Four, Logic——at Five, Philoſophy——at Six, Huſbandry—— that when my Father dies, my Steward and Tenants mayn't cheat me.

Sir *Will.* A politic Thought———

Wou'd. Hawking, hunting, fiſhing, fowling, at Seven——Architecture, at Eight——for to underſtand the Art of Building, is of mighty Conſequence towards raiſing a Man's Fortune, you know,———Nine, for Poetry, in Honour of the Nine Muſes——becauſe I love the Ladies Company towards Bed-time———Thus, in a Month, I hope to become Maſter of all theſe Things; how like you my Rules, Gentlemen, ha?

Ned. Oh, wonderfully, ha, ha.

Wou'd.

Wou'd. Well, Poetry is one of the nobleſt Parts of the Mathematics — but we have ſuch Factions now on Foot, that Muſic has put Poetry quite out of Tune—but that Suit—I muſt to my Taylor immediately. [*Aſide.*

Ned. But, Mr. *Woud'be,* the Town ſay you are much in *Beliza*'s Favour———you won't rival my Brother, will you?

Wou'd. Not I, upon my Soul —— but does the Town really ſay ſo?

Ned. Why ſhou'd I tell you ſo elſe?

Wou'd. Nay, the Elegance of my Fabric, has titulated the Imagination of many a fine Lady, I aſſure you.

Sir *Will.* Ha, ha, ha, the Fool believes you.

Wou'd. Where do you dine, Sir *William?*

Sir *Will.* With my Siſter *Cautious.*

Wou'd. If *Beliza* likes me —— I'm a happy Mortal. I'll make ſome Advance, and give her to underſtand I'm not inexorable. [*Aſide.* I'll rendezvous you at the Portal of her Apartment after Dinner; your moſt obſequious— [*Exit.*

Ned. He took particular Notice of your Cloths, Brother; I'll venture a Guinea, the next Time he appears, he's equipt to a Hair, if either Money or Credit be in his Power; ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Will.* I believe that, but I'll give him enough on't if he is—'tis the moſt whimſical Coxcomb I ever ſaw.—

Ned. Well, but how goes it between you and *Beliza,* Brother?

Sir *Will.* I begin to doubt a Rival there, but who, I can't find out——She is grown indifferent of late, often abroad, and ſeldom in Humour, when at Home; if there be a Favourite in reſerve, let her take Care to conceal him, for Faith, I have ſuck'd in the *Spaniard*'s Jealouſy with their Air, and ſhou'd breath a Vein without Scruple———

Ned. Well, if ever I be in Love———of all Paſſions which agitate the Mind of Man———grant I may never be infected with Jealouſy.

Sir *Will.* Thou prayeſt againſt the only Thing that gives Love a Reliſh.

Love like to luſcious Meat, will Surfeits breed,
And hurt the Stomach which they're ſent to feed.
Without a Grain of Jealouſy apply'd,
Your Appetite, your Health, and Life's deſtroy'd. [Exit.

The SCENE *changes to* Belair's *Lodgings.*

Enter Belair *meeting Mrs.* Patch.

Bel. I foreſee this Day, Mrs. *Patch*, will be a lucky Day———the Sight of thee———

Patch. Will not pleaſe you, I dare be poſitive, my Lady can't ſee you to Day, being oblig'd to go abroad.

Bel. Oh, propitious Diſengagement——— Now, if my Incognita does but ſend— [*Aſide.*] I'll wait for her return, let it be never ſo late———

Patch. Not to Day, ſweet Sir——— your Love runs on Wheels———Pray, more ſoftly, Sir.

Bel. This Girl's very pretty, I never minded her ſo much before——— Harkye, Child, I will come, if I miſs thy Lady, thou ſhalt keep me Company.

Patch. You are merry, Sir.

Bel. I muſt be ſo, when I am near any Thing——— belonging to *Beliza*——Methinks I entertain her whilſt thou art near me.

Patch. I can't tell how you mean it, Sir———but I aſſure you, as fine Gentlemen as yourſelf, have paid their Devotions to me, before now———

Bel. Why not? he muſt be inſenſible, that ſo much Beauty cannot warm. [*Kiſſes her.*

Enter Robin.

Rob. Why, the Devil's in my Maſter——egad, I ſhall ſtarve with him in Love's Kitchen, for he engroſſes all Sorts of Fleſh, I find, [*Aſide.*

Patch. Not ſo cloſe, I beſeech you, Sir. [*Puſhing him away.*

Bel. I proteſt my Heart feels a thouſand Emotions for thee———

Patch. Pray ſtop your Emotions, Sir———and don't load me with your Heart for I have ſo many already I don't

don't know where to put 'em, without choaking one another.

Rob. She need never fear that, he'll not ſtay ſo long.—

Bel. I proteſt it is a Pleaſure to look on thee——

Rob. He does not love to be idle, I'll ſay that for him; but I bring him Employment and muſt diſturb him—Sir.

Patch. I am not ſurpriz'd at that—for I take Pleaſure to look on my ſelf, and generally do it a thouſand Times a Day.

Rob. Sir,—Sir,—Sir.

Bel. Ha! has ſhe ſent? [*Aſide to* Robin.

Rob. The Maid ſtays for you, Sir.

Bel. Oh! Tranſport—run—fly, let every Thing be ready for my Change of Dreſs, I'll be there in an Inſtant—I wiſh this Girl were gone.

Rob. So, the Tide's turn'd already—Why, what a hurrying Life's this I lead. [*Exit.*

Patch. Well, what more fine Things, Sir.

Bel. Nay, I ſee you don't believe what I have ſaid already—and an, an——piſh pox——how ſhall I get rid of her——

Patch. You are out of Humour, Sir, I hope, I——

Bel. No, no, no, no, Child, I, I, I,—what the Devil ſhall I ſay—this is the moſt unlucky Accident.

Patch. What is, Sir?

Bel. A good Hint—why, my Man tells me there is a Friend of mine wounded in a Duel, and deſires me to bring a Surgeon immediately—ſo dear little Rogue, excuſe me, this Kiſs to thy Lady, and tell her *Revel* lives not in her Abſence—if this don't do't, I ſhall go diſtracted, that's certain—— [*Aſide.*

Patch. Nay, I have done my Meſſage, ſo your Servant. [*Exit.*

Bel. So, now for my dear unknown——Let me ſee, what am I?—ho, a Country Gentleman—I muſt reſtrain my Humour—a little Gravity will be neceſſary to adorn that Character—beſides, the Invention's new, and gives the Intrigue the greater Guſto—

To gain my Point, I'll every Art improve,
All Policy's allow'd in War and Love. [Exit.

ACT II.

Beliza's *Lodgings.*

Beliza *and* Camilla.

Beliz. AND you are really in Love with this Stranger, Couſin?

Cam. I fear ſo, *Beliza.*

Beliz. To what Purpoſe?

Cam. To no Purpoſe at all, without thy Help.

Beliz. You are aſſur'd of me—but pr'ythee, in what can I help thee? You neither know who he is, nor what he is——he may, for ought you know, be a Wretch unworthy of your Eſteem.

Cam. Impoſſible——I tell thee he's a Country Gentleman, which the Term brought up to Town on Buſineſs.

Beliz. Then how are you ſure he is not married in the Country?

Cam. Start no Objections, I beſeech you—I am ſure he is not married——he did not look as if he was.

Beliz. Well, ſuppoſe he is what you'd have him be, you know your Father has diſpos'd of you, and I'm afraid won't be prevail'd upon to alter his Mind.

Cam. Ay, there's the only Bar to all my Wiſhes; why ſhou'd our Parents impoſe upon our Inclinations, in that one Choice which makes us ever happy, or ever miſerable?

Beliz. 'Tis an unjuſt Prerogative Parents have got, from whence I ſee no Deliverance without an Act of Parliament.

Cam. If thou art my Friend, *Beliza*, I may chance to croſs my Father's Deſign, without the Help of the Senate.

Beliz. I confeſs I am a Well-wiſher to Diſobedience in Love Affairs——there's my Hand, inſtruct me how I may be ſerviceable.

Cam. Thus: I have ſent *Flora* to give him an Invitation hither.——

Beliz. Hither!——to my Lodgings; 'tis well I ſent Colonel *Revel* Word I ſhou'd not be at Home. [*Aſide.*

Cam.

Cam. Yes, I hope you'll forgive the Liberty I have taken, I was not willing he shou'd know mine, till I had your Approbation of him.

Beliz. But how if my Lover, Sir *William*, shou'd happen to come, who is grown a perfect *Spaniard* since his Travels, and has of late been apprehensive of a Rival, tho' from what Cause I know not ——— the Country Gentleman wou'd be in Danger, I assure you.

Cam. To prevent his being seen, I have order'd him to be brought in the Back-way——he is yet a Stranger to every Thing that concerns me —— he neither knows my Name nor Family——nor shall he, if you approve him not; therefore, after I have thank'd him for the Service he did me, I'll give him to understand I have a a Relation whose Judgment I rely on——and from her Mouth he must receive his Hopes, then I'll call you in and retire.

Beliz. You have a very good Opinion of me, Cousin.

Cam. I have so.

Enter Flora.

Flo. He waits your Pleasure, Madam.

Cam. Bring him in——Cousin, you'll be at Hand.

Beliz. In the next Room. [*Exit* Beliza.

Enter Bellair, *gravely dress.*

Bel. This is an Honour so much above my Merit, Madam———that I receive it with Confusion, and shall be uneasy till you inform me how I may return this wonderous Favour———I am caught by *Venus*: What Eyes are there.

Cam. Rather instruct me, Sir, how I may return the Obligations I have to you; they are no common One:—you purchas'd my Life at the Hazard of your own, and it shall be the Business of that Life you sav'd (if ever ought falls within my Power) to serve you.——Oh, my Heart. [*Aside.*

Bel. On that kind Promise will I build my Hopes; nay, I will rely upon it —— and now, Madam, I must declare that it is in your Power to over-pay the Hazard you have mention'd; the only Woman I could be content to take, for Better for Worse, I ever saw; egad, I'm upon the very Precipice of Matrimony, if she consents. [*Aside.*

Cam. Gratitude obliges generous Souls———then be aſſur'd, and aſk——pray Heaven his Deſigns be honourable——that he aſks the Right. [*Aſide.*

Bel. 'Tis done, faith, [*Aſide*] your Heart—I fear you'll think I am too bold in my Deſires———but you commanded me to ſpeak———and I durſt not tell you a Lye—yourſelf wou'd have diſcover'd it, for your beauteous Image is drawn ſo lively in my Breaſt, that you are Miſtreſs of every Thought, and every Wiſh about it.

Cam. My Soul tells him, thro' my Eyes, (I fear) that his Requeſt is granted, [*Aſide.*] I confeſs you have ſurpriz'd me, Sir, and I know not well what to anſwer you; only this———were I free to diſpoſe of my Perſon, with my Heart, your Services ſhou'd not go unrewarded.

Bel. Ha! what ſay you, Madam! your Words ſhake me like an Ague Fit—you are not——(forbid it Heaven) married?

Cam. Not married.

Bel. Nor vow'd againſt it?

Cam. Neither—but I've a Father to whom my Duty muſt ſubmit, without his Leave I meaſure not a Foot of his Eſtate, tho' I'm his only Child.

Bel. Let him keep it then,—if Love had any Power o'er your Soul——or had I Charms to wound like you, this wou'd be no Obſtacle.

Cam. You have too many, and I find my Heart but too inclining—were it poſſible, but my Duty———

Bel. Oh, Extaſy! I ſhan't contain myſelf [*Aſide.*] it is, it ſhall be poſſible——give me to underſtand your Father, Madam, that I may apply myſelf to him; if Avarice affects him, and Wealth be his only Aim, I am Heir to an Eſtate, perhaps, as large as he can wiſh.

Cam. But how are you ſure your Father will conſent; and why wou'd you hazard his Diſpleaſure for a Stranger, Sir?

Bel. The Eſtate's intail'd, he cannot hurt me there, and here I muſt be happy, or not at all——may I not know your Family?

Cam. Yet you muſt not.

Bel. Why ſhou'd you deny me——Is it not in my Power to know———Can I not enquire when I go out, whoſe Houſe this is?

Cam.

Cam. Without any Benefit by it——for theſe are a Friend's Lodgings, whoſe Judgment I eſteem, you ſhall conſult her; if ſhe approves it, perhaps, you may know mine before Night—Who's there?

Enter Flora.

Deſire *Beliza* to walk in————

Bel. Ha! Did ſhe not name *Beliza?* I hope it is not that *Beliza* I know——if it ſhou'd, I'm in a fine Condition——— [*Enter* Beliza *and* Patch.] by ill Luck—the very She—what the Devil ſhall I do? [*Aſide.*

Cam. Couſin, this is the Gentleman I'm ſo much oblig'd to——Mr. *Conſtant*, this is a Relation of mine.

Beliz. What do I ſee? Colonel *Revel* here———

Pat. Ay, tis even he.

Bel. There is no Excuſe to be made now—thou never failing Power of Impudence aſſiſt me. [*Aſide.*] I muſt honour every Thing that's related to you, Madam. [*Salutes her.*

Beliz. How grave he is in this Diſguiſe—picques me, methinks, tho' I had no Deſign upon him.

Pat. How ſober he looks————

Cam. This is the Friend I refer you to, Mr. *Conſtant.*

Pat. Conſtant!—Yes, he is conſtant with a Witneſs.

Cam. What ſhe promiſes, I'll confirm. [*Exit.*

Bel. I'm in a hopeful Way, faith———Egad I'm ſo confounded, I know not how to look—but I'm reſolv'd to carry it off, and perſuade her I'm not the Man. [*Aſide.* Madam, I'm oblig'd to my Stars, however, tho' they conceal the Family, and Name of her I adore, they give me an Opportunity of knowing her ſecond Self, you being made ſo by the ſtricteſt Bonds of Friendſhip——This is the hardeſt Taſk I ever went thro', by *Jupiter.* [*Aſide.*

Beliz. I don't wonder that you know me——but I am ſurpriz'd at your Impudence.

Bel. This is the firſt Time I was ever accus'd of that by a fair Lady: Wherein have I incurr'd your Diſpleaſure?

Beliz. Pray, Sir, do you act this Part upon a Wager, or do you think I have loſt my Senſes-very pretty, truly—

Bel. A Wager.—Part—and Senſes——What do you mean, Madam?—Oh, miſchievous Encounter. [*Aſide.*

Beliz.

Beliz. Colonel *Revel* can inform Mr. *Conſtant* of my Meaning.

Bel. Colonel *Revel!* Who's he?———A Pox of the Name. [*Aſide.*

Pat. So, he don't know himſelf———

Beliz. You don't know ſuch a Man as Colonel *Revel?*

Bel. Not I, upon my Word, Madam———

Beliz. Well, ſuch an Aſſurance I never ſaw, and do you think this will paſs upon me?

Bel. I hope ſo, [*Aſide.*] I proteſt, Madam, I can't gueſs what you aim at———

Pat. Were I in your Place, Madam, I'd have him toſt in a Blanket.

Bel. Well ſaid, Mrs. *Patch:* Egad, wou'd I were well out of their Hands. [*Aſide.*

Beliz. Lookye, Sir, your Declaration for my Couſin concerns me not; for from the Firſt, to me you appear'd as indifferent as now——But if you think to impoſe upon my Underſtanding, you'll draw my utmoſt Malice on your Head;

Bel. And I need no more——for the Malice of a Woman exceeds the Devil's. [*Aſide.*] Your Raillery is very pleaſant, Madam, but very different from what I expected—for I confeſs, I am a Stranger to your Meaning.

Beliz. Oh, you ſhift your Shape ſo often, you may eaſily forget—an excellent Contrivance, to take as many Names as you make Miſtreſſes.

Pat. Conſult your Pocket-Book, Sir; and you'll find your Name was *Revel* two Hours ago———

Bel. This is a new Way of treating Strangers, Madam; Do you call this telling me the Secrets of the unknown Fair? This will make the prettieſt Novel in the World——— [*Aſide.*

Beliz. The Secrets of the unknown Fair; yes, ſhe ſhall know your Secrets, I promiſe you, and who you are—believe me, your Affairs are done with her; you ſhall neither know her Name, nor Quality.

Bel. Recal that Sentence, Madam; or, let me fall a Sacrifice, to your ſuppoſed Reſentments———never to know my lovely, dear Incognita is Death, with all the additional Racks *Barbarians* e'er inventad, to ſeparate

Soul

Soul and Body. I begin to grow perfect in my double Art, I find. [*Aside.*

Beliz. This is the most bare-fac'd Impostor I ever saw. [*Aside.*] Really, now in my Opinion, Colonel, you act the same Person too long—Come, come, pull off the Mask, and I'll forgive you, ha, ha.

Bel. That Wheedle shan't take, I'm in, and must go thro' it. [*Aside.*] Mask, Madam! by all the Pangs of Love I feel for your beauteous Friend, I wou'd wear no Disguise to any Thing that belongs to her——

Pat. Well, was I my Lady, I'd have that Tongue pull'd out of your Head.

Bel. Pray, Madam, who is that pretty Enemy? is she Friend, or some Relation?

Pat. Do, do, seem ignorant, poor Devil—you don't know me; not long since, you knew me for this Lady's Maid, and lik'd me well enough, to think me worth a Compliment.

Beliz. Make Love to my Woman! Pray, Sir, what Name wou'd you have taken to her, ha, ha.

Bel. You are in a pleasant Humour, Ladies, I hope I shall find the Benefit of it; to my Knowledge, I never saw any of you till this Hour——This is a Master-piece of Art, to face down two Women at once. [*Aside.*]

Pat. Nay, if I had believ'd all he said to me, I shou'd have registered him amongst my Lovers. That is not true neither.

Bel. As the rest—Poor Gentlewoman, I pity thee; pr'ythee, get Advice, before thy Frenzy increase too much.

Beliz. So, you'll persuade us we are mad by and by—and you don't bear a Colonel's Commission, and have not been in *Portugal* with *Charles* the Third?

Bel. No, upon my Honour, Madam—My Name is *Constant*, born in *Oxfordshire*, and come up about a Suit in *Chancery*; and know this Colonel no more than you know me; if you please, I'll give you my Oath on't—which I can do without Perjury, that's my Comfort.

[*Aside.*

Beliz. A pleasant Quibble, ha, ha.

Pat. This Story has cost you some Pains——

Bel.

Bel. I wiſh I cou'd ſee this Gentleman which you take me for: Can you believe I cou'd be ſo baſe to make Love to another, if once I had preſum'd to mention it to you—your Charms are full Security againſt ſuch Proceedings; I am concern'd, that Nature has made any Reſemblance between us: I ſhall hate myſelf for being like him.

Beliz. Well, whether you will, or you will not be him, it is the ſame Thing——provided you'll tell him, that I ſuffer'd his Addreſſes only for my Diverſion, and that I never had any Paſſion for him, but loath, deteſt, and hate him.

Bel. Tell him———where ſhall I find him?

Beliz. I have done, and deſire you'd know your Way out.

Bel. I wou'd not willingly diſobey a Lady; but here, Madam, you muſt pardon me, ſince my future good or ill depends on you; I cannot ſtir from hence, till I obtain your Promiſe to aſſiſt my Suit, and give me hopes that I, at laſt may know my beauteous Fair.

Beliz. Ha, ha, ha, all that I can ſay, Colonel, is, that you are very unlucky in this Affair, not but you counterfeit to a Miracle; but the Miſchief is, that I have all my Senſes, can ſee Colonel *Revel*, hear Colonel *Revel*, and underſtand Colonel *Revel* too well to ſolicit his Cauſe, I aſſure you.

Pat. There's your Anſwer, Sir,——and if you pleaſe to follow me, I'll ſhew you a Way out better known to you than that you came in by.

Bel. Pray, good Mrs. *Civility*, be not ſo haſty—give me leave, at leaſt, to ſee your Couſin before I go, Madam.

Beliz. To what End, pray?

Bel. To convince you of your Error.

Beliz. That's the hardeſt Talk that you ever undertook, Colonel, and not to be effected; therefore, once more I tell you, you have ſeen your laſt of her, and your Abſence wou'd oblige me.

Bel. 'Tis very hard, Madam, that becauſe Nature has made me reſemble another Perſon, who may, for ought I know, be a Man of Honour too, tho' unhappily under

your

your Diſpleaſure, I ſhou'd have the ill Fortune to ſuffer for Nature's Fault.

Beliz. That wou'd, indeed, be unjuſt——but I ſhall not be prevail'd upon to believe Nature in the Fault here; therefore pray retire, the Scene is long enough, 'tis time to change it; good Colonel don't oblige one to treat you below your Title.

Pat. Don't you underſtand my Lady, Sir?

Bel. Yes, yes, Madam, but too well; and if I muſt go without the Satisfaction I expected, let me implore this Favour; tell her, I die hers. [*Exit.*

Pat. And every Body's, I dare ſwear, in his turn.

Beliz. This Man is the very Epitome of his Sex; the compleateſt Juggler I ever ſaw: I proteſt his Aſſurance has put me quite out of Countenance.

Re-enter Camilla.

Cam. Well, how do you like him, Couſin: Is he not a charming Fellow?

Beliz. I think not.

Cam. Piſh! I know you do.

Bel. Indeed I don't; and if you knew as much as I, you wou'd think him as ugly as I do.

Cam. Ugly! Can any Mortal think that Man ugly? But pr'ythee, what have you diſcover'd——won't you tell me?

Beliz. Yes, if you promiſe to make right uſe on't.

Cam. What do you mean?

Beliz. That your pretended Lover is a Villain.

Cam. How! Pray, Couſin, explain yourſelf within the Rules of good Manners.

Beliz. He deſerves it not.

Cam. I don't underſtand you——and the Introduction grows tedious—of what do you accuſe Mr. *Conſtant?*

Bel. In the firſt Place, his Name is not *Conſtant*, but *Revel.*

Cam. How know you that?

Beliz. From his own Mouth.

Cam. When?

Beliz. A Week ago.

Cam. Where?

Beliz.

Beliz. Here in this Houſe.

Cam. In this Houſe, how came he hither?

Beliz. Upon his Legs, I think.

Cam. On what Buſineſs, pray?

Beliz. Much upon the ſame Errand—Love.

Cam. Love! to whom?

Beliz. To your Friend and Servant.

Cam. Ha, ha, ha, now I find your Drift——you like him yourſelf, and this is an Artifice to blaſt my good Opinion—'tis poorly done, *Beliza.*

Beliz. No, my Conſtitution is not ſo warm as yours—remember you took Fire in the middle of Water; I deſpiſe him.

Cam. We never deſpiſe indifferent Things——I little expected this from a Friend.

Beliz. If you'd have the Friend continu'd, don't provoke me to return Suſpicions, Couſin.

Cam. Don't you provoke me, by traducing of the Man I love—he has not been in Town two Days, and you'd perſuade me he has made Overtures of Love to you a Week ago.

Beliz. If I don't prove this is Colonel *Revel*, lately come from *Portugal*, and been in Town this Fortnight, and made me ſeveral Viſits under Pretence of Courtſhip *A-la mode*, I'm content to forfeit both Friendſhip and Eſtate.

Cam. How ſhall it be prov'd? 'Tis ſure impoſſible.

Beliz. Write to him, and tell him what I have confirm'd; deſire him to come hither to juſtify himſelf, if he expects any farther Favours from you—at the ſame Time I'll ſend for him by the Name of *Revel*, and appoint him here alſo, if there appear two Men exactly the ſame, (as I am ſure they are) then I'll own myſelf in the Wrong, and aſk your Pardon; if not, you ſhall mine.

Cam. Agreed, I'll in, and write to him this Moment; pray Heaven there be two Socia's. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir William.

Sir *Will.* I am pleas'd.

Beliz. That's more than I am, I aſſure you, Sir *William.*

Sir *Will.* To find you alone, I mean, Madam; I am not

not ſurpriz'd at your being out of Humour, for I have ſeldom found you in it of late, the Reaſon of which I'm yet to learn, not being conſcious of having given you any Cauſe, except the trueſt Paſſion that e'er poſſeſs'd the Heart of Man be one.

Beliz. Sometimes, and in ſome Perſons it is ſo; but from whence you derive your Suſpicions, I can't imagine.

Sir *Will.* From your exceſſive Coldneſ——for ſome Days paſt, I have beheld ſuch a Reſerve in all your Carriage to me, very different from what it us'd to be, and I begun to fear your Heart had entertain'd ſome new Amour.

Bel. I hope he has not diſcover'd this Impoſtor, he could not meet him, ſure. [*Aſide.*] You have no Reaſon to doubt my Sincerity, Sir *William*; I am not ſubject to fall in Love, I may venture to ſay, you hold the greateſt Share in my Heart.

Sir *Will.* That's kind—but this thin airy Diet of Hope and Expectation, *Beliza*, ſtarve thoſe which feed on't—will you not admit me to the Banquet of Poſſeſſion——when ſhall I receive from this Hand the Confirmation of thoſe Lips. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Beliz. When I can bring my Heart to a Reſolution, Sir *William*, of quitting all theſe little innocent Pleaſures a ſingle Life permits, you ſhall have timely Notice for a Licenſe.

Enter Patch.

Pat. Madam, your Couſin *Camilla* deſires one Word with you.

Beliz. Pardon my leaving you in my own Lodgings, Sir *William*, ſome Affairs of my Couſins, who is lately come to Town, preſs me at preſent; I ſhall come to Cards at Lady *Cautious*'s in the Evening. [*Exit.*

Sir *Will.* I'll not fail being at home——there's ſomething more in this than I can fathom; I reſolve to watch her narrowly, if I have a Rival, and 'ſcapes me, I forgive him. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

Sir William's *Lodgings.*

Sir William *meeting Lady* Cautious.

Sir *Will.* IN Tears, Sister, what's the Matter?

Lady. What shou'd be the Matter, but my Husband? that doating, old, disponding Wretch, whose Fears, Mistrusts and Jealousies, is enough to distract any Body, still doubting Providence, and fearing every Wind ——yet you are so far from pitying my Condition, you add to my Misfortunes, by making my Confinement stricter, under Pretence of the Honour of our Family—I hope I'm of Age to know how far that concerns me.

Sir *Will.* Ay, Sister, but the Wife that is displeas'd with the Husband—and the Husband that does not please the Wife, are always in Danger——she of liking some Body else—and he of being a Cuckold——now, while there is such a Probability, the Honour of our Family requires a Guard.

Lady. Why was I marry'd then to that I cannot love?

Sir *Will.* My Father knew his Reasons, doubtless, Sister.

Lady. Yes, and I know 'em too——Sir *Paul* took me without a Fortune, by which yours is the greater, yet the Consideration has no Weight with you; it pleases you to see your Sister condemn'd to the idle Fancies, and whimsical Mistrusts of this impertinent Dotard; he is so apprehensive of Death, that he allows a Surgeon a Hundred a Year perpetually to attend him, and wou'd not set a Step without him for a Thousand—nay, he lays in the same Chamber———just now he fancied himself call'd three Times, which he takes for an Omen of his Death, pray Heaven it prove so—and has sent for twenty People to watch by him.

Sir *Will.* Ridiculous Folly—but you must bear with it, Sister; he is old———

Lady. That's the worst Argument under the Sun, for a young Woman to bear with. [*Aside.*] Pray, Brother, what Gentleman is that which you have oblig'd with these Lodgings?

Sir

Sir *Will.* Ha! has ſhe ſeen him—Why do you aſk?

Lady. Is it a Crime to aſk who is in my own Houſe?

Sir *Will.* Yes, if they are not in your own Apartment—'tis not Modeſty in your Sex to inquire after ours—now I foreſee my Error too late, in letting him have theſe Lodgings—How came you to know there was a Man here?

Lady. I muſt not ſay, I have ſeen him— [*Aſide.*] my Woman brought me Word, there was a Stranger dreſſing himſelf, when I ſent her this Morning, to aſk if you wou'd not drink ſome Chocolate with me.

Sir *Will.* Then you did not ſee him yourſelf?

Lady. No.

Sir *Will.* I'm glad to hear that, for he is Libertine enough to engage her.

Lady. But ſuppoſe I had, where had been the Crime?

Sir *Will.* Nay, no Crime, Siſter———only I wou'd not have you affronted; therefore, pray take care not to come near this Apartment, for he hates the Sight of Women.

Lady. That's falſe, to my Knowledge—for he ſaid the ſofteſt Things to me that Love cou'd form; [*Aſide.*] ſay you ſo, Brother? an unpoliſhed Brute, I hope he is not to continue long here?

Sir *Will.* Only, for two or three Days.——

Lady. Oh, my Heart—ſo ſhort a Stay. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* Ho, here he comes, retire Siſter.

Lady. I muſt ſee him again——— tho' you prevent me now; if I don't break through this Conſtraint, ſay, Woman wants Contrivance. [*Exit.*

Enter Belair *and* Robin.

Rob. Why then, this prov'd a confounded Miſtake, Sir, but were it poſſible you cou'd not know the Houſe again?

Bel. How cou'd I, when I was convey'd the back Way into an Apartment, where I never was before; the cunningeſt Man alive, might have been deceived, as well as I——but the Gift of Impudence is a wonderful Gift; ha! Sir *William*, I did not ſee thee.

Sir *Will.* I believe not, Love and Variety clouds thy Sight, but what is the Diſappointment you ſpeak of?

Bel.

Bel. I am an unlucky Dog, that's all———I fell into the Company of both my Miſtreſſes, at once.

Sir *Will.* This 'tis to have more Intrigues than one can manage, ha, ha, ha,; and how did you behave yourſelf?

Bel. Faith en'cavalierement — I ſtuck cloſe to the Name of *Conſtant*, and my Incognita — for I like her beſt.

Rob. Till he ſees ſomebody he likes better. [*Aſide.*

Bel. And ſwore I never ſaw t'other, in my Life, nor never heard of the Name of *Revel*——but was as downright a Country Gentleman, and made Love as gravely, as ever a Squire of 'em all.

Sir *Will.* And did the Impoſition paſs?

Bel. Not without Scruple—— but I'll undertake to make myſelf two diſtinct Perſons, as clear as the Sun at Noon-day, if thou'lt aſſiſt me.

Sir *Will.* How? for the Frolick's ſake, I care not if I do———

Bel. Then, as I have Occaſion, you ſhall receive Inſtructions, I want a Meſſenger in my Intereſt.

Sir *Will.* That I can procure you—but to what Purpoſe.

Bel. You ſhall know in Time — I ſhall want thy perſonal Appearance too.

Sir *Will.* You ſhall want nothing, in my Power,—but pr'ythee do you like either of 'em well enough to marry?

Bel. In my Conſcience I think I cou'd be content with the Nooſe, if my Incognita's Family be anſwerable to her Beauty———

Rob. Nay, if he grows honourably in Love, I may hope for ſome Reſt at laſt. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* Why will ye not quit the other then?

Bel. T'other is related, and a Friend—if I deceive her not, ſhe'll maliciouſly ſpoil my Intrigue; beſides, 'tis a pretty Amuſement, and the Deſign ſo Novel, that I muſt purſue it for the Pleaſure of Invention, and I think it poſſible to perform; we have ſeen two People ſo very like, that when abſent they cou'd not be diſtinguiſh'd from one another.

Sir *Will.* But if the Faces wore Reſemblance, the Voice or Shape diſcover'd it.

Bel.

Bel. But a good Aſſurance ſolves all that.

Rob. Why, Sir, if the worſt come to the worſt—that they will both have you—why e'en marry them both, keep one for yourſelf, and t'other to entertain your Friends—or, if you pleaſe, Sir,—to do you a Service, I don't care if I take one of 'em off your Hands.

Sir *Will.* Then you'l venture to rely upon your Maſter's Choice, ha, ha, ha.

Rob. Ay, Sir, ſooner than ere a Man in *England*; my Maſter has taſted ſo many of thoſe Diſhes—that I dare truſt to his Palate.

Bel. You are witty, Raſcal, ha! Who have we here, thy Mimick.

Enter Wou'dbe, *dreſt like Sir* William, *and* Ned. Freelove.

Wou'd. Well, I have ſurprized ſome Ladies, ſtrangely, that ſtop'd their Coach, and call'd out Sir *William*, Sir *William*; and when I turn'd back, and they diſcover'd their Miſtake, they bluſh'd intolerably, ha, ha, ha.

[*Aſide to* Ned.

Ned. Nay, your Dreſs is exactly the ſame with his; the Miſtake was very eaſy.

Sir *Will.* Mr. *Wou'dbe*, your Servant.

Wou'd. Surprizing! another Suit!

Bel. Ha, ha, ha, what a Conſternation you have put him in?

Ned. What's the Matter with you, Sir? This Minute you look'd as gay, and pleaſant as the Month of *June*, and now it is *December* at leaſt—he has diſcover'd you, Brother.

Wou'd. Moſt beatifically expreſt, and worthy of Quotation. [*Takes out a Pocket-book and writes.*

Bel. I preſume, Sir, you are examining, what Alterations fall out this Hour, that you may not diſappoint the Ladies.

Wou'd. No, Sir, I am taking Cognizance of the Gentleman's Wit.

Bel. I hope you are not one of thoſe Spungy-brain'd Poets, that ſuck ſomething from all Companies to ſqueeze into a Comedy, at acting of which, the Pit and Boxes may laugh at their own Jeſts.

Ned.

Ned. Where each may claim his Share of Wit.

Bel. And by my Conſent, ſhou'd claim a Share of the Profits too, ha, ha.

Wou'd. This is a Gentleman of an intellectual Sublimity—— No, Sir, I contemn the terrene Extraction of thoſe poor Animals, whoſe barren Intellects thruſts ſuch ſpurious Brats abroad; when I write, it ſhall be all my own I aſſure you.

Sir *Will.* Oh, Mr. *Wou'dbe* can never want Aſſiſtance of that kind.

Wou'd. What ſhall I do with theſe Cloths! I wou'd not give a Farthing for 'em, now he has left 'em off—— and that's ten Times the prettier Suit in my Opinion—— Well, he is the moſt genteel Fellow in *Europe*.

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, Sir, the Incognita's Maid, Sir, has brought you this Letter, and ſtays for an Anſwer.

[*Gives him a Letter.*

Bel. Ha! Reads — *My Couſin has a ſtrange Opinion of you, and nothing but your Perſonal Appearance immediately can prevent my giving Credit to her Story; make Haſte, if you expect any farther Favours from your Incognita*—— any farther Favours! Yes, I do expect farther Favours, or I'd never take half this Pains—Let me ſee [*Pauſes.*

Wou'd. I wiſh'd I cou'd ſell this Coat——I ſhall never indure the Sight of it, that's certain. [*Aſide.*

Bel. Hark ye, Sirrah, do you tell the Maid, I'll not fail the Summons— —and do you hear, follow her at a Diſtance, till you ſee her Houſe'd; if ſhe goes to *Beliza's*, do you aſk to ſpeak with *Beliza's* Couſin, and tell her you left me in the Street talking to ſomebody, but that ſhe might not think me long, I ſent you before; beſure you make no Blunders, Sirrah.

Rob. I warrant you, Sir, Lying is become my Vocation; but, Sir, what Name, Sir?

Bel. Conſtant, you forgetful Blockhead.

Rob. Ha, I have it, the Country Gentleman, Sir——

Bel. Ay, ay, away. [*Aſide to* Robin.] [*Exit.* Robin.

Sir *Will.* What, another Billet-doux?

Bel. 'Tis from my unknown — now for thy Aſſiſtance.

Wou'd.

Wou'd. What Contrivance ſhall I have for ſuch a Dreſs—my Rogue of a Taylor will not truſt, that's certain. Let me think—that won't do—nor that—ho, I have it———

[*Takes out his Book and writes.*

Bel. This Meſſenger muſt be had immediately, Sir *William.*

Sir *Will.* I'll procure you one inſtantly.

Bel. Then I'm Maſter of my Art.

Wou'd. Sir *William*, I recommend that to your Peruſal [*Gives him the Tablets.*] If this Project takes not, I'm undone——— [*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* What's this [*Reads.*] *We whoſe Names are here ſubſcrib'd, do promiſe to make our Perſonal Appearance in the Side-Box, the third Day of a new Play, either Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, or Opera, that ſhall be written by* Timothy Wou'dbe, *Eſq; and play'd at one of the Houſes or both, as the Players can agree about that, on Forfeit of a Guinea, which we have depoſited in the Hands of the Author.*

Ned. Ha, ha, ha, a pretty Contrivance for another Suit.

Bel. This is new, indeed, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Will.* I love to encourage Ingenuity, he has flung away many a Guinea after me, now I'll give him one—pray enter me down Mr. *Wou'dbe.*

Wou'd. Let me intreat your own Hand, for the Incouragement of others. [*Sir* William *writes.*

Bel. I'll not be out at a Frolic, there's mine, Sir.

Sir *Will.* There, Brother, enter your Name too———

[*Gives* Ned *a Guinea.*

Ned. Ha, ha, with all my Heart there is *Belvil*, *Lovevil*, and *Freewit*—you may depend on Mr. *Wou'dbe.*

Wou'd. I'll wait on 'em incontinently.

Bel. But, when is this Play to be writ, Sir?

Wou'd. That I muſt conſider on, Sir; too many Things at once deſtroy the Thought, and dull the Fancy.

Ned. But ſuppoſe it ſhou'd not live till the third Day, the Town is very capricious.

Wou'd. I know it, Sir, for that Reaſon I took this Method; when their Gold is at Stake, they'll bring in their Bodies, to ſave their Bail——egad, I ſhan't have

Money enough—Let me ſee——I'll ſell theſe Clothes, to make it up——Gentlemen, I'm your moſt oblig'd—— [*Exit.*

Ned. Ha, ha, ha, he is upon the Wing, with his Subſcription, I'll follow, and ſee if he goes to their Lodgings. [*Exit.*

Sir *Will.* Now, for thy Buſineſs, *Belair*, where ſhall I find you half an Hour hence?

Bel. Here, for I muſt now dreſs me.

Sir *Will.* Very well. [*Exit.*

Bel. So, thus far I'm right——now for half an Hours Reſpite from the Fatigue of Buſineſs——egad, I wiſh the pretty Creature, I ſaw in the Morning, wou'd fall in my Way—who the duce is ſhe, I wonder—no Matter who, ſhe's handſome—and that's Knowledge enough, to recommend her———Ha! here ſhe comes by *Jove*.

Enter Lady Cautious.

Lady. Here he is! a charming handſome Fellow——what Excuſe ſhall I make?—ha—I thought Sir *William* had been here—Sir, I beg your Pardon———

Bel. He's juſt gone out, Madam, he's a happy Man, to have ſo much Beauty in Queſt of him.

Lady. Beauty's an Epithet your Sex never fail to make Uſe of to raiſe our Vanity, when preſent, but the Object once remov'd, you ſoon recall your Praiſes.

Bel. Sometimes, Madam, good Manners produce Adulation; but here Flattery dares not ſhow her Face, your Charms are ſo conſpicuous, they need no Art to inform your Knowledge, nor I no Cunning to inſlave myſelf; I am chain'd already, your Eyes at firſt Sight reduc'd me, and the ſhort Moments which we paſs'd this Day together, made ſuch an Impreſſion on my Heart, that I have thought of nothing ſince but how to ſee you again.

Lady. Oh! how his Words run thro' my Soul——alas, Sir, to what Purpoſe ſhou'd you ſee me, I am married.

Bel. Good———

Lady. Wretchedly married.

Bel. Better and better—wretchedly married, ſay you?

Lady.

Lady. Wretchedly—— to an old peeviſh deſponding Wretch.

Bel. As I cou'd wiſh —her Diſlike of her Huſband is my firſt Step to Poſſeſſion——— [*Aſide.*

Lady. Forc'd by my Friends to wed him, by which all my Happineſs in this World is loſt.

Bel. Baniſh that Thought my charming Creature—— 'tis a falſe one; there are Joys, ineſtimable Joys in Store, give me but Leave, and I'll inform you where they may be reap'd. [*Taking her Hand.*

Lady. Not by me without a Crime.

Bel. The Crime be on their Heads that forc'd your Marriage, Nature ne'er deſign'd theſe Charms ſhou'd wither in the Arms of Age, and deſtin'd only to a Clod ——beſides your not conſenting to the Match makes it invalid, and of no Force to hold you—take Pity, then, both of yourſelf and me, I languiſh, ſigh, deſpair—nay, e'en die for you.

Lady. Help me, Heaven, I have no Power to ſpeak—

Bel. Oh! do not ſtruggle ſo, nor daſh my riſing Hopes, leave me not, except you wiſh my Death, which I reſolve the Moment you depart———

Lady. Forbid that Thought, I cannot ſee you die—yet muſt not yield; let me go for Virtue's ſake———

Bel. Love forbids it—Oh! I ſhall faint with Extacy of Pleaſure—no Jeſſamin nor Roſe has half the Sweets that dwell upon theſe Lips, 'tis Eſſence from the Throne of *Jove*—this Neck, this Breaſt—Oh! every Part about thee is Celeſtial, Loadſtone like, thy Breath attracts and draws my Lips to thine. [*Kiſſing her.*

Lady. Oh! the Difference between his Kiſſes, and my Husbands, what ſhall I do———

Bel. Do! Conſent to bleſs the Man that loves you.

Lady. But how long will he do ſo?

Bel. That's ever the Womens Queſtion—aſk not that; can I prove falſe to ſo much Beauty, oh, no, faithful as the Needle to its Pole, or Turtle to his Mate, ſecret as a Prieſt——and loving as the Vine——give me Poſſeſſion once, and bind the trueſt of his Sex for ever.

[*Pulling her.*

Sir Paul *within.*

Sir *Paul. Baſilicon*———

Lady. Ah, [*Shrieks.*] my Huſband's Voice.

Sir *Paul.* [*Within.*] Ah, Thieves, Thieves.

Bel. A Curſe of all ill Luck —Juſt in the critical Minute when ſhe was yielding ——— 'Death, what ſhall I do, Madam, can, can, can, can, you put me no where?

Lady. Impoſſible, he'll ſearch all the Houſe—now the Duce take me for ſhrieking——— [*Aſide.*

Bel. Then there's no way—but to cut his Throat.

Lady. Now help me, dear, dear Invention [*Pauſes.*

Sir *Paul. Baſilicon*, why where's my Surgeon there—I ſhall be murder'd here's Thieves got into my Houſe.

Lady. A lucky Hint, improve it.

Bel. Improve what?

Enter Sir Paul, *and Servants.*

Sir *Paul.* What's here, a Man, a Thief, a Thief, fall on, fall on.

Bel. I ſhall be apprehended for a Rogue, here—make your Mermidons be civil, Sir, or I ſhall whip you thro' the Guts, by *Hercules.* [*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Sir *Paul. Baſilicon*, keep near me *Baſilicon*———

Lady. Oh! Hold, hold, Sir *Paul*, What do you do! Abuſe a Gentleman that came to ſave your Life?

Bel. What the Devil does ſhe mean now—ſome Turn to bring me off, if I can but hit her right.

Lady. Tell him you ſaw the Houſe beſet with Rogues, tell him, tell him, any Thing. [*Aſide to* Bel.

Bel. Humph, ha, Oh, witty Rogue———

Sir *Paul.* Ha, how's that?

Bel. Yes, Sir, I came to do you Service.

Sir *Paul.* As how, pray, ſweet, Sir? To lye with my Wife, ha!

Bel. No, Sir, coming by your Houſe I ſaw four Men, and heard 'em ſay, that's the Door, dog him to ſome convenient Place, and then ſecure him.

Sir *Paul.* Secure me, for what, Sir? I owe no body nothing, I have no Employment in the State, Sir.

Bel. Your Riches is much talk'd on, Sir, and People imagine

imagine you have got that which we call the Philoſopher's Stone; I believe they deſign to rob and murder you, I heard 'em mutter ſomething of ripping you up, and Diſſecting you.

Sir *Paul.* Oh! Bloody Villains.

Lady. Excellent Fellow——— [*Aſide.*

Bel. They talk'd as if you ſwallow'd the Stone every Morning, and kept it in your Body for greater Security all Day.

Sir *Paul.* Monſtrous!

Bel. I find their Deſign is to ſearch for that Stone, which, if they get it, will make them as rich as Aldermen ever after.

Sir *Paul.* Barbarous— Sir, if you'l believe me, I don't know what they mean by the Philoſopher's Stone, as I hope for long Life———I have no Stone worth a Groat, except the Stone of this Ring.

Bel. Nay, I know nothing of that, Sir, I thought myſelf bound in Honour, tho' unknown to you, to give you Notice of your Danger.

Sir *Paul.* Sir, I heartily thank you—My Coachman, indeed, told me there was four Men behind my Coach laſt Night, which made me not go abroad to Day; theſe muſt be the Rogues.

Lady. It paſſes as I would have it———but I wiſh he had been at the Bottom of the Sea, when he interrupted us, for that charming Fellow has got my Heart, I find that. [*Aſide.*

Bel. Pox take him for his unſeaſonable Intruſion. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Paul.* I thought I heard you ſhriek out, Wife.

Lady. I wiſh I had been dumb when I did—yes, my Dear, with deſign to raiſe the Houſe, to purſue, and take the Rogues, this Gentleman told me of, at leaſt diſperſe 'em, that my Love might be in no Danger.

Sir *Paul.* Oh, was it that, very well—come, you and I will retire to my Cloſet, and return Thanks for this Deliverance, *Baſilicon*; come you along with us, Sir, I thank you. [*Exit.*

Lady. I never had leſs Religion about me in my Life. *Exit.*

Bel.

Bel. If thou had'ſt ſtay'd but one Quarter of an Hour longer, Old Noll, thou ſhou'dſt have had ſomething to have thank'd me for.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir *William* ſends to tell you, that he, and the Gentleman you want, ſtays for you at the Coffee-houſe, Sir.

Bel. I come— [*Exit Servant.*] was there ever ſuch a promiſing Project croſt; I muſt have her—and I find ſhe muſt have me too ———

What various Hazards do we Rovers run,
To purchaſe what we ſlight as ſoon as won;
And Women know it too, yet long to be undone.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

Robin, *ſolus.*

Rob. HERE ſhe went in!—let me ſee—I am to ſay—what am I to ſay?—pox on't, my Maſter gives me ſo many different Leſſons, one knocks t'other out of my Head—he is doing—doing, no, no, he did not bid me ſay he was doing—he was ſtopt in the Street—ay, ay, that's right, and his Name———ads bud, I have forgot his Name now ——— but here's the Maid, and ſo 'tis no Matter.

Enter Flora.

Flor. Ha! *Robin!* is your Maſter come?

Rob. He's coming, Child—a Lawyer, I believe, for he had a ſwinging Stroke with his Tongue, ſtopt him in the Street, about his Law-Suit, I ſuppoſe, ſo he ſent me Expreſs, fraught with his eager Wiſhes, to beg thy Lady's Patience for two Minutes only, and then he'll throw him-

ſelf

ſelf at her Feet———egad, I think I have made as noble a Speech as ever a Courtier of 'em all. [*Aſide.*

Flora. Why don't you come in, and deliver your Meſſage, then?

Rob. Now I have ſeen thee I dare not.

Flor. Why, what do you fear?

Rob. Thoſe pinking Ogles of thine—But now I think on't, if my Maſter and your Lady Couple, thou'lt fall to me of Courſe.

Flor. To you——I believe not, Sir.

Rob. But I believe yes — are not we Perquiſites made for one another?——our Station's the ſame—our Employment alike——you dreſs your Lady——ſo do I my Maſter—you receive and deliver Meſſages, ſo do I—and lying is the common Vocation of us both.

Flor. You are very familiar in your Courtſhip.

Rob. 'Tis my Way—but I know Truth is an out-of-faſhion'd Courtſhip, which your Sex is not us'd too. Ha! my Maſter. [*Enter* Belair *dreſt for* Revel.] Sir, I did your Meſſage.

Bel. My Meſſage, Fellow, what Meſſage? This Dog will ſpoil all by his Blunders; he does not ſee that I'm *Revel* now; [*Aſide.*] do you know who you ſpeak too?

Rob. By my Troth, I don't know—and yet methinks I ſhou'd know too.

Flor. 'Tis very ſtrange if he ſhou'd not know his Maſter.

Rob. Why, Sir, pray are not you my Maſter, co, co, co.

Bel. I'll tell you, Raſcal. [*Strikes him a Box on the Ear.*

Rob. Egad, I'm in the wrong, but where I can't tell—his Fingers are grown plaguy ſlippant of late.

Bel. Is *Beliza* within, my Dear, doſt know?

Flor. I believe ſhe is, Sir — I'll let her know you'd ſpeak with her, if you'll pleaſe to ſignify what Name you'll wear at preſent———

Bel, Name! Why, my own Name, Child, *Revel*; what Name ſhou'd I wear? Thou art pleaſant, ha, ha, ha.

Rob. There was my Miſtake, now. [*Aſide.*

Flor. Here ſhe comes, Sir.

Enter Beliza.

Bel. So darts the Sun thro' all the thick wrought Clouds, to chear the labouring Swain. [*Catching her in his Arms.*

Beliza. Hold, Sir! Who are you pray? The Colonel, or the Country Gentleman —— the grave, ſerious, formal Lover, or the gay rakiſh Soldier? — let me know, I beſeech you, that I may ſquare my Converſation to yours.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha, Why theſe Interrogatories? Madam, do you walk in your Sleep? — now I fancy you are in a Dream; ay, it is ſo, faith ——— and I cannot reſiſt the Opportunity for Gloves. [*Kiſſes her.*

Beliza. Away, thou exquiſite Diſſembler——How can you look me in the Face?

Bel. Becauſe I don't know a Face in *Europe* that pleaſes me half ſo well——but prythee, why this Air of Indifference, or rather, Reſentment? Look ye, Madam, if you affect this Quarrel by the Way of poignant Sauce—— you have no Need of thoſe little Recourſes of your Sex ——*Revel* loves as much as ever, and dare promiſe——

Beliza. More than you perform.———

Bel. Accuſe me not before you try me—but why theſe croſs Purpoſes—ha, my Incognita! now *Belair*, play thy Part. [*Aſide.*

Beliza. Here's one will inform you.———

Enter Camila.

Cam. Oh, Mr. *Conſtant*, are you come?

Bel. Conſtant! Yes, Faith, Madam, I'm as conſtant as any Man———this Lady can witneſs for me.

Beliza. Not in the Court of Conſcience, Sir.

Bel. Then you have no Conſcience at all.

Rob. If my Maſter took up Lying by the Week, what a confounded Intereſt 'twou'd come to in a Year. [*Aſide.*

Cam. Do you know why I ſent for you ſo ſoon, Mr. *Conſtant?*

Bel. No, Madam—nor that you ſent for me at all.

Beliz. You miſtake, Couſin, this is Colonel *Revel*, ha, ha.

Cam. Colonel fiddle, is it not?--ſure I know Mr. *Conſtant*.

Bel. Conſtant! Who is he, Madam?

Cam. Who's he? Why, are not you he?

Bel. Not that I know of.

Beliza. Ha, ha, ha, you ſhall be *Revel*, Sir, till *Conſtant* comes, if my Couſin will give you Leave———

Cam.

Cam. I'm ſupriz'd at his Impudence—pray, were not you here two Hours ago, Sir?

Bel. Not that I remember—

Cam. Impoſſible—did not you ſave me from drowning, yeſterday.

Bel. 'Twas in my Sleep, then—for waking I'm ſure I did not.

Cam. Diſtraction—Nor is not your Name *Conſtant?* And *Oxfordſhire.*

Bel. Quite wrong——this is a pretty *Chriſtmas* Game Lady——but, pray let me have ſome Commands, as well as all Queſtions.

Cam. Nor don't you know this Footman?

Bel. Again—No, Madam, never ſaw him in my Life.

Rob. Oh Lord, Oh Lord, who am I now——for he has renounc'd me heartily. [*Aſide.*

Beliza. What ſay you Friend, don't you know this Gentleman neither?

Rob. No more than I do the great *Mogul*, Madam.

Cam. Who do you belong to——

Rob. Belong to, Madam! why, why, why, a Pox of his 'tother Name, now I can't think on't, if I were to be hang'd. [*Aſide.*

Cam. Ay, who do you belong to, I ſay, again?

Rob. Why, I belong to my Maſter, Madam.

Beliza. And what is that Maſter's Name, pray?

Rob. Name, Madam—his Name is—ad, now I think on't, I won't tell his Name——why, ſure I'm too big to be catechis'd.

Bel. This Dog will betray me. [*Aſide.*

Flor. You challeng'd this for your Maſter, juſt now.

Rob. What if I did, Miſtreſs, what then? He is not, it ſeems, without his being double, as you pretend—the Devil ſhou'd have doubled me too.

Cam. What Buſineſs have you here?

Rob. Buſineſs! why I brought a Meſſage from my Maſter to one of you——and ſo good by——

Cam. Hold, ſtay, Sir—pray, what was that Meſſage?

Rob. Why, that my Maſter wou'd be here, preſently—

Bel. Oh, I ſuppoſe, this is Mr. *Conſtant*'s Man, that you miſtake me for—ah, Pox of his Memory. [*Aſide.*

Rob. You have hit it, Sir—Mr. *Conſtant* is my Maſter. now his Name's out———

Cam. I'm aſtoniſh'd! Couſin, did you ever hear the like?

Beliza. Yes, the very ſame——— but I traduc'd Mr. *Conſtant* then, you know——What ſay you, *Revel*, did I?

Bel. Hey, Ladies! do you deſign to bait me, if ſo, give me fair Play, at leaſt———hark ye, draw off your Couſin, and confeſs your Plot———or egad I'll humour her Frenzy, take the Name of *Conſtant*, and make Love to her before your Face.

Beliza. With all my Heart, 'tis not the firſt Time——and I have no further Services for you, ha, ha, ha.

Rob. So, he's in a fair Way to loſe 'em both. [*Aſide.*

Enter Meſſenger and Attendant.

Meſſ. I arreſt you, Sir, in an Action of High Treaſon.

Bel. Treaſon, Sir! Sure you miſtake the Man.

Beliza. Ha! how's this?

Meſſ. Your Name's *Revel*, Sir.

Bel. My Name is *Revel*, Sir, but guilty of no ſuch Crime.

Rob. Here's a Turn now—I muſt ſecond him. [*Aſide.*

Meſſ. That muſt be prov'd, 'tis no Buſineſs of mine, I am only to execute my Orders.

Cam. I am concern'd for him methinks——— won't you take Bail, Sir?

Meſſ. In theſe Caſes no Bail is admitted, Madam.

Beliza. My Mind miſgives me this is a Trick.

Meſſ. Come, Sir, I can't ſtay———

Rob. Hold, hold, Sir, pray enter my Action too, for a Box of the Ear he gave me juſt now———this is ſome Comfort, however, I ſhall ſee him hang'd.

Bel. Come, Gentlemen, I can eaſily prove my Innocence—if I ſtand fair in this Lady's Opinion, I cannot fear the World. [*To* Beliza.] [*Exit with Meſſengers.*

Beliza. I wiſh you a good Deliverance, Colonel——I know not what to think.

Rob. I'll ſee him lodg'd, I'm reſolv'd [*Exit.*

Cam. Nor I——to what End can a Man aſſect theſe Diſguiſes?

Beliza. Out of Gallantry, Couſin—I ſhall hardly be con

convinc'd without I saw them both together———I pity the Colonel's unhappy Disgrace; but, believe me, now he is arrested, *Constant* is no more, his Man following him plainly shew'd the Cheat.

Cam. Nay, I confess, they are extremely alike, but observing very narrowly, I think their Features are not exactly the same.

Flor. You are of my Mind, Madam—for methinks, he is half an Inch taller than Mr. *Constant*.

Cam. And something about his Face, I don't know what—

Flor. I fancy his Nose is something longer.

Cam. Thou hast hit it; it is his Nose, I'm sure.

Enter Belair *for* Constant.

Beliza. You are both mad, I'm sure——ha, ha, ha, —— bless me! Pray Heaven it be'n't the Devil that thus deludes us.

Bel. I am come, Madam, according to your Commands——but if my Reception prove like the last, the Pleasure of seeing you will very much abate—I am first at the Rendezvous, I perceive.

Cam. Now, Cousin, you are convinc'd, I hope.

Beliza. You are, I see.

Flor. Now, Madam, I can tell you the very Difference, his Eyes are a little-little larger.

Cam. Nay, I think they are a great deal larger.

Bel. Why do you survey me so Madam? is it possible that you can be deceiv'd too—Where is this Colonel to be found? Will he not come?

Cam. He is just gone.

Beliza. He has disengag'd himself, Sir, to leave you Room to act your Part.

Bel. Why did you not keep him, I sent my Man before me to let you know, I would instantly be here.

Beliza. How could we when the Queen's Authority favour'd his Retreat.

Bel. How say you, Madam? has the Queen sent for him.

Beliza. How cunningly you dissemble—but that's not new, Dissimulation seems your natural Gift.

Bel. Still theſe Reproaches, will nothing that I ſay convince you? ——— Why did you conſent to let him go?

Cam. Why, do you really think this is ſtill the ſame? [*To* Beliza.

Beliza. I do really——the Trap was laid with too much Policy to be prevented, knowing the Meſſenger I never ſuſpected the Truth of the Action—but I may change to counter-plot you yet. [*Exit.*

Bel. So, ſhe is gone to the Priſon——but ſhe'll return as unſatisfied as ſhe went. [*Aſide.*] Why do you take Pleaſure to inſult the Man, your Beauty has inſlav'd? If my Viſits be offenſive—tho' I die without you——I prefer your Peace ſo much above my own, I'll never diſturb you with my Preſence more.

Cam. He looks, methinks, with ſuch an honeſt Face, it can be only *Conſtant*; [*Aſide.*] you muſt own, I have Reaſon to ſuſpect you—but you have a powerful Advocate within, which pleads in your Excuſe, and fain wou'd juſtify you.

Enter Robin.

Rob. At laſt, I am ſatisfied—the Spark is Cag'd.

Flo. Did you follow him?

Rob. Do you doubt it;

Bel. Whom, ſpeak?

Rob. Oh, Sir, are you there? ——you'll be hang'd in Effigy To-morrow———

Bel. How, Sauce-box!

Rob. Ay, Sir, he did box me, but I ſhall have a ſwinging Revenge.

Bel. Revenge, for what?

Rob. Why, Sir, your Likeneſs——that here has been ſuch a Sputter about—is taken up for Treaſon, Murder, Robbery, and the Devil and all———

Bel. Oh, Misfortune! to be like ſuch a Raſcal.

Rob. Ay, ſo it is indeed, Sir——I tho' but, he wou'd have been pull'd to-pieces in the Street——there were Girls of Fourteen, and Women of Fourſcore, with Actions of Raviſhment againſt him——and Tavern, and Eating-houſe Bills in abundance.

Bell.

Bel. The Rogue has improv'd the Hint admirably [*Aside.*

Rob. (Tis an ill-bred Scoundrel, he is very like you, Sir, that's the Truth on't) he gave me the damndeſt Box on the Ear, only becauſe I miſtook him for you——he has a ſwinging Fiſt, Sir, that was all the Diſtinction I cou'd make between you —— but I ſhall ſee him truſs'd up for it, that's my Comfort.

Cam. I am extremely pleas'd to find they are two different Perſons.

Enter Sir William.

Sir *Will.* *Conſtant!* I can't believe my Eyes.

Bel. Why, what ſurprizes thee?

Sir *Will.* I met thy very Likeneſs in Cuſtody of a Meſſenger, and ſtop'd 'em to examine the Reaſon——the Spark snapp'd me up ſhort, and told me 'twas none of my Buſineſs, bad 'em paſs on——I admir'd at the Meaning, for I cou'd have ſworn it had been the—ha! that is *Beliza's* Lodgings, certainly. [*Aside.*

Bel. Was he dreſt like me too?

Sir *Will.* No, that was the only Diſtinction I found about him——I wiſh *Beliza* ben't the other Woman——

Bel. Now, Madam——are you ſtill in Suſpence?

Cam. I'm convinc'd, and over-joy'd, to find you what I wiſh you.

Sir *Will.* If my Suſpicions be true, I have a pretty Kind of an Employment here ——— ſerving my Rival againſt myſelf. [*Aside.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, your Father wants you——— he talks of having you married to Night———

Rob. How's that, egad, my Maſter will be fobb'd at laſt, I fear. [*Aside.*

Cam. Oh, Unfortunate———

Sir *Will.* If it be ſo, 'tis ſome Pleaſure at leaſt to know the Man, [*Aside.*

Bel. What do I hear? Oh, Madam, if ever Pity touch'd your Soul, exert it now—think where you are going, think too, who you leave—give me ſome Aſſure-

ance

ance to ſupport my Hope, that you will diſobey your Father—or I am miſerable.

Cam. Believe me, my Surpize is as great as yours, I promiſe to uſe my utmoſt Arguments againſt it; if I fail, you ſhall then know my Father, and uſe your own Diſcretion. [*Exit with* Flora.

Bel. That's all I aſk—unexpected Turn of ill Fortune; this News has chang'd the very Countenance.

Sir *Will.* Why, one wou'd ſwear thou wer't really in Love.

Bel. And not be forſworn, Sir *William*; for, faith, I do love her heartily, and am ready to capitulate for better for worſe, as ſoon as ſhe pleaſes.

Sir *Will.* I'm glad to hear that—one Thing, pray, tell me, without Reſerve———

Bel. Moſt willingly———

Sir *Will.* What Deſign have you upon the other? for you can't marry 'em both?

Bel. Humph—faith, no Deſign at all, if I cou'd come off handſomely; tho' ſhe's very pretty, but too well acquainted with my Incognita, to have any Intrigue with.

Sir *Will.* Does ſhe love you *Belair?*

Bel. Not that ever I cou'd diſcover, to ſay the Truth.

Sir *Will.* One Thing more———is not her Name *Beliza?*

Bel. Ha! does he know her——I'm afraid my Plot's ſpoil'd again. [*Aſide.*] Nay, Sir *William*, don't force me to tell Names, eſpecially after the Stratagem I have made Uſe of.

Sir *Will.* Nay, nay, I am convinc'd 'tis the ſame; had I apprehended it ſooner, Friend, you had not carried your Deſign thus far.

Bel. So, I have made my Rival my Confident; I find I am a lucky Fellow, now, may be, out of pure Revenge diſcover me. [*Aſide.*] If I have committed any Fault, Sir *William*, 'twas a Fault of Ignorance; could I divine the Lady was your Acquaintance—I hope I am aſſur'd your Friendſhip muſt forgive me.

Sir *Will.* What Friendſhip muſt forgive, Love denies—as I imagin'd, here ſhe comes.

Bel. Well, Sir *William*, whatever Satisfaction you de-

mand

mand I'm ready to return——this Favour let me obtain, as you are a Gentleman betray me not, to my fair Unknown—this 'tis the moſt unfortunate Thing. [*Exit.*

Rob. Quite undone again. [*Exit.*

Enter Beliza.

Beliza. I am confounded! I know not whether there be two or not——the Meſſenger affirms that *Revel* is in his Cuſtody, but his Orders run ſo ſtrict, that none muſt be admitted to ſee him———ha, Sir *William.*

Sir *Will.* Pray, what was the Subject of your Ladyſhip's Contemplation———Colonel *Revel.*

Beliza. He has found it then at laſt———why, do you know Colonel *Revel,* Sir *William?*

Sir *Will.* You do, I find——perfidious Woman——have I diſcovered thy Falſhood—all thy Turnings and Windings of Indifference, had their Source from hence.

Beliza. The readieſt Way to ſtop his Tongue is to let looſe mine. [*Aſide.*] Do, do, exalt your Voice, and raiſe your Paſſion higher—but know! your jealous Rage ſhall extort no Submiſſion from me, tho' I cou'd clear my Innocence with Eaſe—but the Man that dares ſuſpect my Conduct——and ſtart a Quarrel Huſband-like, e'er I have confirmed his Title, I ſcorn to diſabuſe——ſo leave him to what Method he thinks beſt. [*Exit.*

Sir *Will.* Oh, Guilt! What an Aſſurance doſt thou give, Oh, Hell, Hell.

What Fate than this cou'd more injurious prove,
Deceiv'd by Friendſhip, and deſtroy'd by Love. [Exit.

SCENE *changes to Sir* William's *Lodgings.*

Enter Bellair *and* Robin.

Rob. You act your Part very well, Sir, but there was one Thing ſuperfluous in that of *Revel.*

Bel. What was that, pr'ythee?

Rob. The Box o'th' Ear, Sir; 'twas very uncomfortable.

Bel. Oh, there's a Cordial for thee. [*Gives him Money.* 'twas only to teach you a good Decorum.

Rob.

Rob. Oh, Sir, your humble Servant, I am ready to be taught, Sir, when ever you pleaſe.

Bel. But how are you ſure my Father knows I am in Town.

Rob. Sure on't, Sir! why I ſaw him, and told him you came but two Hours ago — and that, you'd wait upon him as ſoon as you had refreſh'd yourſelf with clean Linen———

Bel. Z'death, and why did you ſo, Sirrah?

Rob. Becauſe, Sir, that was the firſt Excuſe that came at my Tongue's End—and you know there is no humming and hawing with my old Maſter, Sir.

Bel. I am in a bleſſed Condition, — in Love, with I know not who, to be found I know not where——undoubtedly out of Favour with my Father, if I refuſe his Choice, as I moſt certainly ſhall———

Rob. Nay, good Sir, be'nt over certain———may be ſhe's as handſome as t'other—and you may like her as well.

Bel. And, in all Probability, in Danger of a D—l with my Friend——to rectify all theſe Matters, — ſtir a Machivilian Brain—go you wait at t'other Lodgings.

Rob. Yes, Sir.——Now has he ſo many Women upon his Hands, he knows not what to do with 'em——the firſt Time I ever ſaw him puzzled in theſe Matters—

[*Exit.*

Lady Cautious *paſſing over the Stage.*

Bel. My Charmer! the Sight of thee diſpels my Melancholly, and revives the Joy within my Breaſt, which firſt thoſe Eyes inſpired———

Lady. Why, were you melancholly, Sir? impoſſible.

Bel. How ſhou'd I be otherwiſe in the Abſence of my Love.

Lady. Abundance of Love, but not a Grain of Conſtancy I fear.

Bel. As conſtant as the Sun my Fairest———

Lady. What, like him, court all you meet, and quit as ſoon as taſted——Nature never deſign'd my Sex to feed your Luxury—but for Health, Content and Neceſſaries.

Bel. Right, why then can you deny the Man that endeavours to engroſs thoſe Neceſſaries you ſpeak of.

Lady.

Lady. Where they are lawful ——— but upon ſecond Thoughts, I find I have Scruples.——

Bel. Vapour, Vapours, all ——lawful! Why the mechanical Notion I have of the World, is a rich Banquet, ſet off with all the choiceſt Things of the Creation—— where Man's the Gueſt—and would it not be the Height of ill Manners to ſnatch a Diſh, and run away with it, when, perhaps, twenty more had a Mind to the ſame Meat.

Lady. And wou'd it not be the Extremity of Folly to taſte of every Diſh—when your Curioſity may bring a Surfeit——

Bel. Then there's Phyſicians enough in Town to cure me——

Lady. Or kill you.

Bel. With all my Heart——becauſe a Houſe may fall on my Head——muſt I therefore lie in the Field—but what have we to do with Philoſophy?

For ſofter Pleaſures was your Sex deſign'd,
Heaven form'd, and ſent 'em to delight Mankind.
No Rule or Cuſtom, did we firſt obey,
But freely lov'd where Nature led the Way.
[Embracing her.

Lady. Bleſs me! you'l ſmother me———

Bel. Let us not in cold diſputing waſte the Time, leaſt Fortune, angry at our dull Delay, ſend another Interruption.——

Lady. Well, you was born to ruin me——but do not, pray, do not—uſe your Force—for well I find my Weakneſs——— [*In a yielding Tone.*

Bel. A good Hint—ſure Fortune will not jilt me again—but hold, I'll ſecure the Door— [*Shuts the Door.* now ſhew me a Man poſſeſt of half an Hour's Happineſs above me. [*Takes Hold of her.*] [*Knocking without.*

Lady. Undone for ever——there's ſome body at the Door, if I'm diſcover'd——Ruin attends me.

Bel. Another malicious Devil has croſt me again—— why, why, why—which Way ſhall I get out? Is there no back Stairs, nor Trap-Door—I, I, I, I'll jump out of the Window.

Lady. By no Means——what will come of me——— here, here, get into that Cloſet. [*Knocks again.*

Bell.

Bel. Ay, ay, any where — oh, Succeſs, Succeſs, thou haſt forſaken me. [*Exit.*

[*She ſhuts the Door, then opens 'tother.*

Lady. Who knocks with that Authority? Brother, is it you! what ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* What Buſineſs have you here——Confuſion, how ſhall I contain myſelf? [*Aſide.*

Lady. If he has diſcover'd me, I'm a dead Woman. [*Aſide.*] Why do you look ſo angry, Brother—— Is it a Crime to be in your Lodgings?

Sir *Will.* Yes, I forbad you——and what was the Door ſhut for, ha?

Lady. I ſhall be found out, there's no avoiding it—— becauſe I was afraid the Stranger which you ſay hates Women ſhou'd ſurpriſe me—I came hither to be private, and to avoid the Impertinency of Sir *Paul*—I tremble every Joint. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* Ay, ſhe did come to avoid Sir *Paul*, that's plain enough——Oh Natute, Nature, why did'ſt thou make a Woman——I'm ſure I heard his Voice—far off he cannot be—that Cloſet muſt conceal him—I'm glad to find you was ſo circumſpect, Siſter——I am out of Humour——you'll forgive me——how ſhall I get rid of her [*Aſide.*

Lady. Better than I expected—— [*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* Pray, oblige me with Pen, Ink, and Paper, I have loſt the Key of my Scrutore, and can't come at mine——

Lady. With all my Heart, Brother——a fortunate Eſcape. [*Exit.*

Sir *Will.* Let me conſider ſhall I ſacrifice his Blood to my injur'd Honour—no, I owe this Life to him which now I bear—and a ſolemn League of Friendſhip join'd our Souls—I lodg'd him here—and ſhall I break the Laws of Hoſpitality?—no—firſt, let me know how far my Honour is concern'd—if my Siſter has betray'd her Virtue—and I prove it—my juſt Reſ[illegible]ut then ſhall fall on both—'tis reſolv'd—— [*Puts out the Candle, goes to the Cloſet and knocks.*] Sir, Sir— [*Belair opens the Door, and comes out.*

Bel. Are they gone, my Life, my Love——

Sir

Sir *Will.* My, Life, my Love! Damnation [*Aſide.* they are gone, huſh, make no Noiſe for your Life, I expect my Huſband every Minute, therefore if you love me retire inſtantly—

Bel. Love thee; do I live? But, oh, I fear theſe curſt malicious Planets ne'er will crown my Wiſhes. [*Exit.*

Sir *Will.* By that I find he has not enjoy'd her—now know how far ſhe's inclin'd.———

[*Goes into the Cloſet, and ſhuts the Door after him.*

Enter Lady Cautious *with Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Lady. Here's Pen and Ink, Brother—— ha, in the dark, Brother — Brother — ha! gone — lucky Opportunity—let me 'ſcape now, and I'll never run the Danger more—— [*Goes to the Cloſet.*] you may come out, the Coaſt is clear.

Enter Sir William.

Sir *Will.* Then I'm happy—now let's loſe no Time—let improve the precious Moments—— conduct me to ſome more private Place, there let me breathe my Soul into your Boſom, and pay the Hazards which we have both run———

Lady. This is no Time except you wiſh my Ruin—— my Brother is alarm'd and may return this Minute, and ſacrifice me to his jealous Fears——— have you no Regard for my Safety——yet will you loiter to undo me.

Sir *Will.* Deſtruction ſeize thee. [*Aſide.*] I will go, but firſt tell me when, and where I ſhall be bleſt again.

Lady. Preſs me not to further Folly—I own the tender Sentiments of my Heart——and I fear I love you——

Sir *Will.* Excellent Confeſſion——— [*Aſide.*

Lady. But my Fears grow ſtrong, and repreſent Vice in hideous Forms—— twice this Day Surprize preſerv'd my Virtue.

Sir *Will.* Twice! Oh, Traitereſs. [*Aſide.*

Lady. Now by all the Virtuous Stars, I'll never ſee you more. [*Flings from him.*] [*Exit.*

Sir *Will.* I'm glad to hear that—— but did not ſhe know me, ſo took her Opportunity to ſtart from my Vengeance? It may be ſo, and this be all a Lye—— it

muſt

muſt be ſo ——, and now I cou'd rip that Boſom where her Heart, her hot luſtful Heart reſides—— yes, if thou be'ſt guilty — theſe Hands ſhall ſtrait let out thy tainted Blood, to waſh the Stains thou haſt thrown upon our Family.

Enter Sir Paul *with a Candle.*

Sir *Paul.* Mercy on me, what a Noiſe is here in this Houſe—Adſhud, it were a Bleſſing to be deaf—what did I ſay—Heaven forgive me—if I ſhou'd be ſtruck deaf now, what a lamentable Thing 'twou'd be——humph—ha—in my Conſcience, my Ears ſing, I have a ſtrange Humming in my Head — pray, Heaven, I grow not deaf in earneſt—Well, my Wife has ſo many Relations—that lodge here, and viſit her together—I ſhall certainly be undone—it coſts me, at leaſt, five Pounds a Week in Coffee—Tea—Chocolate—and Ratafee — Mercy upon me—if I ſhou'd come to want now in my old Age —— I may thank Marriage for it — if I ſhou'd come to be maintain'd by the Pariſh now — Oh, ſad— Oh, ſad — or ſhou'd live to be blind——and led with a Dog and a Bell—what ſhall I do, if I come to that, and who knows but I may—Let me ſee, let me ſee, I'll try how I can walk in the Dark. [*Puts out the Candle.*

Enter Belair.

Bel. The Devil take theſe Diſappointments, I ſay—— I have peep'd into every Room I cou'd find open, but no Sight of her——well, if my Incognita——falls to my Lot at laſt, 'twill be ſome Amends——

Sir *Paul.* What a wretched Condition is it to be depriv'd of Sight——the very Apprehenſion puts me in a Sweat all over—ah, ah, within there, Lights, Lights.

Bel. I can't imagine into what Part of the Houſe I'm got. [*Runs againſt Sir* Paul.

Sir *Paul.* What's that? Thieves, Thieves.

Bel. Pox take this old Cuff, how came he to ſtumble on him.

Sir *Paul. Baſilicon*, why *Baſilicon*, I ſay, Murder, Murder.

Enter

Enter Servants, with Lights, and Baſilicon.

Bel. Sir, I'm glad to ſee you with all my Heart——

Sir *Paul.* That's a Lye, I believe——but what's your Buſineſs here now, Sir? Anſwer me that—do you come to bring me another Information of Rogues, ha! I know you again——either you come, Sirrah, to make me a Cuckold—or to rob my Houſe——but I'll have you laid by the Heels——I will ſo———

Bel. Very fine, Faith—my next Step will be to *Tyburn*.

Sir *Paul.* Bind his Hands, there———

Bel. Keep off Scoundrels—without you'l have your Guts full of Oylet-holes.

Sir *Paul.* Oh, *Baſilicon*, ſee, ſee, am I not wounded? Keep cloſe to me.

Enter Sir William.

Baſ. Not in the leaſt, Sir.

Sir *Will.* How now, what's the Matter here—

Bel. Oh, Sir *William*, you come opportunely, to ſave me from theſe Raſcals.

Sir *Will.* Sir *Paul*, why theſe Diſorders? Of what are you Apprehenſive——this Gentleman is a Friend of mine.

Sir *Paul.* But how came he here, Sir, in the Dark——

Bel. I miſtook this for Sir *William*'s Apartment——

Sir *Will.* Oh, Hippocriſy——but e'er you and I have done, you'll own t'was upon another Score, [*Aſide.*] it muſt be ſo, Sir *Paul*, I lent my Lodgings to the Gentleman for two or three Days—curſe of my ſhallow Reaſon—I did not tell you of it, Sir, not thinking it material enough to trouble you about.

Sir *Paul.* Say you ſo, Sir——then Cuckoldom is nothing material, you ſhall all out of my Houſe——you ſhall go, every Mother's Child of you———

Sir *Will.* What you pleaſe, Sir *Paul*——hark ye, *Belair*, there's ſomething to adjuſt between you and I, which require more Privacy—follow me. *Exit.*

Bel. So my Affair goes ſwimmingly. [*Exit.*

Bel.

Sir *Paul.* What the Devil had I to do with a young Wife?

They who in Age will drag the Marriage Chain,
Like me they'll find the Hopes of Comfort vain;
But if Relations uſher in the Wife,
There needs no greater Curſe to Human Life. [Exit.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE *Sir* William's *Lodgings.*

Enter Sir William *and Belair.*

Sir *Will.* THUS far, Sir, I have had a ſtrict Regard to the League we made in *Spain*—ſerv'd you in the minuteſt, as well as greateſt Things, even beyond the Character of a Gentleman, in helping you to impoſe upon a Lady, making good Manners ſubſervient to my Friendſhip.

Bel. Pr'ythee, Sir *William*, let me know the Sum at once, without this regular Account.

Sir *Will.* 'Twill be caſt up immediately—at your Requeſt, reſign'd my own Lodgings, to oblige you, kept your Secret, even to the Woman I lov'd—tho' you abus'd her—

Bel. Nay, there's a falſe Tally, Sir *William*—I never abus'd a Lady in my Life—

Sir *Will.* Have you not abus'd *Belvia?*

Bel. Which Way? I never aſk'd a Favour that cou'd put her to the Bluſh—or promis'd Marriage, and declin'd my Word.

Sir *Will.* Have you not paſs'd by a wrong Name to her.

Bel. But the Perſon is the ſame, when once a Woman likes the Man—ſhe ſeldom finds Fault with the Name.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Look'e, *Belair*, you may affect what Air you pleaſe—but ſupplanting my Love, and diſhonouring my Family, are Things not to be repair'd with a Smile——

Bel. The diſhonouring of your Family! What mean you, Sir? Such Accuſations are not like a Friend.

Sir *Will.* Nor ſuch Actions, therefore draw—[*Draws.*

Bel. I'll never draw my Sword—till I know the Cauſe you allege; I endeavour'd to ſupplant you; I deny it—I wou'd not ſupplant my Friend, tho' I dy'd for the Woman—but this was only Gallantry—and I ignorant of your Pretences; and before I knew you lov'd *Belizia*, I had fix'd upon her Friend—that Point is clear'd with any reaſonable Man—but the other Article it is that ſtings me—How have I diſhonour'd your Family?—for there my Honour, Faith and Friendſhip are concern'd——

Sir *Will.* Are they gone, my Life—my Love——

Bel. Ha! my own Words!

Sir *Will.* And ſpoke to my Siſter, Sir——

Bel. The Devil they were.

Sir *Will.* What! are you aſtoniſh'd, Sir? Draw inſtantly—or by the baſe Affront you offer'd me——

Bel. Nay, nay, hold, hold, Sir *William*, for Faith I will not fight thee—one Word—were it poſſible that I cou'd know thy Siſter by inſtinct? Or, deny a fair Lady in Diſtreſs.

Sir *Will.* Trifle no longer with my juſt Reſentment—

Bel. Hear me out, and if I plead not within the Rules of Reaſon, Juſtice, and Probability, paſs Sentence on me freely—ſhe's young and handſome—her Huſband old and impotent—he full of Whimſies, ſhe full of Love; he wrinkled and decay'd—ſhe warm and wiſhing; I young and vigorous—ſhe married againſt her Will—I not married at all—we met by Accident—ſhe lamented her Misfortune—I pitty'd her—and what Return ſhe might have made—no Man—not yourſelf, cou'd have refus'd, had the Caſe been yours—Oh, but then ſhe proves the Siſter of my Friend—but my Friend never told me that—conſequently he is the Aggreſſor—Now, Sir *William*, will you put yourſelf upon your Guard, or put up your Sword, ha, ha, ha.

Sir

Sir *Will.* My Friend, again —— I confeſs thy Arguments are unanſwerable —— thoſe we do not truſt, can ne'er betray us.

Enter Robin *haſtily.*

Rob. Oh, Sir, your Father, Sir *Thomas*, has found your Lodgings, and hears you have been in Town this Fortnight—— and ſwears if I don't find you out immediately, he'll ſlice me into Haſh-meat; he ſays, he ſhall forfeit a Thouſand Pounds if you come not preſently———

Bel. What ſhall I conclude on—— is he at my Lodgings?

Rob. No, Sir, he's upon the Hunt like any Bloodhound; I run down twenty Bye-ways, leaſt he ſhou'd dog me —— for you know, Sir, I am your moſt careful Servant.

Sir *Will.* That thou art indeed —— you muſt reſolve to ſee him.

Bel. And if I ſee him, there will be no avoiding this hated Match———

Rob. Without, Sir, you ſhou'd take another Name, and perſuade him you are not his Son —— I have the ſame honeſt, lying Face, Sir, ſtill, I'll ſwear you are none of my Maſter. [*Knocks without.*

Bel. No, Sirrah, that won't do with him —— ha, ſee who knocks.

Rob. If it be my old Maſter—what ſhall I ſay, Sir, muſt I lye, or ſpeak Truth.

Bel. Which you will, the Condition's deſperate.

Re-enter Robin *with a Letter.*

Rob. Safe, Sir, ſafe, a Letter from your Incognita, Sir. [*Gives him the Letter.*

Bel. Thou dear Cordial to my love-ſick Mind [*Kiſſes it.* [*Reads.*] *I have us'd all my Rhetoric without Effect; my Father reſolves this Night to give me to the Rival—therefore if thou haſt any Stratagem to relieve me, be quick in the Execution—— We are now coming to Sir* Paul Cautious's, *who, it ſeems, is an old Friend of my Father's, you being in the ſame Houſe, renders you capable of ſeeing—your Incognita* —now, Sir *William*, I'll throw off Diſguiſe, confeſs who

I am, and aſk her of her Father —— if he refuſe, my Rival muſt meaſure Blades with me; you'll be my Second, if it come to a Puſh, Sir *William.*

Sir *Will.* My Sword is ſtill at my Friend's Service.

Bel. Have at him, then——I'll to my Lodgings, Dreſs, and return in an Inſtant—— Now all ye Stars, that favour faithful Lovers, prevent my meeting with my Father. [*Exit.*

Rob. And his Cane meeting my Shoulders. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Paul, *pulling in Lady* Cautious.

Sir *Pal.* You, troop, troop —— there, Sir, take your Siſter, and get out of my Houſe—do ſo—you ſhan't bring Gallants under my Noſe, and lend your Lodgings to Raſcals that wou'd cut my Throat—— Mercy upon me, 'tis a Miracle the Houſe don't tumble on our Heads—— I admire I'm alive———

Lady. Thou art alive, indeed, and that's all———

Sir *Paul.* All, Houſewife, why, why, why, you han't poiſon'd me, or wounded me, have you?

[*Looking and feeling about him.*

Enter Baſilicon.

Why, where are you, Raſcal? Look, am I hurt—do I Bleed any where?

Baſil. Not a Drop, Sir.

Sir *Paul.* Can you know by my Eyes or Hands, or any Thing, if all be right within me?

Baſil. Very eaſily, Sir—you are in perfect Health—

Sir *Paul.* You are ſure on't?

Baſil. I am ſure on't, Sir!

Sir *Paul.* Why then, Miſtreſs, what do you Mean, ha!

Lady. That thou art an old doating,—deſpicable Wretch.

Sir *Will.* Hold, Siſter — better Language to your Huſband wou'd become you—and for you, Sir, ſince your ill Manners proceeds from groundleſs Jealouſies, taxing a Gentleman with Crimes of which I know him innocent—making that a Pretence to traduce the Virtue of your Wife—I adviſe you to recall your Temper, and uſe her like my Siſter——or I ſhall uſe you like my Enemy.

Sir *Paul.* And run me thro' the Guts, I ſuppoſe—was ever Man thus plagu'd before!

Lady. [*Weeping.*] This is the Life I lead—my Virtue all ſuſpected—my Innocence accus'd, and the Quiet of

my Life deſtroy'd —— Did I truly merit his Abuſes— Patience and Submiſſion wou'd become me—but I defy, even the Tongue of Malice, to aſperſe my Fame or Conduct — and do you think, Brother, I'll endure this —— tamely to ſubmit and cringe to what I hate.

Sir *Will.* One Word, Madam— [*Pulls her aſide.*] Boaſt not of your Conduct, nor your Virtue — vile audacious Woman— the Cloſet, Miſtreſs, think on the Cloſet.——

Lady. Does he know that? now, I'm loſt for ever.——

Sir *Will.* Now, vent your clamorous Virtue ——— while thoſe in whoſe Hands you lodge it, Echo back, you have none.

Lady. What ſure Diſgrace attends unlawful Love; had I really fall'n, I now ſhou'd die with ſhame.

Sir *Paul.* What are they whiſpering about, Now— contriving to make me away, ten to one, *Baſilicon.*

Baſ Oh, Sir, I defy 'em to do that whilſt I am near you.

Lady. Oh, Brother, forgive me; 'twas the only Slip I ever made—— methinks I hate myſelf, for having, but in Wiſh, conſented, and grow in Love with Virtue.—— Since I have not ſtain'd my Family—— the moſt was Thought, for ſome good Angel ſtill did interpoſe to prop my nodding Virtue.

Sir *Will.* Take heed it nods no more.

Lady. I will, for now the Shame and Ruin that muſt have attended me, are ſo conſpicuous to my Sight, that I will ſhun even the Reſemblance of a Crime like this; if you'll but pardon me, I'll vow never to fall again from Duty.

Sir *Will.* On that Condition I do—and, now, Siſter, ſince your Marriage-Knot can never be diſſolv'd, till Nature diſſolves it—ſhew yourſelf the Pattern of a virtuous Wife, indulge his Age——and that Way preſerve your Eaſe, and by your Meekneſs and Humility, fix your Reputation.

Lady. I readily obey—Sir *Paul*, my Youth has hitherto engaged me in a foolish Paſſion, contradictory to your Will, but my Brother's Inſtructions has ſo far inform'd me of my Duty, that my Behaviour, for the future, ſhall give you no Cauſe for Complaint.

Sir *Will.* I'll engage my Honour for the Performance of her Promiſe.

Sir

Sir *Paul.* Here's a Turn; who can find what Plot is going forward——Are you both in Earneſt now, or not?

Sir *Will.* Pray, be leſs ſuſpicious, and more a Man—the leſs you ſuſpect, the more you are ſecur'd, Sir *Paul.*

Lady. A generous Confidence, will always oblige your Wife.

Sir *Paul.* Well, for once I will truſt thee——come to my Arms then——hold, hold, let me ſee——you have no Penknife nor Piſtol about you, have you?

Lady. To what Purpoſe, my Dear——Nay, did you not ſay, you'd truſt me———

Sir *Paul.* Well, ſo I will then. [*Embrace.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Gentleman, calls himſelf *Poſitive*, to wait on you, Mrs. *Beliza*, and another young Lady, with him.

Sir *Paul.* Bring them in immediately, I have not ſeen him this many a Year——and your Miſtreſs too *Will*, we'll have a Match before you part, a Faith we will, my old Friend———

Enter Mr. Poſitive, Beliza, Camilla, Patch, *and* Flora. Welcome, I'm glad to ſee thee with all my Heart, Ladies, you are welcome——

Poſ. Sir *Paul*, your Hand———I cou'd not come to Town without ſeeing you, Faith——this is your Lady, I ſuppoſe; by your Leave, Madam. [*Salutes her.*] This is my Daughter, Sir *Paul*, I am come up to marry her.

Sir *Paul.* Why then, I wiſh her much Joy.

Lady. I ſhou'd be proud of being better known to you.

Cam. And I of your Acquaintance.

Lady. Dear *Beliza*, how do you expect I ſhou'd forgive your long Abſence? Not ſee me in two Days.

Beliz. I confeſs my Fault.

Sir *Will.* The readieſt Way to be pardon'd, is not to perſiſt in the Wrong, indeed, Madam.

Beliz. But who ſhall judge between Right and Wrong?

Sir *Will.* Our Reaſon, Madam.

Beliz. That very often deceives us, eſpecially if we put too much Truſt in the Perſon.

Sir *Will.* It requires Judgment therefore, to make a proper Choice, for every Accident depends on that; but why this Indifference, Madam?

Beliz. Why, that Queſtion?

Sir *Will.* Becauſe Love requires more Freedom.

Beliz. But Jealouſy forbid it, Sir *William.*

Sir *Will.* Only the Effect of too much Love; I aſk your Pardon for all paſt Offences.

Beliz. Rather of too much Folly.

Enter Belair.

Ha, *Revel*, at Liberty again——and here, what can this mean?

Bel. Ladies and Gentlemen, your Servant—

[*Sir* William *takes him aſide.*

Lady. Ha! the handſome Stranger—lie ſtill my Heart, and think not of him. [*Aſide.*

Cam. Now am I diſtracted, to know whether this be her Lover, or mine. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* Sir, here's a Gentleman begs Leave to unfold a Secret to you——— [*To Mr.* Poſitive.

Poſ. To me———out with it then.

Sir *Paul.* Has he a Secret for him too.———This Spark is full of Secrets. [*Aſide.*

Bel. Sir, I preſume you are the Father of this Lady.

Cam. This is *Conſtant*, that's certain. [*Aſide.*

Beliza. So, now the Game's up —— as I ſuſpected, all one Man. [*Aſide.*

Poſ. And, what then, Sir?

Bel. Then, my Requeſt is, to be admitted for your Son-in-Law.

Poſ. For my Son-in-Law———

Bel. Yes, Sir, provided I make it appear my Fortune and Family are equal to yours———

Poſ. Sir, in one Word—if you cou'd prove your Deſcent from the Blood-royal, and as many Acres of Land as the *Po* has engroſs'd, 'twou'd not avail you that, do you ſee [*Snaps his Fingers.*] my Word's my Word, ſhe's diſpos'd of already, and ſo give yourſelf no farther Trouble.

Cam. Heart-breaking Sentence. [*Aſide.*

Bel. Is this your final Reſolution, Sir?

Poſ. Why, Sir, what Reaſon have you to believe, I ſhou'd alter it?

Bel. Becauſe, Sir, I have ſome Reaſons to believe, your Daughter loves me—and I hope you'll not force her Inclinations———

Poſ.

Poſ. You have ſome Reaſons to believe ihe loves you—what Reaſons, Sir, what Reaſons? You have not lain with her, have you? for that's the ſureſt Reaſon a Man can build upon.

Bel. You ſurpriſe me, with your Queſtion, Sir, — and make me bluſh, to hear you give Utterance to a Thought like that ———Your Daughter's Virtue needs no Guard againſt ſuch foul Advances.

Poſ. I hope not———

Cam. I ne'er ſhall give you Cauſe, to doubt my Virtue, Sir, and 'tis unkindly urg'd——I own, I love this Gentleman.

Poſ. What, this is he, that you have pick'd up ſince you came to Town, is it?

Cam. This is he, that ſav'd my Life, Sir——and if I have him not, I ne'er can love another; yet your Commands ſhall fix me as you pleaſe.

Sir *Paul.* Well ſaid.

Poſ. As to your Love, and Liking, that's out of my Power, but your Portion and Perſon are not ——— ſo whether you conſent or not, 'tis the ſame Thing——look ye, my Word's my Word, ſo never trouble yourſelf about that.

Bel. Is it ſo, I'll not leave the Sight of her—till I ſee my Rival——and then the beſt Arm carry her.

Reliza. And, this is your worthy Friend, you have ſo often mention'd, Sir *William?*

Sir *Will.* The ſame, another Time I'll inform you of every Thing, and hope to obtain your Pardon for him.

Beliza. Nay, I'm inclining to be good-natur'd; I like his Humour mightily———

Cam. But, Sir, have you no Regard to the Hazards which he run to ſave my Life; had not his generous Care preſerv'd me, you had now been Childleſs in your Age.

Poſ. Humph! Why, to ſay Truth, I wou'd be grateful, but I want the Means—he ſays, his Eſtate is large, ſo that he's above a Preſent—and I know not what to offer him——Sir, I thank you for the Service which you did my Daughter, and had I not given my Word, I might have choſe you, as ſoon as another, but now

there's no Help for't—if you'll be one of her Bride-men, you ſhall have a Favour to keep for her Sake.

Sir *Paul.* That's ſomething.

Lady. Rude unpoliſhed Monſter. [*Aſide.*

Bel. Inſult me not, Sir, ——— the Favour I wou'd wear you have refus'd.

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's your Father will come in, in Spite of my Teeth——or he ſwears he'll have a File of Muſquetteers, and blow the Houſe up. [*Aſide to* Bel.

Sir *Will.* What News brings *Robin?*

Bel. That my Father is at the Door, I muſt go and try to appeaſe him.

[*Goes towards the Door, and meets Sir* Thomas.

Sir *Tho.* Give me Entrance, or, I'll knock you down, you Dog———

Enter Sir Thomas.

Where is this graceleſs Rogue.

Bel. [*Kneeling.*] Your Bleſſing, Sir, and with it your Pardon, for having thus long conceal'd myſelf, but when you ſhall know my Reaſons———

Sir *Tho.* Reaſons, Sirrah, what Reaſons have you to ſhun your Father —— and a handſome Woman; come along, come along, [*Pulling him*] the Parſon and the Bride, has waited this two Hours, while I have been hunting you all over the Town, Sirrah.

Bel. And now you have found me, Sir, I cannot comply with what you propoſe.

Sir *Tho.* How, how's this?

Bel. There ſtands the Lady that deſtroys my Duty—

Sir *Tho.* Ha! What do I ſee?

Bel. Now, Sir, ſhew a true Paternal Love, and force me not to wed againſt my Will; for tho' the Lady you have choſe, ſhou'd have all the Charms that bounteous Nature gave the whole Sex—there I am fix'd—and muſt, and will, refuſe her.

Pef. Ha! Is not that Sir *Thomas Belair?*

Sir *Tho.* Sayſt thou ſo——why, then, take her, my Boy; [*Throws him into* Camilla's *Arms.*] for this is ſhe, thy Father did deſign for thee.

Bel. Oh, Tranſport, oh, unexpected Happineſs!

Cam. Oh, Exceſs of Pleaſure! [*They embrace.*

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Mr. *Poſitive*, your Servant; there's my Son.

Poſ. So I ſee, Sir, and am glad of it with all my Heart.

Bel. Now, Sir, your Conſent I hope is free.

Sir *Paul.* Why, this is the prettieſt Turn I ever ſaw.

Rob. I, I, I, am ſo overjoy'd, I ſhall jump out of my Skin———

Poſ. Camil.—there take him.

[*Calls her to him, and throws her to* Belair.

Bel. My Love, my Life——— my Soul's beſt Comfort———

Beliza. I am pleas'd to ſee the Event ſo lucky.

Sir *Will.* So am I, Love is the ſtrongeſt Guard to reſtrain Liberty.

Cam. Look up my *Conſtant*, and bleſs our friendly Stars that thus have turn'd our Diſobedience into Duty.

Bel. Oh, I was loſt in Rapture, the powerful Torrent rowl'd too faſt, and ſinks me down with Pleaſure; now no more that Name, but know thy Huſband wears that of *Belair*——and now, Madam, I muſt aſk your Pardon too—and you my Friend, I give you a thouſand Thanks, and wiſh you as happy in *Beliza*'s Love———

Beliz. I'm glad to ſee you out of Priſon, Sir; but how?

Bel. Thoſe Stratagems are vaniſh'd now, and I rely on your good Nature to forgive me.

Sir *Paul.* Nay, Niece, I ſeldom aſk Favours, therefore muſt not be deny'd; you, and my Wife's Brother, muſt make the ſecond Couple.

Lady. I muſt ſecond Sir *Paul*, in that Requeſt.

Cam. Compleat my Happineſs, and bear me Company.

Bel. Augment my Joys, by crowning of my Friends.

Sir *Will.* Let not all intreat in vain, Madam.

Beliz. Well, Sir *William*, I'll run the dangerous Venture of a Jealous Huſband, for once; but let me caution you, aforehand———the more you ſuſpect my Conduct, the leſs I ſhall conſult your Humour? the more you watch me, the more I ſhall ſtudy to deceive you——— Leave then, your Spaniſh Airs——— and put the true Engliſh Huſband on, that is the only Way to have a virtuous Wife.

Sir *Will.* Your Advice is ſo reaſonable, that you ſhall be Miſtreſs both of yourſelf, and me.

Sir *Paul.* Well ſaid, Brother, thy Example ſhall be my Guide, for the future; come, we'll be merry, I'm reſolv'd; who is within there?

Enter Servant.

Go to the Play-Houſe, and deſire ſome of the Singers and Dancers to come hither; I am not often in this Humour, but will be merry while it laſts.

Sir *Will.* Go in my Name———they'll not refuſe me.

Bel. No, thou art a good Benefactor to 'em.

Enter Ned.

Ned. Ladies and Gentlemen, I wiſh you Joy, I overheard the Concluſion of your Happineſs———and to crown your Mirth, here's a comical Figure upon Enterance.

Enter Wou'dbe, *in his Waiſtcoat.*

Sir *Will.* Ha, ha, ha, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, without his Clothes — what doſt thou deſign this for a Maſquerade, at my Wedding.

Wou'd. Married, and to *Beliza*, then the good Opinion *Ned* ſaid ſhe had of me, is come to nothing, I find [*Aſide.* Oh, Sir *William*, I am undone for ever, robb'd of my new Coat, that I but juſt put upon my Back, by the moſt whimſical Stratagem you ever hear'd.

Beliza. Ha, ha, ha, Mr. *Wou'dbe* out-plotted.

Sir *Will.* How was it, pr'ythee?

Wou'd. Why, Sir, you muſt know I had juſt made up ſuch a Suit of Cloaths as that you have on——and was coming hither, but meeting your Brother *Ned*, he wou'd needs preſs me to the Tavern, to give him Beveridge, ſo in we went, the Fellow that waited on us, told me I had a Cut croſs the Shoulder of my new Coat; I look'd, and found I had——he ſaid there liv'd a Fine-drawer at the next Door——he wou'd draw it up in a Minute; Wherefore I gave it him, but my Eyes ne'er encounter'd him ſince.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bel. Is your Subſcription come to this, ha, ha, ha; why did not you examine the Houſe.

Wou'd. I did, and they ſay he came in with me, and told them he was my Servant.

Ned.

Ned. And that he never ſuffer'd a Drawer to wait on him, and therefore borrow'd an Apron of them to attend us.

Wou'd. To cheat me of my Coat——— nothing vexes me ſo much, as that I have not been ſeen in it, had I but made the Tour of St. *James*'s, and both Play-houſes, my Paſſion for it would have ebb'd to an Indifference—— and then———

Beliza. That was an unparallel'd Grievance, indeed.

Bel. Mr. *Wou'dbe*, might I adviſe you as a Friend, leave off this fooliſh Whim of Mimicking; Sir *William* he's a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune, and can afford Change of Cloaths for every Day; but you, whoſe ſlender Allowance from a Father's Hand, admits of no Profuſeneſs——to imitate him is Madneſs.

Rob. What a grave Piece of Advice is there——well, Marriage has chang'd my Maſter already, I find.

Beliza. I heard you was about writing a Play, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I'd adviſe you to make your top Character a Sharper——you ſee they can't out-wit a Gentleman; he has ſhew'd you Plot for Plot.

Wou'd. With what Courage can I proceed with the Play, when this Raſcal is run away with the Subſcription—Well, I'll into the Country, and never ſee this damn'd Town again. [*Exit.*

Enter Servant.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Serv. The Singers and Dancers are come, Sir.

[*Here is Songs and Dances.*

Sir *Will.* Bring 'em in, come, Gentlemen, take your Seats, but you forget *Belair*—*Robin* is unrewarded yet.

Bel. Why, he ſhall chuſe between the two Maids.

Rob. Ah, *Patch!*

Patch. Me do you chuſe?

Rob. Thou tempts me, and if I ſhou'd look any longer, perhaps the Devil might be more cunning than I.

Patch. You don't like me then?

Rob. Look ye, Marriage is a laſting Thing——— if it were for ſix Months only, I might venture upon thee——— but for all the Days of my Life——— Mercy upon me ——— thy Features are too high

Priz'd

Friz'd Furniture for Houſe-keeping, eſpecially where they muſt let Lodgings —— therefore, *Flora*, have at thee————

Flora. Why will you quit her for me?

Rob. To ſhew the Extremity of my Love, I will.

Patch. Fool, didſt thou think I wou'd have had thee? Doſt thou know that I have had my Nativity caſt, and am told that I ſhall marry a Knight, at leaſt, if not a Lord.

Rob. Oh, good Night to your Ladyſhip, then.

Ned. Well, *Patch*, ſtay till my Brother dies, and I'll marry thee, to make good thy Calculation, ha, ha.

Patch. Though you ſhou'd make me a Lady, you'd not better my Fortune much by being your Wife, our Humours wou'd quickly conſume our Eſtate; —— I love fine Cloaths, ——— fine Coach, ——— fine Equipage, and fine Houſe; ——— Your Drinking, Wenching, Gaming, and, ſo forth———that when I wanted a New Suit, in the Morning, you have flung off your Money over Night.————

Sir *Will.* She has hit you home, Brother, for your jeſting.

Ned. Well, ſince we know one another's Infirmities ſo well, we'll keep as we are————

Bell. Now, my fair *Camilla*, I am happy —— theſe Arms ſhall fix my rambling Heart.

Ungovern'd Youth, of Taſte not over-nice,
Roves thro' the various Fields of Pois'nous Vice.
Cheated with Health, they ride thro' Pleaſure Poſt,
To purchaſe Liberty, what e'er it coſt.
True Engliſh like, that Idol they adore,
And fear the Marriage Knot, as much as Gallick Power.
But if once Reaſon checks the looſer Reins,
And bring ſound Judgment into Play again,
Then all muſt own————
The trueſt Joy that waits on human Life,
Is a conſtant Temper—— and a virtuous Wife.

THE

THE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. PENKETHMAN.

THE Plodding Tribe are so resolv'd of late,
To model and refine our little State.
I fear to Great *Ones we have this relation,*
They'll ruin us at last by Reformation!
What heavy Race so far without the City,
Cou'd think of plaguing us for being Witty?
But were we broke (disbanded I wou'd speak,
For nothing but a Shopkeeper shou'd break!)
Men of our Quality's wou'd rise by falling,
And grow more eminent in any Calling.
Our various Virtues wou'd fit all Conditions;
They that want Piety might turn Physicians.
A Door-keeper whose Cheats we can't prevent,
Wou'd surely thrive in any State-Employment.
He that his Hopes from Impudence does draw,
Might turn his happy Genius to the Law.
The Under Fry a little Thing will serve,
For by the Laws of England, *younger Brothers starve.*
No Change of Government the Women drop, [Putting on a Mask.
For—Eighteen Pence in Velvet sets them up.
As for my self; may Marriage be my Fate,
Chain'd to a Cross, I may repent, tho' late;
Grow fit to turn Informer to the Town,
And thrive by the same Means I was undone.

THE

STOLEN HEIRESS:

OR THE

Salamanca Doctor Outplotted.

A

COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. PRINCE.

OUR Author fearing his Succeſs to Day,
Sends me to bribe your Spleen againſt his Play,
And if a Ghoſt in Nelly's *Time cou'd ſooth ye,*
He hopes in theſe that Fleſh and Blood may move ye,
Nay, what is more, to win your Hearts, a Maid!
If ever ſuch a Thing the Play houſe had.
For Cold and Shade the waxen Bloſſom's born,
Not to endure the Regions of the Sun,
Let every Beau then his Applauſe begin,
And think the Rarity was born for him:
Your true-bred Knights for fancy'd Dames advance,
And think it Gallantry to break a Launce,
And ſhall a real Damſel e'er be found
To plead her Cauſe in vain on Engliſh *Ground,*
Unleſs that dreadful Prophecy's begun,
In which Seven Women are to ſhare——one Man!
But thanks my Stars that Danger I d'ſown,
For in the Pit, I ſee 'tis——one——to one.
And while the Fair can all their Rights enjoy,
We'll keep our Title up to being Coy.
So let your Praiſe be noiſy as your Wine,
And grant your Favours, if you'd purchaſe mine.

A SONG deſign'd to be ſung by Mr. DOGGET.

THE Man you Ladies ought to fear,
Behold and ſee his Picture here.
With Arms a-croſs, and down-caſt Eyes
Thus languiſhes, and thus he dies,
Then gives his Hat a careleſs Pull,
Thus he ſighs, and thus looks dull,
Thus he ogles, thus he ſneers,
Thus he writes, and thus he leers.
This, this is he alone can move,
And this the Man the Ladies love.

EPI-

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. DOGGET,

YOU have ſeen what Scholar is in Cap and Gown,
Before his Breeding's poliſh'd by this Town:
'Tis not enough, that he can Hebrew *ſpeak,*
Greek, Latin, Chaldeac, *and* Arabick;
He may perform his Taſk in Church and School,
Ne'er drop a Word, that is not Grammar-Rule.
Run through the Arts; can each Degree commence,
Yet be a Freſhman ſtill, to Men of Senſe.
Tho' the learn'd Youth, can all the Sages quote,
Has Homer, Heſiod, *and the reſt by Wrote;*
Yet what's all this to Picquet, Dreſs or Play?
Or to the Circle, on a Viſiting-Day?
A finiſh'd Beau; for ſuch fine things I have ſeen,
That heretofore, has of ſome College been:
But that Deſpiſing, nothing now retains,
For Learning is a Thing requires Brains;
And that's a Perquiſite the Gentleman diſdains.
The Great Dull Aſs, from breaking Head of Priſcian;
Hither he comes, and writes approv'd Phyſician.
The Noiſe of Chariot brings the Patients in;
Grant them Patience, that Phyſick for their Sin.
Well then——
Since Learning's uſeleſs, I'll the Taſk defy;
Practice to Ogle, Flatter, Swear and Lye;
For that's the Way the Ladies Hearts to gain,
Burn all my Books; my Studies are but vain:
To gain their Looks, each Shape and Dreſs I'll try;
Smile when they Smile; and when they Frown, I Die.

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Governor of Palermo,	*Mr.* Bowman.
Count Pirro, *Nephew to the Governor*,	*Mr.* Griffith.
Gravello, *a* Sicilian *Lord, Father to* Lucaſia,	*Mr.* Freeman.
Larich, *his Brother*,	*Mr.* Fieldhouſe.
Lord Euphenes, *an old* Sicilian *General*,	*Mr.* Arnold.
Palante, *Son to* Euphenes *but unknown in Love with* Lucaſia,	*Mr.* Powel.
Clerimont, *his Friend*,	*Mr.* Baile.
Eugenio, *Son to* Gravello *in Diſguiſe under the Name of* Irus	*Mr.* Booth.
Alphonſo, *formerly an Officer under* Euphenes,	*Mr.* Knap.
Franciſco, *in Love with* Lavinia,	*Mr.* Pack.
Sancho, *a Pedant, bred at* Salamanca, *deſign'd by* Larich, *a Huſband for* Lavinia,	*Mr.* Dogget.
Triſtram, *his Man*,	*Mr.* Lee.
Roſco, *Servant to Count* Gravello,	*Mr.* Bright.

WOMEN.

Lucaſia, *Daughter to* Gravello, *in Love with* Palante,	*Mrs.* Barry.
Lavinia, *Daughter to* Larich, *in Love with* Franciſco,	*Mrs.* Prince.
Laura, *Woman to* Lucaſia,	*Mrs.* Lawſon.

The SCENE *in* PALERMO.

The STOLEN HEIRESS:
OR, THE
SALAMANCA DOCTOR Out-plotted.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Count Gravello *and* Roſco.

Gravello.

ROSCO!

Roſco. My Lord.

Grav. Haſt thou divulg'd the News that my Son died at *Rome?*

Roſco. Yes, my Lord, with every Circumſtance, the Time, the Place, and Manner of his Death; that 'tis believed, and told for Truth with as much Confidence, as if they had been Spectators of his End.

Grav. That's well, that's very well, now *Roſco* follows my Part, I muſt expreſs a moſt unuſual Grief, not like a well-left Heir for his dead Father, or a luſty Widow for an old decrepit Huſband; no, I muſt counterfeit in a far deeper Strain; weep like a Parent for an only Son: Is not this a hard Taſk? Ha, *Roſco?*

Roſco. Ah, no, my Lord, not for your Skill; in your Youth your Lordſhip ſaw Plays, convers'd with Players, knew the fam'd *Alberto.*

Grav. 'Tis true, by Heav'n, I have ſeen that Knave paint Grief in ſuch a lively Colour, that for falſe and acted Paſſion he has drawn true Tears, the Ladies kept Time with his Sighs, and wept to his ſad Accents as if he had truly been the Man he ſeem'd, then I'll try my Part, thou haſt ſtill been privy to my Boſom Secrets; know'ſt Wealth and Ambition are the Darlings of my Soul; nor will I leave a Stratagem uneſſay'd to raiſe my Family.

My

My Son is well and ſafe, but by Command from me he returns not this three Months. My Daughter, my *Lucaſia*, is my only Care, and to advance her Fortune have I fram'd this Project; how doſt like it *Roſco*, ha!

Roſco. Rarely, my Lord, my Lady will be now ſuppos'd the Heir to all your vaſt Revenues, and peſter'd with more Suitors than the *Grecian* Queen, in the long Abſence of her Lord. You'll have the Dons, Lords and Dukes ſwarm about your Houſe like Bees.

Grav. My Aim is fix'd at the Rich and Great, he that has Wealth enough, yet longs for more, Count *Pirro*, the Governor's Heir and Nephew, that rich Lord that knows no End of his large Fortunes, yet ſtill gapes on, for Gold is a ſure Bait to gain him, no other Loadſtone can attract his Iron Heart, 'tis Proof againſt the Force of Beauty, elſe I ſhould not need this Stratagem, for Nature has not prov'd a Niggard to my Daughter.

Roſco. To him, I'm ſure, ſhe's play'd the Step-Dame, I much fear *Lucaſia* will not reliſh ſuch a Match.

Grav. Ha! not reliſh it! has ſhe any other Taſte but mine, or ſhall ſhe dare to wiſh ought that may contradict my Purpoſe—But hold, perhaps you know how ſhe's inclin'd, you may be confederate with her, and manage her Intrigues with that Beggar *Palante*, who is only by Lord *Tupheſe*'s Bounty, my mortal Enemies, kept from ſtarving.

Roſco. Who I, my good Lord? Heav'n knows, I have learnt by your Lordſhip's Example, always to hate the Poor, and like the Courtier, never to do ought without a Bribe.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, Count *Pirro*, to wait upon your Lordſhip.

Grav. Conduct him in. [*Exit. Serv.*] Now *Roſco*, to my Couch; if my Plot takes, I'm a happy Man.

Enter Count Pirro.

Pirro. Is your Lord aſleep?

Roſ. I think not, my Lord, but thus he lies, Heav'n knows when this Grief will end — My Lord, my Lord, the Count of *Pirro*.

Grav. I pray your Lordſhip pardon me, at this Time I'm not fit to entertain Perſons of your Worth.

Pir.

Pir. Alas! my Lord, I know your Grief.

Roſ. Ay, 'twas that brought his good Lordſhip hither.

Pir. You have loſt a worthy, and a hopeful Son, but Heav'n that always gives, will ſometimes take, and there's no Balſam left to cure theſe Wounds but Patience; there's no diſputing with it, yet if there were, in what could you accuſe thoſe Pow'rs, that elſe have been ſo liberal to you, and left you to bleſs your Age a beauteous Daughter.

Roſ. Now it begins to work. [*Aſide.*

Pirro. Your Blood is not extinct, nor are you Childleſs, Sir, from that fair Branch may come much Fruit to glad Poſterity; think on this, my Lord.,

Grav. I know I ſhould not repine, my Lord, but Nature will prevail, I cannot help reflecting on my Loſs; alas, my Lord, you know not what it is to loſe a Son; 'tis true, I have ſtill a Child, Heav'n has now confin'd my Care to one, to ſee her well beſtow'd ſhall be the Buſineſs of my Life — Oh! my *Eugenio.*

Roſ. Egad, he does it rarely. [*Aſide.*

Pirr. How ſhall I manage, that he may not ſuſpect my Love to his Daughter proceeds from his Son's Death, [*Aſide.*] I was juſt coming to make a Propoſal to your Lordſhip as the News reach'd my Ear, I much fear the Time's improper now to talk of Buſineſs.

Grav. Pray Heav'n it be the Buſineſs I wiſh; were my Grief more great, if poſſible, yet would I ſuſpend it to hear my Lord of *Pirro.*

Roſ. Cunningly inſinuated. [*Aſide.*

Pirro. Your Lordſhip is too obliging.

Grav. Not at all, pray proceed, my Lord.

Pirro. It was, my Lord, to have aſk'd the fair *Lucaſia* for my Wife.

Roſ. So he has ſwallow'd the Bait. [*Aſide.*

Grav. As I could wiſh. [*Aſide.*

Pirro. 'Twas not out of any Conſideration of her preſent Fortune, my Lord, I hope you'll not believe, ſince I deſigned it e'er I knew *Eugenio* dead. I wiſh he may believe me. [*Aſide.*

Grav. If 'twas, my Lord of *Pirro* does deſerve it all, nor would I wiſh my Child a better Match. But 'tis too ſoon to treat of Marriage after ſuch a Loſs.

Roſco.

Roſco. Dear Sir, conſent to this good Lord, ſo will your Care be over, and hopeful Grandſons make up poor *Eugenio*'s Loſs.

Grav. What would you have me think of Joy and Death at once, and mingle the Grave and Marriages together.

Pirro. If you'll conſent, my Lord, a private Marriage may be had, and ſo diſpenſe with the uſual Solemnities of Joy. If you refuſe me, I ſhall think you ſlight my Claim.

Grav. That Argument alone prevails: No, I will never give the Count of *Pirro* Cauſe to doubt of my Eſteem.

Roſco. Conſider, my Lord, ſhe's an Heireſs, that may ſet bold deſperate Youths on raſh Attempts; and tho' they know *Sicilian* Laws gives Death to him that ſteals an Heireſs, yet I'll not warrant her Safety till to-morrow Night.

Pirro. He's in the right, my Lord.

Grav. Away, and call her, tho' ſhe's diſorder'd with her Griefs. Now thou haſt rais'd another Fear, and my poor Heart trembles for *Lucaſia*, as it for *Eugenio* bleeds.

[*Ex.* Roſco.

Pirro. Within my Arms ſhe ſhall be ſafe and happy, the Governor, my noble Uncle, and my Friend, her great Protector.

Enter Roſco *with* Lucaſia.

Grav. Come near *Lucaſia*, like the Ambaſſadors from this World's great Rulers, I bring thee Grief and Joy, pauſe not upon a Brother's Loſs, tho' 'twas a dear one; but fix thy Thoughts here, upon this Lord; thus I bequeath thee to the illuſtrious Count of *Pirro*.

Pirro. Thus I with Extaſy receive her.

[*Kneels and kiſſes her Hand.*

Luc. You'll give me Leave, my Lord, to wake from this Confuſion:
Is't poſſible! do I behold my Father?
Can he reſolve, at once, to part with both
His Children, my Brother, the beſt of Men,
No more will bleſs his Roof, no more will grace
This Palace with his Preſence ——
Muſt I be caſt out too, far more unbleſt
Than he who's lodg'd within the peaceful Grave.
Oh, ſend me to him, e'er you condemn me

To

To perpetual Bondage, to a Life of Woe;
To a Marriage unthought of, unforeſeen.

Pirro. Madam———

Grav. Mind her not, my Lord, 'tis Grief, 'tis mere Diſtraction, ſhe ſhan't diſpute my Will. Pleaſe to walk in, my Lord, we'll peruſe the Writings of your Eſtate, and hear what Settlement you'll make her, and to-morrow the Prieſt ſhall join you, to alleviate her Griefs, and Mine.

Pirro. But to ſee her weep thus, damps all my riſing Joy.

Grav. They are but Virgin Tears, pray come with me, Daughter, you know my Will, I expect you be obedient; you know 'tis your Duty.

Luc. I know 'tis Sir.——
But you, I hope, will give my tortur'd Heart
Your Leave to break, and that may ſhew my Duty.

Pirro. Fair *Lucaſia.*

Luc. Oh, Diſtraction! [*Flings from him.*

Grav. Pray come, my Lord, let her have her Way, the Fits of Women's Grief laſt not long, at leaſt when I command ſhe ſhall obey. [*Exeunt, all but* Lucaſia.

Luc. A diſmal Sentence, it ſtrikes me upon my Soul,
And raiſes Terrors far more grim than Death;
Forgive me, Brother, if t' thy Memory
I pay not one Tear more, all now are due
To Love, and my *Palante.*

Enter Laura.

Lau. You name the Man that waits by me conceal'd,
For one bleſt Minute to comfort his *Lucaſia.*

Luc. All Minutes now are curs'd, no chearful day,
Will ever bring the loſt *Lucaſia* Peace.

Lau. Come forth, Sir, I believe you'll prove the beſt Phyſician.

Enter Palante.

Luc. Oh *Palante*, art thou come prepar'd to weep,
Elſe, for me, thou art no fit Companion,
For I have News will rack thy very Soul.

Pal. Yes, I have heard of brave *Eugenio*'s Death;
He was thy Brother, and my early Friend:
Thus doubly ty'd, thou need'ſt not doubt I mourn
Him truly——

Luc.

Luc. Oh poor *Palante!*
So wretched *Alcione* did at Diſtance grieve,
When ſhe beheld the floating Corps,
And knew not 'twas her Huſband.
Pal. What means my Love?
Luc. Doſt thou not love me, my *Palante?*
Pal. Oh! after ſo many Years of faithful Service,
Why am I aſk'd that Queſtion?
Luc. It were better that thou didſt not, for when
Thou hear'ſt the Story 'twill turn thee into Marble;
'Twill ſhock thy manly Heart, and make each Nerve
Loſe its accuſtomed Faculty, chill all
Thy Blood, and make thine Eyes run o'er like mine,
For we muſt part for ever.
Pal. Can that Voice pronounce a Sound ſo dreadful?
Art thou then alter'd with thy Fortune? Muſt
I loſe thee?
Luc. O thou unkind one to ſuſpect my Love,
My promis'd Faith, or think me in the leaſt
Conſenting to my rigid Father's Will,
Who, but now has given me to the Count of *Pirro.*
Pal. Ha! to the Count of *Pirro*, that Lump of Deformity:
My Sword has been my Fortune hitherto,
And ne'er was wont to fail its Maſter, and
Whilſt this Arm can hold it, I'll maintain my Right.
Luc. Which Way raſh Man, is he not ſurrounded
By numerous Friends, and waiting Slaves?
Does not inevitable Death attend
Thy deſperate Purpoſe?
Pal. Then let that ſame Sword, the old Acquaintance
Of my Arm, pierce its loſt Maſter's Breaſt, and
End my Sorrows.
Luc. Forbid it Heaven, is there no other Way?
Pal. But one, and that I dare not name.
Luc. Oh! how has thy *Lucaſia*, ſince firſt our
Mutual Vows were plighted, given Cauſe for Doubt.
Why doſt thou fear to aſk, ſince all is thine, within
The Bounds of Honour.
Pal. When I attempt ought againſt *Lucaſia*,
Contrary to the niceſt Rules of Virtue,
May Heaven, and ſhe, forſake me.

Luc.

Luc. Oh, I know it, and when I refuſe what
May advance our Loves, may I be curſt
With that hated Count of *Pirro.* Speak, my *Palante,*
Pal. Can I—Ye all-ſeeing Powers, move ſo bold a Suit,
Oh! let me humbly aſk it on my Knees,
To quit her cruel Father's Houſe,
And all the Grandeur of a pompous Court.
To bear a Part in my hard Fortunes;
Oh! 'tis too much to think, to wiſh, to hope.
Luc. Yes, dear *Palante,* more than this I'd do for thee.
What's Pomp and Greatneſs when compared with Love?
Oh! that thou wert ſome humble Shepherd on
Our *Sicilian* Plain, I thy chearful Mate,
Wou'd watch with Pleaſure till the Ev'ning Tide,
And wait thy bleſt Return, with as much Joy
As Queens expect victorious Monarchs, and
Think myſelf more bleſt than they. But, oh *Palante!*
Thou know'ſt our Country's Laws gives Death without
Reprieve to him that weds an Heireſs againſt her Parents
Tho' with her own Conſent. Will,
Pal. Who would not die to purchaſe thee? For I
Muſt die without thee.
Luc. No, live *Palante,* we'll together tread
The Maze of Life, and ſtand the Shock of Fate.
The Power's Decree, or both our Happineſs,
Or both our Miſeries, where ſhall we meet?
For I will leave this loathſome Houſe, before their
Watch grows ſtricter.
Pal. Will thou then forſake the World for thy *Palante?*
Everlaſting Bleſſings fall around thee,
And crown thy Days and Nights with Peace and Joy.
Oh! my fond Heart, I cannot half expreſs
The Raptures thou haſt rais'd, thou [illegible] of
My Soul, let me embrace thee, and while thus
I hold thee in my Arms, I'm richer than
The *Eaſtern* Monarch, nor wou'd I quit thee
To be as great as he——
Oh! let but what my Arms infolds be mine;
Take all the reſt the World contains, my Life.
Luc. My *Palante*——
Pal. I have an only Friend, faithful and juſt
As Men of old before Deceit became

A Trade, he ſhall aſſiſt us in our Flight;
He ſhall prepare a Prieſt, if thou wilt meet
Me in the *Eaſtern* Grove; when we are wed
We'll fly to *Spain*, till Time and Friends procure
My Pardon.

Luc. In ſome Diſguiſe I'll meet thee there,
Juſt at the Hour of Noon,
For then my Father ſleeps, and I will take
The Opportunity——
And, oh! I fear no Danger but for thee.

Pal. For me there's none, whilſt thou'rt ſafe, and with
Me thy Loſs alone can make *Palante* die.

Enter Laura.

Laura. Madam, your Father——

Luc. Away *Palante*, may all the Pow'rs preſerve thee.

Pal. And thou the beſt of Woman-kind.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Luc. *O Love, thou that haſt join'd a faithful Pair,*
Guard my Palante, *make him all thy Care.*
Fate's utmoſt Rigor we reſolve to try,
Live both together, or together die.

Enter Count Gravello, Larich *and* Lavinia.

Grav. Brother, you are welcome to the Houſe of Sorrow; but I have learnt ſo much Philoſophy, to ceaſe to mourn when the Cauſe is paſt Redreſs. Once more, forgetting Grief, you are welcome, you, and my fair Niece.

Lar. Thank you Brother—the Girl's a fooliſh Girl—Marriageable, but fooliſh—You underſtand me.

Lavin. I thank you, Sir.

Larich. Why, are you not a Fool, Huſſy—look'e Brother, I have provided the Mynx a rich Huſband, a Scholar too, Body of me! bred all his Youth at *Salamanca*, learn'd enough to commence Doctor—I love a learned Man, eſpecially when Riches too concur; he's the Son and Heir of my old Friend *Don Sancho*, of *Syracuſe*—and the Baggage cries *I hate him*, and yet ha never ſee him; but ſhe is in Love, forſooth, with a young beggarly Dog, not worth a Groat; but I'll prevent her, I'll warrant her.

Grav. Juſt, juſt my Caſe, we are Brothers in every Thing, my Daughter too thinks her Judgment wiſeſt, and flies a Fortune for a Princeſs, but her Reign's at

an End, to-morrow I'm rid of her; I warrant you, Brother, we'll hamper the young Sluts.

Lavin. You may be both miſtaken, old Gentlemen, if my Couſin is of my Mind.

Larich. What's that you mutter, Mrs. *Littlewit.*

Lavin. I ſay, I long to ſee my Couſin *Lucaſia*, Sir, I hope that's no Crime.

Grav. No, no, *Roſco*, wait of her in to my Daughter, and doſt hear *Lavinia?* Pr'ythee let Obedience be thy Study, and teach it her.

Lavin. I'll warrant you, Sir, I'll teach her to be Obedient, if ſhe'll but follow my Advice, [*Aſide.*] but 'tis ſomething hard, though Uncle, to marry a Man at firſt Sight one's heard but an indifferent Character of.

Larich. How, Huſſy, are you a Judge of Characters? Is he not a Scholar? Anſwer me that.

Lavin. A meer Scholar is a meer——You know the old Proverb, Father.

Larich. Do you hear the perverſe Baggage; get you out of my Sight, Huſſy.

Lavin. I am obedient, Sir, — I dare ſwear I ſhall find better Company, than two old arbitrary Dons.

[*Exit with* Roſco.

Larich. Did you ever ſee ſuch a Slut? body o'me theſe wild Wenches are enough to make old Men mad.

Grav. My Daughter is of another Strain, ſolid as Man, but obſtinate as Woman; but no Matter, when ſhe is married my Care is over, let Count *Pirro* look to't.

Larich, Count *Pirro!* body o'me a mighty Fortune for my Couſin; why, he's rich enough to buy a Principality; my Son's rich too, and a great Scholar, which I admire above all Things.

Enter Roſco.

Roſco. Oh! Sir, ſuch News, ſuch a Sight, Sir!

Larich. What's the Matter?

Roſco. Don *Sancho* come to Town in his *Salamanca* Habit, his Dreſs, and grave Phiz has alarm'd the Mob, that there's ſuch a crowd about the Inn Door, I'll maintain't his Landlord gives him free Quarter for a Twelve-month, if he'll let him expoſe him to Advantage, ha, ha, ha, he makes as odd a Figure, Sir, as the famous *Don Quixot*, when he went in Search of his *Dulcinea.*

Larich. Brother, pray correct your Servant, I like not his idi-

ridiculous Jeſts upon the Habit of the Learned, my Son-in-Law that is to be, minds nothing but his Books.

Fuſco. Sir, I aſk your Pardon, my niggard Stars have not allow'd Line enough to my Judgment, to fathom the Profundity of your Son's Shallow Capacity— [*Bowing comically.*

Grav. Peace, Sirrah—Come, Brother, now your Son's arriv'd, I hope we ſhall have a double Match to-morrow—— We'll not conſult the Women, but force them to their Happineſs.

Experienc'd Age knows what for Youth is fit;
With wiſe Men, Wealth out-weighs both Parts and Wit.

[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I. Lucaſia's *Chamber.*

Enter Lucaſia *and* Lavinia.

Lavin. UPON my Life, Couſin, I think my Condition worſe than yours, and yet you ſee I am not ſo much dejected.

Luc. Oh! What Condition is't can equal mine?
Much leſs exceed it; to be oblig'd to
Break my Vow, to part from my *Palante*;
Forc'd to the Arms of a miſhapen Monſter,
Whom Nature made to vex the whole Creation.
Nor is his crooked Body more deform'd
Than is his Soul, Ambition is his God;
He ſeeks no Heav'n but Intereſt; nor knows he
How to value ought but Gold.
Oh! my deareſt Brother, had'ſt thou but liv'd
I had been truly happy; but now am
Doubly miſerable, by loſing thee and my *Palante.*

Lavin. For Heaven's Sake don't afflict yourſelf at this Rate, but ſtudy rather to avoid the Ill, if you would counterplot my Uncle; dry up your Eyes, and let the Woman work, I warrant you may contrive ſome Way to get rid of this Lump of Worms-meat; I don't fear giving my Father the drop, for all his Care, yet tho' he made me ride poſt to Town, to meet the Fool he has pick'd out for me; it ſhall coſt me a Fall, if I don't marry the Man I have a Mind to; I ſhall ſee who's the beſt Politician, my Dad, or I.

Luc. Thy Courage gives freſh Life and Liberty,
To poor *Lucaſia*'s tired reſtleſs Soul,
Such Pow'r have chearful Friends t'eaſe our Sorrows.

Oh! my *Lavinia*, may thy Counſel prove
Prophetic, I'm going now, in this Diſguiſe, to meet my
Dear *Palante*; may no malignant Star
Interpoſe to croſs our mutual Wiſhes.
May thy Deſigns ſucceſsful prove,
To fix thee ever in *Franciſco*'s Arms.

Lavin. And make *Palante* yours.

SCENE *the Street.*

Sancho *and* Franciſco *meeting.*

Fran. Don *Sancho* your Servant; who thought of ſeeing you at *Palermo*, I thought you had been at the Univerſity of *Salamanca*?

Sancho. I came lately from thence.

Fran. Pr'ythee, what brought you hither?

Sanc. Why, that that brings ſome Men to the Gallows, a Wench.

Fran. What, I warrant, you have got your Bed-maker with Child, and ſo are expell'd the College.

Sancho. That's a Miſtake.

Fran. What, thou art not come hither to take Phyſic, ha!

Sancho. No, not the Phyſic you mean; but am going to enter into a Courſe, that is, the Courſe of Matrimony.

Fran. Matrimony, with who, pr'ythee?

Sanc. Why, with Don *Lavich*'s Daughter: Do you know her?

Fran. Ha! Is this my Rival? This was a lucky Diſcovery, [*Aſide*] know her; ay, very well, Sir. I can aſſure you ſhe's very handſome, and as witty as ſhe's fair: Thou wont viſit her in that Dreſs, ſure?

Sancho. To chuſe, Sir, 'tis an Emblem of Learning; nay, I deſign my Man ſhall carry a Load of Books along with me too, that ſhe may ſee what he is M[illegible]f, that is to be Maſter of her.

Fran. Indeed, my Friend, you'll never ſucceed upon thoſe Terms.

Triſtr. Sir, my Maſter has ſuch an Itch to this fooliſh Learning, that he beſtows more Money yearly upon Books, than would build an Hoſpital for all the Courteſans in *Italy*.

Sancho. No more, or you'll diſpleaſe me, *Triſtram*.

Triſtr. I can't help that, Sir,---Sir, will you believe me, I have ſpent two Days in ſorting Poets from Hiſtorians, and as many Nights in placing the Divines on their own Chair, I mean their Shelves; then ſeparating Philoſophers, from

thoſe People that kill with a Licenſe, coſt me a whole Day's Labour; and tho' my Maſter ſays Learning is immortal, I find the Sheets it is contain'd in ſavours much of Mortality.

Sancho. I hope my Books are in good Caſe, *Triſtram?*

Triſtr. Yes, yes, Sir, in as good Caſe as the Moths have left 'em.

Sancho. Od'ſo, I had forgot, to get me *Suarez Metaphyſicks, Tolet de Anima,* and *Granados Commentaries,* on *Primum Secundæ Thomæ Aquinatis.*

Triſtr. How the Devil does he do to remember all theſe Author's hard Names, I dare ſwear he underſtands not a Syllable of their Writings——Sir, would not the famous Hiſtory of *Amidis de Gaul* do as well.

Fran. Ay, better, better far, Man, hark'ee *Sancho,* you are not at *Salamanca* now, amongſt your ſquare Caps, but in *Palermo,* come up to ſee your Miſtreſs the fair *Lavinia,* the Glory of the City; go and court her like a Gentleman, without your Tropes and Figures, or all the Phyſics, Metaphyſics, and Metaphors, will ſtreight be made pitiful Martyrs.

Sancho. Martyrs, Sir, why, I thought—

Fran. Thyſelf an errant Idiot, thy Brain's more dull than a *Dutch* Burghers. Is this a Dreſs fit for a Gentleman to court his Miſtreſs in? Away, away, the Lady you ſpeak of, I can aſſure you is too much a Gallant to be taken with a Band and a ſquare Cap—If you would ſucceed, you muſt throw off that Pedant, and aſſume the Gentleman, learn the Toſs of the Head, and know the Principles of each Man by the Cock of his Hat.

Sancho. How's that, pray?

Fran. Oh! I'll teach you: If you be but willing to improve, I'll warrant you carry the Lady.

Sancho. But I ſhall be married to her as ſoon as I ſee her, ſo my Father told me, and that her Father admired a Scholar above all Things.

Fran. I'll improve that Hint—Ay, as I told you, a Scholar that is read in Men, not in Books.

Sancho. In Men, what's that? in Men! *Triſtram,* what does he mean? what Man is to be read? In Men! I don't underſtand you; but you'll teach me, you ſay.

Fran. Ay, ay, I'll give you a Leſſon upon that Subject.

Sancho. Very well; but what ſhall I do for Cloaths to dreſs like a Gentleman?

Fran. If you pleaſe to ſtep into my Lodgings here, I'll equip

equip you with a Suit of mine till you can have one made, and there I'll teach you a little of the Town breeding, and I warrant you you'll ſucceed.

Sancho. Come on; faith I long to become thy Scholar.

Than. And I to make you an Aſs. [*Exit.*

Enter Eugenio *and his Man.*

Eug. What can this mean; where e'er I come the News is current of my Death, yet not two Days ſince, I wrote and received Letters from my Father, and here the Rumour goes I have been dead this fortnight! I am reſolv'd to know the Grounds, if poſſible. *Pedro*, go get me ſome Diſguiſe, and for your Life diſcover not who I am, I'll ſtay here at this Inn 'till you return, and in the mean Time think what Method to purſue my Project in. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Grove.* Lucaſia *ſola.*

Lucaſia. Methinks this ſilent ſolitary Grove
Should ſtrike a Terror to ſuch Hearts as mine;
But Love has made me bold, the Time has been,
In ſuch a Place as this, I ſhould have fear'd
Each ſhaking Bough, and ſtarted at the Wind,
And trembled at the Ruſhing of the Leaves;
My Fancy would have fram'd a thouſand Shapes;
But now it ſeems a Palace,
Delightful as the Poets feign
The *Elizian* Fields; Here do I expect
To meet my Love, my faithful, dear *Palante.*
Why does he ſtay thus long? when laſt we
Parted, each Hour he ſaid wou'd ſeem a Year,
Till we were met again, and yet I'm here
Before him; I'll reſt a while, for come I
Know he will! [*Goes and ſits down.*

Enter Palante *and* Clerimont.

Pal. This, *Clerimont*, this is the happy Place,
Where I ſhall meet the Sum of all my Joys,
And be poſſeſt of ſuch a vaſt Treaſure
As wou'd enrich a Monarch to receive;
And thou, my Friend, muſt give her to my Arms.

Luc. 'Tis my *Palante*'s Voice. [*Comes forward.*

Pal. My Life, my Soul, what here before me? ſtill
Thou prevent'ſt me in the Race of Love, and
Makeſt all my Endeavours poor in Competition
With thy large Favours———
But I forget, Deareſt; bid my Friend here welcome,

This is he whom I dare truſt, next my own
Heart, with Secrets.

Luc. I muſt admire him that loves *Palante*;
Friendſhip's a noble Name, 'tis Love refin'd;
'Tis ſomething more than Love, 'tis what I wou'd
Shew to my *Palante*.

Cler. It is indeed a Beauty of the Mind, a Sacred Name,
In which ſo brightly ſhines that Heavenly Love,
That makes th' immortal Beings taſte each others Joy;
'Tis the very Cement of Souls. Friendſhip's
A Sacred Name, and he who truly knows
The Meaning of the Word, is worthy of Eſtimation.
No Pains he'll ſpare, no Difficulties ſtart,
But hazard all for th' Intereſt of his Friend.

Pal. Ay! Now methinks I'm Emperor of the World,
With my ineſtimable Wealth about me:
To ſuch a Miſtreſs, ſuch a Friend, what can be
Added more to make me happy?——
Oh! thou darkſome Grove, that wont to be call'd
The Seat of Melancholy, and Shelter
For the diſconteated Souls! ſure thou'rt wrong'd!
Thou ſeem'ſt to me a Place of Solace and Content?
A Paradiſe! that gives me more than Courts
Cou'd ever do: Bleſt be then thy fair Shades,
Let Birds of Muſick always chant it here;
No croaking Raven, or ill-boding Owl,
Make here their baleful Habitation:
But may'ſt thou be a Grove for Loves fair Queen
To ſport in, for under thy bleſt Shade two faithful
Lovers meet——Why is my *Lucaſia* ſad?

Luc. I know not, but I long to quit this Place,
My Thoughts ſuſpect no divine of Treachery,
But whence I know not; no Creature's conſcious
To our meeting here but *Laura*; I have always
Found her honeſt, and yet I would ſhe did not know it.

Pal. 'Tis only Fear aſſaults thy tender Mind;
But come, my Friend, let's to the Cell adjoining
To this Grove, and there the Prieſt
Shall make us one for ever. *Exeunt.*

Enter Larich *and* Lavinia,

Lar. Come, ſet your Face in order, for I expect young *Sancho* here immediately, he arriv'd in Town laſt Night, and ſent me Word but now, he'd be here in an inſtant.

Lav.

Lav. But, Sir.

Lar. Sir me no Sirs, for I'm reſolv'd you ſhall be married to Night.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Gentleman to wait on you calls himſelf Don *Sancho*.

Lar. Odſo, ſhew him up; now, you Baggage, you ſhall ſee the Pink of Learning, one that can travel thro' the whole World in an Afternoon, and ſup in *Palermo* at Night, but you ſhall; you'll be as wiſe as the *Sibyls* in a Month's Time, with ſuch a Huſband, and will bring forth a Race of Politicians that ſhall ſet the World together by the Ears, then patch it up again in the ſupping of a poach'd Egg.

Enter Sancho *and* Triſtram.

Lar. Save you, Sir.

Sanc. You don't think me damn'd, Sir, that you beſtow that Salutation upon me?

Lar. By no Means, Sir, 'tis only my Way of expreſſing a hearty Welcome.

Sanc. Sir, your humble Servant: Is this your fair Daughter, Sir?

Lar. Yes, Sir.

Sanc. She's very handſome, Faith.

Lar. She's as Heaven made her.

Sanc. Then ſhe ſhou'd be naked; the Taylor ſhou'd have no Hand in her — I ſuppoſe you know my Buſineſs, ſhall we be married inſtantly?

Lar. Won't to-morrow ſerve, Sir? I wou'd firſt hear a little of your Proceedings in the Univerſity; came you from *Salamanca* now, Sir?

Sanc. From *Salamanca!* What do you ſee in my Face, that ſhou'd make you judge me ſuch a Coxcomb?

Lar. Your Father writ me word, that his Son that was to marry my Daughter, was a Scholar, wholly given up to Books.

Sanc. My Father was an errant Aſs for his Pains, I ne'er read a Book in my Life but what I was beat to, and thoſe I forgot as ſoon as I left School: A Scholar! he lies in his Throat that told you ſo.

Lav. In my Conſcience, Sir, you may believe him; I dare ſwear he never ſaw a Book except the Chronicle chain'd in his Father's Hall.

Lar. Hold your Tongue, Huſſy; how now?

Sanc. Sir, I underſtand a Horſe, a Hawk, or Hound, as well as any Man living; nay, I underſtand Men too; I know now that you are an old covetous Hunks, by the ſett of your Hat now; but no Matter for that, your Daughter is the better Fortune.

Lav. The Fool has hit right upon my Father, we ſhall have rare Sport preſently.

Sanc. I have ſtudied Men, Sir —— I know each Man's inward Principle by his out-ſide Habit.

Lav. Does your profound Knowledge reach to Women too, Sir?

Lar. You will be prating——

Sanc. Look you, Sir, obſerve the Management of my Hat now——This is your bullying Gameſter.

[*Three Corners ſhort Pinch.*

Lar. What the Devil have we here! z'death this can never be Don *Sancho*'s Son?

Lav. This is indeed the Pink of Learning, Sir—I ſhall be as wiſe as the *Sybils* with ſuch a Huſband; ha, ha, ha.

Sanc. Your Beaus wear their Hats [*Offering to put it on.*] no, hold, thus, Sir; [*Clapping it under his Arm.*] your conceited Wit, thus, [*Putting it on over the left Eye*] and your travell'd Wit thus [*Over the right Eye without a Pinch.*] your Country 'Squire, thus, [*Putting it behind his Wig.*]

Lar. I wonder how an Aſs wears it, I'm ſure thou art one; I am amaz'd! this muſt be ſome Trick certainly. [*Aſide.*

Lav. What think you now, Sir, ſhall we get a Race of Politicians? In my Conſcience this falls out as well as I could wiſh. Oh that I could but once ſee *Franciſco.* [*Aſide.*

Lar. Huzzy, hold your Tongue, or——or——

[*Holds up his Cane.*

This may be ſome of your Contrivance, for ought I know. This is a very great Blockhead; Ounds, I—I—I—have a good Mind to add one Faſhion more to your Hat, and knock it down to your Crown.

Sanc. Evermore, Sir, when you ſee a Man wear his Hat thus, [*Pulling it down on both Sides.*] he's a Projector, a Projector, Sir, or a Member of the Society of the Reformation of Manners, [*In another Tone.*] What think you of this, old Gentleman? ha! is not this a greater Knowledge than ever Man attain'd to by Books? ha!

Lar. I admire that my old Friend, knowing my Averſion for theſe fooliſh Fopperies, ſhou'd breed up his Son to 'em

then

then write me Word he had made him a Scholar, purpoſely becauſe I was a Lover of Learning; pray, Sir, was you ever in *Palermo* before?

Sanc. No, Sir; but I like it very well now I am in't.

Lar. I muſt be ſatisfied that you are Seignor *Sancho*'s Son, e'er I ſhall like you for mine. [*Aſide.*

Sanc. What think you of a Glaſs of Champaign, Sir? If you'll go to the Tavern, I'll give you a Bottle of the beſt the Houſe affords; what ſay you, old Dad? ha! and there we will conſult about our Marriage.

Lar. If you'll go to the Tavern that joins to the Piazza, I'll wait on you in a quarter of an Hour.

Sanc. Sir, I ſhall wait your Pleaſure.

Lar. I took the Hint, to get rid of him, what ſhall I do to find the Truth of this? [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, a Scholar enquires for you.

Lar. A Scholar! admit him immediately.

Enter Franciſco *in* Sancho's *Habit.*

Fran. So, I watch'd *Sancho* out, now for my Cue. [*Aſide.* If you be the venerable Man to whom this goodly Manſion is impropriated; I come to negociate about authentic Buſineſs.

Lar. This rather ſhou'd be Don *Sancho*'s Son —— his Words and Habit ſpeak him moſt learned —— I am the Perſon, pray let me be bold to crave your Name.

Fran. My Appellation, or *pro Nomen*, as the Latins term it, is call'd *Jeremie*; but my *Cognomen*, in our Mother Tongue, is call'd *Sancho*.

Lar. Ha! upon my Life 'tis *Franciſco*; oh, for an Opportunity to ſpeak to him: I hope to Heaven, my Father won't find out the Cheat. [*Aſide.*

Lar. Ay, this is he, this is he; what Don *Sancho*'s Son?

Fran. The *Nominals*, the *Thomiſts*, and all the Sects of old and modern School-men, do oblige me to pay to that Gentleman filial Duty.

Lar. I am glad to hear it with all my Heart, I know the other muſt be an Impoſtor, but I'm reſolv'd to apprehend and puniſh him: Sir, you are welcome; I gueſs your Buſineſs, my Daughter is yours.

Fran. My Buſineſs is about Propagation, as the civil Lawyers do learnedly paraphraſe, is of Concomitance, or Cohabitation, or what you pleaſe to term it.

Lar. How am I bleſt that this wonderful Scholar ſhall be match'd into my Family—— Daughter, what ſay you now, here's a Huſband for you now, here's a Huſband for you.

Lav. Pray Heaven you hold but in the Mind 'till you have made him ſuch. [*Aſide.*

Lar. Does he not ſpeak like an Oracle? 'egad I'll maintain't, he ſhall put down ten Univerſities and Inns of Court in twenty Syllables —— Pray, Sir, ſpeak learnedly to my Girl, for, tho' I ſay it, ſhe has a good Capacity.

Fran. Moſt rubicund, ſtilliferous, ſplendant Lady, the occular Faculties by which the Beams of Love are darted into every Soul, or human Eſſence, have convey'd into my Breaſt the Luſtre of your Beauty; and I can admire no other Object; therefore pardon me, Sir, if I only expreſs myſelf in Terms Scholaſtic, and in Metaphors, my Phraſe to her.

[*Turning to* Larich.

Lar. Learned, learned, young Man, how happy am I in thee?

Lav. Now do I long to ſee my Father's Back turn'd, that he might change his learned non-ſenſe, and talk more modern, to talk more wiſe; you may ſpare your Rhetoric, Sir, unleſs you come down to my Underſtanding; but I know juſt enough of your Meaning, to tell you it does not ſuit with my Inclination.

Lar. What don't ſuit with your Inclination, ha, forſooth?

Lav. Marriage, Sir.

Lar. 'Tis falſe, huſſy, you have an Inclination, and you ſhall have an Inclination; not an Inclination, quoth the Baggage: Sir, I ſay ſhe's yours, come into the next Room, and I'll have the Settlement drawn immediately, and you ſhall be married to Night. Not an Inclination! [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Eugenio.

Eug. THUS in Diſguiſe I ſhall diſcover all,
And find the Cauſe of my reported Death,
Which does ſo much amaze me.
A Month ago my Father ſent me Word, that I ſhou'd haſten my Journey to *Palermo*; and I met the Poſt upon the Road, that gave me a Letter, wherein he ſtrictly charges me not to come this three Months: No ſooner had I enter'd the Town, but

but I met the Rumour of my Death, which ſtill ſurpris'd me more; but this Letter ſhall help me to the Knowledge of the Truth. [*Shews a Letter, goes to the Door and knocks.*

Enter Roſco.

Roſ. Who'd you ſpeak with, Friend?

Eug. With the Lord *Gravello*, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Roſ. Marry gap, and can't I ſerve your Turn? Nothing but my Lord, good lack! I gueſs he knows you not; pray what's your Buſineſs? What's your Name? From whence come you? What do ye want? I believe you are of no ſuch Extraction, that you ſhou'd be introduc'd to my Lord; let me be judge, whether your Affair require his Lordſhip's Ear, elſe, Friend, I ſhall bring you but a ſcurvy Anſwer; either he's buſy, or a-ſleep, or gone abroad, any of theſe are ſufficient for your Quality, I ſuppoſe.

Eug. Thus great Men always are abus'd, becauſe there's no Acceſs, but through ſuch Knaves as thee? then I'll return my Meſſage back unto his Son, and bid him employ a finer Fellow, if he expects that he ſhould ſee his Father.

[*Going.*

Roſ. Ha! his Son! ſtay, Sir, and forgive me; here comes my Lord.

Enter Count Gravello, Roſco *goes and whiſpers him.*

Grav. Wou'd you ought with me, Friend?

Eug. If you be the Lord *Gravello.*

Grav. The ſame.

Eug. I came from *Rome*, my Lord; laden, I hope, with happy Tidings, and after the ſad Report I have met with, I dare ſay, welcome; your Son *Eugenio* lives, and with his Duty, recommends this Letter to your Lordſhip's Peruſal.

Grav. How! does my Boy live? Oh! I'm overjoy'd, for I thought him dead. *Roſco*, reward him for his Tidings, reward him largely, *Roſco.*

Roſ. There's a Piſtole for you, eat like an Emperor, d'ye hear, till that be out.

Grav. He writes me Word that you are a Gentleman fallen to Decay, and begs that I would take you into my Service: I have no Place vacant at preſent, but the firſt that falls worth your Acceptance, ſhall be yours; in the mean Time command my Houſe, [*I muſt not let him ſuſpect I know Eugenio was alive*] the happy News that thou haſt brought me, has rais'd me from the Vale of Death; but tell me, Friend, haſt thou reveal'd this to any in *Palermo*, but myſelf?

Eug. To none. For tho' I met the tragic Story in every Street through which I paſs'd, ſtill I conceal'd the Truth, intending your Lordſhip's Ear ſhould firſt receive it.

Grav. Thou haſt done exceeding well; *Roſco*, give him a double Reward, a double Welcome; I have ſome private Reaſons to myſelf, that it ſhould ſtill be kept a Secret, which if thou'rt faithful, thou in Time ſhalt know.

Eug. Fear not, my Lord, I am no Blab; I ever thought a ſlippery Tongue Mankind's Shame. What can this mean? [*Aſide.*

Roſ. This is a notable Fellow.

Grav. *Roſco*, bid him welcome; tell him my Houſe is his, bid him be free.

Roſ. As long as you have Occaſion for him——Sir, I am your moſt obedient, moſt devoted, and thrice humble Serviteur; command the Pantry, Cellar, Maids, Chambers—— for in theſe I rule, and theſe are at your Service, Sir.

[*Bowing low.*

Eug. I thank you my quondam Friend; but a quiet Reſidence in my Lord's Houſe, the Time I ſtay, ſatisfies my Deſires.

Roſ. A worthy Man, upon my Faith. Oh! my Lord, here comes the Bridegroom, I know by this Fellow's being out of Breath.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord Count *Pirro* ſo fine, ſo briſk, ſo ugly.

Grav. How, how, Sirrah, ugly?

Serv. So handſome, I mean, Sir; Pox on't, how came my Head to run ſo of Uglineſs?

Roſ. Seeing the Count, I warrant thee *Jack*.

Grav. Be gone, Varlet, and attend his coming. [*Exeunt.*

Eug. Ha! Count *Pirro*, the Bridegroom — and, my Life a Secret; I begin to find the Cauſe. [*Aſide.*

Enter Count Pirro.

Pir. I came, my Lord, to claim your Promiſe, and receive into my Arms the beautiful *Lucaſia*.

Grav. And I'll acquit myſelf inſtantly. Within there—call *Lucaſia*.

Enter Laura.

Laura. My Lord.

Grav. My —— call your Lady; what does your Flurt-ſhip do here? I want your Miſtreſs —— why don't the Wench ſtir?

Laura.

Laura. My Lord, I don't know. ———

Grav. What don't you know? nay, no grinding between your Teeth, ſpeak out.

Laura. Why then, my Lord, I don't know where ſhe is.

Grav. 'Tis falſe, 'tis impoſſible; when went ſhe out? and whither? Speak ye confederate Miſchief; how long ago, I ſay? Confeſs, or I'll have ye rack'd.

Laura. She would not take me with her to prevent Suſpicion; and now all muſt out, for my Limbs will never bear ſtretching, that's certain. [*Aſide.*

Grav. What are you inventing a Lye? —— don't ſtand muttering your Devil's Pater-noſter there, but ſpeak quickly—Or— [*Draws his Sword.*

Laura. Oh hold, it was, my Lord, my Lord, a, a, a——

Grav. What was it? ſpeak.

Laura. It was a great while ago, my Lord.

Grav. Ha, ſpeak to the Purpoſe, or thou dy'ſt.

Laura. No, no, no, my Lord, it was——it was juſt now; what ſhall I ſay to ſave my unhappy Miſtreſs? [*Aſide.*

Pirro. You terrify the Creature ſo, that we ſhall never learn the Truth, my Lord; don't tremble ſo, Sweetheart, but tell when went your Lady out, and whither?

Grav. Away, my Lord, my Sword ſhall fetch the Secret forth; Huzzy, ſpeak, or by this Hand, this Minute is thy laſt. [*Holds his Sword to her Breaſt.*

Laura. Oh, hold Sir, and I will tell you all; I do confeſs.

Grav. What?

Laura. It muſt out; that my Lady's fled to meet *Palante* in the Eaſtern Grove, and I believe, by this, they are married.

Grav. Fly, and eſcape my Fury, thou more than Devil. [*Straps her with his Sword, ſhe ſhrieks and runs off.*

Now, my Lord of *Pirro*, you that ſo kindly came this Day to comfort me, how ſhall I look you in the Face? or what Reparation can I make you, if my Daughter's loſt? Within there! raiſe the Houſe, take Officers immediately, I charge you fly to the Eaſtern Grove, and ſeize my Daughter and all that you find with her: We'll have Revenge, my Lord, at leaſt.

Pirro. There's yet a Pleaſure left in that, and I'm reſolv'd my Arm ſhall give him Death; let's to the Grove, my Lord.

Reſo. Do you conſider, my Lord, the Danger of your raſh Attempt, the Law will do you right; 'tis preſent Death

in

in *Sicily*, to ſteal an Heireſs without her Friends conſent; firſt ſecure him, and his Life's yours.

Eug. 'Tis as I ſuppoſe; oh Treachery! [*Aſide.*

Grav. Roſco, thou art an Oracle, that Way the Revenge is more ſecure and certain. I'll after 'em, and ſee the Traitor brought to condign Puniſhment. [*Exit with* Roſco.

Pirro. I'll to the Governor, and prepare him for the Judgment, my Intereſt there will ſurely ſign his Death. [*Going.*

Eug. Am I alive? do I breathe? can I have a human Soul, and ſuffer this Injuſtice to proceed? Poor *Palante*, muſt thou die, becauſe Fortune has not bleſt thee with her Favours; No, ſomething I will do to ſave thee; and yet, if poſſible not diſcover who I am. My Lord——

[*Pulls Count* Pirro *by the Sleeve as he goes out.*

Pirro. What art thou?

Eug. A poor Poet, my Lord, little beholden to Fortune.

Pirro. None of thy Profeſſion are, take up ſome more thriving Occupation; turn Pimp, Sollicitor, Gameſter, any Thing will do better than Rhiming; there's ſomething for thee, I'm in Haſte now.

Eug. My Lord, I thank you for your Charity, and your good Advice; but I have ſome for you too.

Pirro. For me! what is't?

Eug. I underſtand, my Lord, that you are to marry my Lord *Gravello*'s Daughter.

Pirro. Yes, an Heireſs——

Eug. No Heireſs, my Lord, her Brother is alive.

Pirro. The Fellow's mad.

Eug. What I ſay is certain Truth; and to my Knowledge, his Father gives out the Report of his Death only as a Bait for you.

Pirro. Ha! where is he?

Eug. In this Town conceal'd till your Marriage be over; know I hate this Family, and that makes me diſcover it.

Pirro. Does he hate the Family? then perhaps he has only forg'd this Lye to hinder *Lucaſia* from marrying into mine; I'll try him farther. [*Aſide.*

Art thou ſure he is alive?

Eug. As ſure as that I live myſelf; my Lord, I ſaw him not two Hours ago; I wiſh he was not, for your Lordſhip's ſake; I am his Domeſtic, and come now to learn Intelligence

gence

gence; I loath my Servitude, deteſt the proud Family, and ſhou'd rejoice to ſee 'em ruin'd.

Pirro. From whence proceeds thy Hate? the World reports *Eugenio* a Man of Honour, Honeſty and Courage.

Eug. That Part of the World that thinks him ſuch, ſees thro' the wrong End of the Proſpective; his Honour's but Pretence, his Honeſty Hypocriſy, and his Courage Lewdneſs; he raviſht a Siſter of mine at *Rome*, for which I never can forgive him.

Pirro. This Fellow, I find is ripe for Miſchief; and if I durſt truſt him, wou'd, for a large Reward, remove *Eugenio*, and make *Lucaſia* indeed an Heireſs; and 'twere but juſt, ſince Count *Gravello* did deſign to wrong me of his Eſtate, why ſhou'd not I rob him of his Son? where could be the Danger of this Act? I can't fore-ſee any, for he has already given it out he's dead, and therefore dares not ſearch into the Matter; but is it ſafe to truſt this Stranger, he may betray my Purpoſe, or not do't; yet 'tis reaſonable to think the contrary, for he hates him for his Siſter's Rape, and therefore would be glad to meet Occaſion to revenge it, eſpecially when uſher'd in by a great Sum: I'm reſolv'd to break it to him. [*Aſide.*] What is your Name, Friend?

Eug. Iras, my Lord.

Pirro. Your Name as well as Habit ſpeak you poor.

Eug. I'm poor enough, my Lord.

Pirro. Very poor?

Eug. Very poor, my Lord.

Pirro. Would you not gladly mend your Fortunes.

Eug. I wiſh your Lordſhip wou'd ſhew me the Way.

Pirro. What think you now of taking Revenge for your Siſter's Rape, ha?

Eug. Alas! my Lord, that I wou'd have done long ago, but Want prevented my Eſcape.

Pirro. Say'ſt thou ſo? my Friend: well, poiſon this *Eugenio*, and thou ſhalt not want; for thy Reward, a thouſand Crowns are thine.

Eug. Think it done, my Lord, nor will I receive my Hire till I have brought you a certain Proof *Eugenio* is no more; all I aſk is but your Hand to the Agreement, my Lord, that I may be ſure of my Reward.

Pirro. I'll give it thee——We muſt be ſafe, for his Father will be aſham'd to proſecute, after his reported Death. I muſt confeſs I lov'd *Lucaſia* as an Heireſs, but was ſhe ten

times

times as fair, I would not marry her without the Dowry, therefore make ſure my Fortune by thy Maſter's Death.

Eug. He dies this Night.

SCENE *changes to the Grove.*

Enter Palante, Lucaſia, *and* Clerimont.

Pal. 'Tis done, 'tis done, the ſacred Knot is ty'd,
And bright *Lucaſia* is for ever mine.
I ne'er 'till now did taſte the Sweets of Life;
Or the tranſporting Extaſy of Joy.
Burſt not ye feeble Miniſters of Nature,
With the vaſt Exceſs of ſwelling Pleaſure.
Oh! my Friend, what ſhall I ſay to thee?

Cler. This is no Time for Talk, or Tranſports,
Make Uſe of my Fortune, and fly till the Purſuit is over.

Pal. Oh! *Clerimont*, I'm bankrupt every Way,
Both to thee, and to my fair *Lucaſia*.
Still thou art ſad, my Love.

Luc. My Sadneſs does proceed from Fear for thee,
Take your Friend's Counſel, let us fly this Place.
Hark! What Noiſe is that? ah me, we're loſt.

Enter Gravello, Eugenio, Roſco, *and Officers.*

Grav. Fall on Officers, there they are.

Cler. Thieves.

Pal. Villains!

Grav. Thou art thyſelf the Thief and Villain too;
Give me my Daughter, thou Ranter.

Pal. Firſt take my Life.

Grav. Fall on, I ſay; down with 'em if they reſiſt,

Luc. Oh! we are undone, wicked, wicked *Laura*.

Pal. Come on, Slaves. [*They fight, but are diſarm'd by*

Cler. We ſhall not ſurrender tamely. [*the Multitude.*

Grav. So, keep 'em faſt, we'll have 'em faſter ſhortly.
For you, Minion, I ſhall ſecure you from a ſecond Eſcape.

Luc. Yet do but hear me, Father.

Grav. Call me not Father, thou diſobedient Wretch,
Thou Vagabond, thou art no Child of mine;
My Daughter was bred up to Virtue.

Luc. For you my Mother wou'd have done as much:
If Need had ſo required;
Think not that my Mind e'er ſtray'd from Virtue;
Oh! liſten to the Voice of my Prayer, and Crown
It with rich Mercy.

Grav.

Grav. Off, Strumpet, Officers away with the Criminals,
They both ſhall die.
Pal. Now I muſt ſpeak, oh ſpare my Friend, for he
Is innocent.
Cler. If thou muſt die, *Palante*, I have no
Other Wiſh, but to ſuffer with thee.
Grav. That Wiſh aſſure thyſelf thou ſhalt obtain.
Luc. Oh ſtay blood-thirſty Men, ſtay and hear me
But a Word, and that ſhall be my final Reſolution.
If thou, my cruel Father wilt not hear,
But doſt proceed to ſpill the Blood of him
In whom my Life ſubſiſts, remember, Sir,
I am your Daughter, once you did love me;
Oh! tell me then, what Fault can be ſo great
To make a Father Murderer of his Child?
For ſo you are in taking his dear Life;
Do not think that I will ſtay behind him.
No, whilſt there's Aſps, and Knives, and burning Coals;
No *Roman* Dame's Example ſhall outgo
My Love.
Pal. Oh! my *Lucaſia*, thou haſt touch'd my Soul!
Barely but to imagine thou muſt die,
Will make me reſtleſs in my ſilent Grave.
Is not my Death ſufficient, barbarous Man?
But muſt *Lucaſia*'s Woe be added too?
Dry up thoſe Tears my Wife, my lovely Bride,
Or thou wilt make me truly miſerable,
Preſerve thy Life, that I may after Death,
In thee my better Part ſurvive.
For thee and for my Friend my only Prayers ſhall be,
If you both live, *Palante* dies with Pleaſure.
Grav. Away with 'em, and let the Law decide it.
Luc. I too alike am guilty;
Oh let me ſhare the Puniſhment with them,
Thou ſhalt not go alone, take me with thee;
Here are my willing Hands, quick bind 'em faſt, [*Runs and*
Ile here I'll hold 'till my laſt Breath expires. [*claſps* Palante.
Grav. Ungracious Viper, let go the Traitor.
Luc. What to die? Oh, never!
Pal. Had I a hundred Lives, the Venture had
Been ſmall for ſuch a Prize.
A Face not half ſo fair as thine has arm'd
Whole Nations in the Field for Battle ripe:

And

And brought a thouſand Sail to *Tenedos*,
To ſack lamented *Troy*, and ſhou'd I fear
To hazard one poor Life for thee, my Fair?
A Life that had been loſt without thy Love,
For thou'rt both Life and Soul to thy *Palante*.

Luc. I'll claſp him like the laſt Remains of Life, [*Holds him.*
And ſtruggle ſtill with never dying Love.

Grav. Then thus I daſh thee from him, thou Stranger!
[*Puſhes her, and falls down.*
To my Blood, there lie and grovel on the Earth, and thank the
Powers I do not kill thee; away to Juſtice with the Traitors.

Pal. If there be a Torment beyond this Sight,
Then lead me to it, that I may taſte all
The Variety of Miſery, and
Grow compleatly wretched.
Oh, inhuman Cruelty!
Slaves give me Way, that ſwift as Lightning,
I may daſh him dead that wrong'd *Lucaſia*.
You ſpiteful Powers ſhow'r all your Curſes down,
Augment the Weight, and ſink me all at once.

Grav. Away with the Traitor.

Pal. Oh! Let me firſt embrace my Love, my Wife.

Grav. By Hell, he ſhall not.

Pal. *So when a Ship by adverſe Winds is toſt,*
And all the Hopes to gain the Port is loſt,
The trembling Mariners to Heaven cry,
And all in vain, for no Relief is nigh.
Around fierce Terrors ſtrike their aking Sight;
So I when ſhut from that all-charming Light,
Like them muſt plunge in everlaſting Night.
[Exit. forc'd off.

Grav. I'll to the Governor, and urge my injur'd Suit. *Roſco* and *Irus*, guard that wretched Woman; take Care that ſhe neither ſends nor receives a Meſſage. [*Exit.*

Roſco. Yes, my Lord.

Eug. My very Heart bleeds to ſee two ſuch faithful Lovers parted; methinks my Lord's too cruel in this Action.

Roſ. Ay, ay, Friend; but we are to obey, not to diſpute his Will.

Eug. I can ſcarce forbear revealing myſelf, but I will reſerve it for a fitter Hour; her Griefs ſo great, I fear it has deprived her of her Senſes; look up, Madam.

Luc. Where's my *Palante*, gone to death? Oh Heav'n!

Then

Then ſhall I be mad indeed? what are you,
Officers of Juſtice? I'm ready, Sir.

Eug. No, Madam, I am one my Lord your Father left to attend you.

Luc. Attend me! alas, I need no Attendance.

Eug. Do not reject my Service.

Luc. All Service comes too late to miſerable me;
My Fortune's deſperate grown.

Eug. Believe me, Madam, I have a feeling Woe;
A greater your own Brother could not have:
Think not I'm ſuborn'd to do you wrong,
By all the Powers I'm your truſty Friend,
Command me any Thing, and try my Faith.

Roſ. This is a rare ſpoken Fellow; I can't put in a Word.

Luc. Oh! 'tis moſt prodigious;
Cou'd I loſe Pity in a Father's Breaſt,
And find it in a Stranger's? I ſhall not
Live to thank you, Sir, but my beſt Prayers go
With you.

Eug. 'Tis not for Thanks, nor for Reward I look,
But the ſacred Love I bear to Virtue,
Makes me offer this.

Luc. Surely this poor Man is nobly bred, howe'er
His Habit ſpeaks him. [*Aſide.*
All Phyſic comes too late to my ſick Mind,
Since there's no Hopes of my *Palante*'s Life.

Eug. Unleſs the Governor will pleaſe to pardon him, 'twas good that he were mov'd.

Roſ. Be not ſo forward, Friend, I ſay; in my Conſcience this Fellow will betray *Eugenio* lives.

Eug. Peace, Fool.

Roſ. You are ſomething free, methinks.

Luc. Who ſhall dare to make that Supplication?
My Father and the Count of *Pirro* rules;
Yet I wou'd venture, if I knew which Way.

Eug. So meritorious is the Act, that I wou'd ſtand the Teſt in giving you the Liberty to ſue.

Roſ. How, Sir?

Eug. Peace, Muckworm, or my Sword ſhall ſtop thy Breath for ever.

Roſ. A deſperate Fellow this, I dare not contradict him.

Luc.

Luc. A thouſand Bleſſings on you for your Care,
Yet, I will go, grant it ye Powers above;
If you had e'er Regard to injur'd Love:
Teach me ſuch Words as may his Pity move;
Let it pierce deep into his ſtony Heart,
In all my Sufferings make him feel a Part.
Oh make him feel the Pangs of ſharp Deſpair,
That he may know what wretched Lovers bear:
My Sighs and Tears ſhall with Intreaties join,
That he would ſave Palante's *Life, or ſentence mine:*
But if relentleſs to my Prayers he be,
And he muſt fall, then welcome Deſtiny.
Fate does our Lives ſo cloſe together twine,
Who cuts the Thread of his unravels mine. [Exeunt.

SCENE *the Governor's Houſe.*

Enter the Governor and Count Pirro.

Gov. Welcome, my deareſt Nephew, you are grown a Stranger to the Court of late, tho' you know my aged Sight receives no Joy without you; but I can forgive you ſince Love is the Cauſe: I hear you have the Lord *Gravello*'s Conſent to marry the fair *Lucaſia.*

Pirro. I had, my Lord, but am unjuſtly robb'd of that fair Prize you mention; my promis'd Bride is ſtolen by *Palante,* Lord *Euphenes*'s Foſter-Son, a Man far unworthy of *Lucaſia*'s Love; her Father with Officers are gone to apprehend 'em——and bring 'em here before you to receive their Doom: Oh, Uncle, if ever you had a Kindneſs for me; if the being ally'd to you by Blood, or aught I have done, or can hereafter do, let me intreat you to give the Law its utmoſt Courſe: Young *Clerimont* too aſſiſted in the Rape.

Gov. Fear not, Nephew, the Law ſhall have its Courſe, and they ſhall ſurely die.

Enter Euphenes *and Count* Gravello *at ſeveral Doors.*

Euph. My Lord, the Governor, I am come begging to you, for *Pelante* my Foſter-Son, whom, Childleſs, I adopted for my own; for him I plead.

Gov. What is his Offence?

Euph. No heinous Crime, my Lord, no treaſonable Plot againſt your Perſon or the State, for then theſe aged Cheeks wou'd bluſh to aſk Pardon. No crying Murder ſtains his Hands, his Fault is only Love: Unfortunately he has married the Daughter and Heireſs to that proud Lord that follows, and ſeeks the laſt Extremity.

Grav.

Grav. I ſeek no more than what the Law will give; I am abus'd, my Lord, my Daughter is ſtoll'n, the only Comfort of my Age: Juſtice, my Lord, 'tis Juſtice that I aſk.

Pirro. To his juſt Suit I bend my Knees—be not biaſs'd by aught but Juſtice.

Euph. Thou ſpeakeſt like an Enemy, call it Revenge—— not Juſtice——My Lord.——

Gov. I'll hear no more, be ſilent; if the Law will ſave him, he ſhall live, if not, he dies; yes, my Lord, you ſhall have Juſtice —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Gravello's *Houſe.*

Enter Larich, Franciſco, *and* Lavinia.

Lar. Body o'me! here's mad Work abroad, my Niece is ſtolen: I'm reſolv'd to make ſure of you; the Prieſt ſhall join you inſtantly.

Fran. Haſte, Sir, to conſummate our Joy:
I'll call the Muſes from their ſacred Hill,
To emulate your Daughter's Beauty;
And I'll, myſelf, in lofty Numbers ſing my own
Epithalamium.

Lar. Firſt, I'll puniſh that Impoſtor ——— Here, bring in the Priſoner.

Lav. Oh! I fear we are undone, *Franciſco*,

Fran. Pray, Father, delay not my exorbitant Deſires.

Lar. But for a Moment, learn'd Son,
And thy exorbitant Deſires ſhall be ſatisfied.

Enter Sancho *and* Triſtram, *forc'd in by Servants.*

San. Hey-day! What's the Matter now: Is the old Gentleman grown generous? Muſt we take a Bottle in his own Houſe, ha?

Lar. Sirrah, you are a very impudent Impoſtor.

San. Hey, what's here, Frank in my Cloaths? what is there a Play to be acted? ha? what Part muſt I play? I have acted a Part at the College e'er now, Pox on't, that College will run in my Head, prythee what am I to play, *Franciſco*.

Fran. The Fool, Sir.

San. That's ſomething blunt tho' *Frank*.

Lar. Ha! what do I hear? *Franciſco?* ſure that's the Fellow my Daughter is in Love with, I muſt enquire into this.

Fran. My Reverend Patree, I hope you'll not credit this illiterate Idiot, you knew me by my Scholaſtic Breeding.

San. Why what does he mean now? Breeding! why, why,

why, why, you wer'nt half ſo long at *Salamanca* as I, *Frank*, if you go to that *Triſtram*, where are my Books, *Triſtram*? we'll ſoon ſee who's moſt learn'd.

Γέρων πίθηκος οὐχ ἁλίσκοται πάγις.

You muſt not think to catch old birds with Chaff.

Δὶς διὰ πασῶν ἐστι πρὼ ἄλληλα.

He knows not a Hawk from a Handſaw.

Fran. The Man's diſtracted, Sir, away with him to Priſon.

San. To Priſon! nay, then the Truth ſhall out, that Habit's mine, and theſe Cloaths are his, he told me that this Lady wou'd hate a Scholar, and taught me how to act the Bully, fackins he did now, aſk *Triſtram* elſe.

Lar. Here's ſtrange juggling, I believe neither of you is Seignior *Sancho*'s Son.

Triſt. Bleſs me, Sir, do you doubt my Maſter? why he's as like my old Maſter as if he was ſpit out of his Mouth.

Lav. Methinks now by the Deſcription, Father, this Scholar muſt needs be Don *Sancho*, and this aukward Beau but a Pretender.

Lar. Peace, I'll have none of your Judgment.

San. A Pretender, odſbud, I find ſhe is in Love with a Scholar, what a Sot was I to be perſuaded to change my Habit, I ſhall be fobb'd of my Miſtreſs, by and by, why *Frank*, why thou wilt not fob me wilt thou.

Lar. Right, that Project will take, —— come who produces me a Letter from my Friend, I know the Hand, and that ſhall decide the Buſineſs.

Triſt. Here, here, Sir, here's Letters. [*Pulls out a Leather Pouch with Letters, and gives it to* Larich.

San. That's my Father's Hand, I can aſſure you, Sir, but the Stile is *Solomon*'s, they are freight with Wiſdom, but my Father pays the Poſtage.

Lav. Now we're undone, we are certainly betray'd.

Fran. Have Courage, I will ſtill be near thee, and prevent this Marriage or loſe my Life.

Lav. My Woman ſhall give you Notice of their Proceedings.

Lar. I am convinc'd, and worthy Sir, I aſk your Pardon, what an Eſcape have I had.

San. Pr'ythee *Frank* don't frown ſo, faith I forgive thee with all my Heart.

Fran. Away you Dolt——

San.

San. Packings *Triſtram*, he's woundy out of Humour, I ve fob'd him now Faith, he, he, he.

Lar. Sir, I deſire your ſcholaſtic Breeding wou'd quit my temporal Habitation to *Franciſco*, leaſt I commit you to a cloſer Place, and thank this Gentleman for your Liberty, 'tis becauſe he has ſome ſmall Acquaintance with you, that I don't proceed in a rougher Manner.

Fran. I am defenceleſs now, but I ſhall find a Time. [*Exit.*

Lar. To be hang'd I hope, come Mrs. I ſuppoſe you had a Hand in this wiſe Plot, I'll prevent your Stratagems, I'll nooſe and fetter you in the Chains of Wedlock, then if you plot, let *Sancho* look to't.

For when they are wed the Father's Care is done,
Triſt. *And the poor doting Huſband's juſt begun.*

ACT IV. SCENE *the Governor's Houſe. The Governor in a Chair reading.*

Gov. I Have been ſearching over all our *Sicilian* Laws, and know they cannot find one Clauſe to ſave *Palante*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A Lady without, my Lord will not be denied your Preſence.

Gov. Admit her.

Enter Lucaſia.

Luc. Pardon me, Sir, for preſſing thus rudely
On your Privacy, I know 'tis boldneſs.
But I hope the Hour's propitious to me,
Finding you alone, and free from Buſineſs,
I promiſe myſelf I ſhall be heard with Patience.

Gov. Were the Buſineſs of the World at ſtake, ſuch Beauty would claim a Hearing, ſpeak Madam.

Luc. Thus low I beg for poor *Palante's* Life.

Gov. Ha!

Luc. Oh, Sir.
If ever Pity touch'd your gen'rous Breaſt,
If ever Virgin's Tears had Power to move,
Or if you ever lov'd and felt the Pangs
That other Lovers do, pity, great Sir,
Pity and pardon two unhappy Lovers.

Gov. Your Life is not in Queſtion, Madam,

Luc.

Luc. If *Palante* dies, I cannot live, for we
Have but one Heart, and can have but one Fate.
Gov. What I can do, I will to ſave him, but Law muſt have its Courſe, riſe Madam.
Luc. Never till———
The gracious Word of Pardon raiſes me,
There's Pity in your Eye, oh! ſhew it, Sir!
And ſay that he ſhall live, 'tis but a Word,
But oh, as welcome as the Breath of Life,
Why will you part two Hearts that Heav'n has join'd?
He is my Huſband, Sir, and I his wedded Wife.
Gov. That can plead no Excuſe, for 'tis your Crime, but if I ſhou'd incline to pity you, what wou'd you return? what wou'd you do to purchaſe the Life of him you hold ſo dear?
Luc. You cannot think the Thing I would not do.
Speak, Sir, and lay it but in my Power,
And even beyond my Power I will attempt.
Gov. You wou'd be thankful then ſhou'd I pardon him?
Luc. If I were ever thankful unto Heav'n
For all that I call mine, my Health and Being.
Cou'd I then be unthankful unto you,
For a Gift I value more than thoſe?
Without which all other Bleſſings will be taſteleſs.
Gov. Thoſe that are thankful ſtudy to requite, wou'd you do ſo?
Luc. As far as I am capable I will,
Tho' I can ne'er make ample Satisfaction,
All my Services to you are Duty,
But to thoſe Pow'rs above that can requite
That from their waſteleſs Treaſure daily heap
Rewards more out of Grace than Merit on
Us Mortals;
To thoſe I'll pray that they wou'd give you, Sir,
More Bleſſings, than I have Skill to aſk.
Gov. There riſes one Way and but one to ſave him.
Luc. Oh! name it, Sir, [illegible]
Swift as the Arrow from the Archer's Hand
My trembling Feet may fly to your Command,
Oh! you have rais'd me from the Gulph of Grief
To that bleſt comfortable Region, Hope,
My Senſes all dance in the Cirque of Joy,
My raviſh'd Heart leaps up to hear your Words,
And ſeems as 'twou'd come forth to thank you.

Say,

Say, how, how ſhall I ſave him?

Gov. Marry my Nephew *Pirro* and *Palante* lives.

Luc. Oh! unexpected Turn of rigid Fate,
Cruel, Sir, far more cruel than my Father.
Why did you raiſe me to a Height of Joy?
To ſink me in a Moment down again,
In what a ſad Dilemma ſtands my Choice,
Either to wed the Man my Soul moſt loaths,
Or ſee him die for whom alone I live.
To break my ſacred Vows to Heav'n and him,
To ſave a Life which he would ſcorn to take
On Terms like thoſe, name any Thing but that,
You are more juſt than to enforce my Will,
Why ſhould I marry one I cannot love,
And ſure I am I cannot love Count *Pirro*,
Love him! no, I ſhou'd deteſt and loath him,
The Cauſe that made him mine, wou'd hourly add
Freſh Matter for my Hate.

Gov. You have your Choice, I ſwear by Heaven never to pardon him, but upon theſe Conditions.

Luc. Oh! I am miſerable.

Gov. 'Tis your own Fault, come conſider Madam, *Palante* will thank you for his Life, and if you let him die, you are the Tyrant.

Luc. I ſhou'd be ſuch if I ſhou'd ſave him thus.
Since you have ſwore not to ſave him upon
Other Terms, I'll ſhew a dutcous Cruelty
And rather follow him in Death than ſo
To buy his Life, no, I deſpiſe the Price.
Why do I breathe my Woes, or beg for Mercy here;
Or hope to find plain Honeſty in Courts?
No, their Ears are always ſtopp'd againſt Juſtice,
Avarice and Pride ſupplies the Place of Pity.
So may juſt Heav'n when you for Mercy ſue,
As you have ſtifled me to pardon you. [Exeunt ſeverally.

SCENE *Count* Gravelio's *Houſe*.

Enter Larich, Lavinia, Sancho *and* Triſtram.

Sanc. Is the Prieſt ready *Triſtram*?

Triſt. Yes, yes, Sir, a Prieſt and a Lawyer are always in Readineſs; their Tongues are the chief Inſtrument belonging to their Trade, with which they commonly do more Miſchief than all the Surgeons in the Kingdom can heal, he

waits in the next Room, Sir, if you can get the Lady in the Mind.

Lar. You are witty Sirrah, but no more of your Jeſts, do you hear, leaſt I make you experience, there's ſomething elſe can do Miſchief beſides their Tongues, come Miſtreſs what you are in the Dumps now, are you? dry up your Eyes and go about it chearfully, or I'll turn you out of Doors, I aſſure you.

Law. Good, Sir, conſider.

Lar. Conſider! no I won't conſider, nor ſhall you conſider upon ought but what I'd have you.

Law. Sir, do you perſuade him [*To* Sanch.] think how unhappy I ſhall make you.

San. Make me happy firſt, and then I'll do any Thing you'd have me.

Triſt. The wiſeſt Bargain I ever heard my Maſter make.

Law. What wou'd you do, Sir, with me that cannot love you? Alas I was engaged long before I ſaw you, you may be happier far elſewhere, go court ſome Nymph whoſe Heart's intirely free, ſuch only can be worthy of your Love.

San. For my Part I don't know what to ſay.

Lar. 'Zdeath ſhe'll perſuade him by and by to quit his Pretences to her,——come, come, come Miſtreſs no more of your Cant. [*Pulls her by the Arm.*] It ſhall avail you nothing I'll promiſe you.

Law. Good, Sir, hold a little, Don *Sancho* ſeems diſpoſed to hear Reaſon.

San. Why ay truly, for my Part methinks 'tis a Pity to vex the Lady ſo.

Law. Beſides, Sir, 'tis for his ſake I do it, to make him eaſy, and to prevent his eternal Shame and Torture.

San. Poor Fool, how hard it is, ay, ay, I know 'tis for my Sake, pray, Sir, hear her—pray do for my Sake as ſhe ſays.

Lar. Pooh Fool.

San. Shall ſhe ſay more for my Sake, than you'll hear? rather that is to be.

Lar. Well Huzzy, conſider what you ſay, for if it be'nt to the Purpoſe, as I'm ſure it won't——look to't.

Law. Before your haſty Raſhneſs betrays us to eternal Woe, revoke your harſh Command.

Lar. Ay, I knew that would follow, and this is all you have to ſay, Miſtreſs, ha? come, come Wife, I'll wed you.

Law. Something I have to ſpeak, but know not in what Words to dreſs my Thoughts fit for me to ſpeak, or you to hear.

hear, oh ſpare the poor Remains of my already too much violated Modeſty, -- Heav'n can I do this, but there is no other Way. [*Aſide.*

Lar. How? how? how's that? Modeſty! why what a Duce is the Matter with your Modeſty, ha?

Lav. Oh! Sir, force me not to wrong a Man whoſe Father I have ſo often heard you ſay, you lov'd, think what ſure Diſgrace will follow, how will it reflect upon your Name and Family, when I ſhall be found no Virgin.

Lar. Ha! no Virgin? take Heed Minion that you ſtain not the Honour of my Houſe, for if you do, I ſwear by the beſt Blood in *Sicily*, my Sword ſhall do me Juſtice.

Lav. Now help me Courage, and forgive me Heaven my Reſolutions, Death or my *Franciſco*. [*Aſide.*

I throw myſelf beneath your Feet, thus proſtrate beg for Mercy, that I have deſerved Death my guilty Bluſhes own, the mighty Secret hangs upon my Tongue, but Shame refuſes Utterance to my Words.

Lar. I'm all of a cold Sweat, Heav'ns! how I dread the End of her Diſcourſe.

San. Pray Father let her riſe, or I ſhall weep too.

Triſt. Nay, I'll ſay that for my Maſter, he's as tractable as a Monkey, and generally does what he ſees other People do. [*Aſide.*

Lav. Oh! let it ſtill remain unknown, and rather baniſh me, confine me to ſome horrid Deſart, there to live on Roots and withered Graſs, and with the falling Dew, ſtill quench my Thirſt, and laſtly to ſome ſavage Monſter be a Prey, e'er I divulge my Shame.

San. I can hold no longer. [*Cries aloud.*

Lar. On, for I'll hear it all, tho' thou ſhalt live no longer than thou haſt told thy Tale.

Lav. Sure ne'er before was Maid thus wretched, Oh *Franciſco*! I give thee here the greateſt Proof of Love that ever Woman gave——if it muſt out, then with it take my Life, but Oh! ſpare the innocent Babe.

Lar. Ha! the Babe?

Lav. Oh! I am with Child.

Lar. Then die both, and both be damn'd. [*Offers to ſtab her, but is prevented by* Sancho *and* Triſtram.

Sanc. Oh, Lord, Sir, for Heavens Sake, Sir, are you mad, help *Triſtram*.

Lar. 'Zdeath a Whore! Oh thou Scandal of my Blood.

San. Egad I'm reſolv'd to own the Child, and bully the old Fellow a little now —— a Whore, Sir! who dare call my Wife a Whore? the Child is mine, Sir, let me ſee who has any Thing to ſay to't.

Lar. Away, don't trifle with me, I ſhall not give you Credit.

San. What care I whether you do or no, I ſay again the Child is mine, Madam, dry your Eyes, I like you ne'er the worſe, and the World will like me the better for't, it will bring me into Reputation.

Lav. Oh Heavens! what will come on me now, Oh! fly me, Sir, as you wou'd ſhun Contagion, cou'd you receive into your Arms a Wretch polluted by another.

San. Piſh, ſhaw, piſh, ſhaw, 'tis the leaſt Thing in a thouſand, thou ſaid thou didſt it for my Sake juſt now, and ſure I ſhou'd return the Kindneſs, Ingratitude is worſe than the Sin of Witchcraft.

Lar. Oh! the audacious Strumpet, give me Way, that I may puniſh the Offence as it deſerves. [Franciſco *within.*

Fran. Slaves give me Way, he dies that barrs myEntrance.

Lav. Ha! 'tis my *Franciſco*'s Voice—Oh! bleſt Minute.

Lar. Ha! what Noiſe is that? [*Help, Murder cry'd within.*

San. How Murder within and Murder without too, this is a barbarous Houſe, I wiſh I was ſafe out on't. *Triſtram* ſtand by thy Maſter.

Triſtr. Oh, Sir, I had rather run with you, for I hate Murder in cool Blood.

Enter Franciſco *with his Sword drawn.*

Lar. Help within there, murder, you won't murder me Sirrah, ha? [*Enter three or four Servants.*] run for the Corregidore, I ſhall be murder'd in my own Houſe.

Fran. No, Sir, this Sword can never hurt the Father of *Lavinia*, nor will my Arm guide it to any Act unjuſt, nor is it drawn for aught but to defend my Wife.

Lar. Impudent Raſcal, can'ſt thou look me in the Face, and know how thou haſt injur'd me, Diſhonour'd my Daughter.

Fran. Sir, I ſay no Man has diſhonour'd her but myſelf, and I wonder you ſhou'd tax this honeſt Gentleman with it.

Lar. Ha, Villain! recall what you have ſaid, or by Heaven 'tis thy laſt, 'tis ſafer playing with a Lion, than with *Lavinia*'s Fame. [*Holding the Sword at his Teeth.*

Fran. *Lavinia*'s Fame, what Fame, what makes you ſo cho-

choleric, I thought I ſhou'd do the Lady a Kindneſs in it.

Triſt. Many a Man wou'd have been glad to have got rid of it ſo.

Lav. Humour my Father in what he ſays, for 'twas my laſt Stratagem to defer my Marriage. [*Aſide to* Franciſco.

Lar. Lavinia's Fame! No Monſter, thou haſt robb'd, robb'd her of her Fame.

Fran. The Wrong my Love has done your fair Daughter, 'tis now to late too wiſh undone again, but if you pleaſe it may be clos'd up yet without Diſhonour, I will marry her.

Lar. Marry her! ſhe'll have a mighty Bargain of that, marry a Beggar, what Jointure canſt thou make her?

Fran. I am poor, I muſt confeſs in regard of your large Wealth, but I ſwear by all Things that can bind, 'twas not your Wealth was the Foundation of true-built Love, it was her ſingle uncompounded ſelf, her ſelf without Addition that I lov'd, which ſhall ever in my Heart out-weigh all other Womens Fortunes with themſelves, and were I great, great as I cou'd wiſh myſelf for her Advancement, no ſuch Bar as Fortune's Inequality ſhou'd ſtand betwixt our Loves.

Lar. Say you ſo, Sir, why then take her—— there hang, drown'd or ſtarve together, I care not which, but never come within my Doors more. [*Throws her to him. Exit.* Larich.

San. Hey day, what have I loſt my Miſtreſs then, why what muſt I ſay to my Father, *Triſtram*, who'll run ſtark mad without Hopes of a Grandſon.

Triſt. Oh, Sir, if this Gentleman had not put in his Claim, here had been one ready to his Hands.

San. Ah Pox on't, 'tis damn'd unlucky, but come let's to the Tavern and drink away Sorrow. [*Exunt.*

Fran. Come my fair *Lavinia*, and find a Father in thy Huſband's Arms, oh thou charming Excellence, thou ſomething better ſure than ever Woman was, the matchleſs Proof that thou haſt given of thy Love ſhall be recorded to Poſterity——

Lav. It is a matchleſs one indeed, and I ſtruggled long e'er I cou'd bring myſelf to own a Deed ſo diſtant from my Heart, but it has ſerv'd my Purpoſe, and I glory in it now, but my Fathers laſt Words methinks chills my Blood, how ſhall you like the Yoke without lining think you ha!

Fran. Don't wrong my Love *Lavinia*, or think that I can want any Thing when poſſeſt of thee.

Love ſhall make up what Fortune does deny,
And Love alone ſhall all our Wants ſupply. [Exeunt.

The SCENE *changes to the Street, Count* Pirro *and Lord* Gravello.

Grav. Now my Lord ſhe's your's again, *Palante* dies.

Pirro. So noble were the Carriage of the Youths that I could almoſt pity their hard Sentence.

Grav. I admire *Palante*'s Conſtancy, he ſeem'd regardleſs, when the Jury pronounc'd his Sentence, as if he fear'd not Death, but when his Friends came on, I obſerved the Tears to fall.

Pirro. He begg'd very hard to ſave his Friend ———

Grav. And his Friend as eagerly to die with him, truly I think *Clarimont*'s Crime did not deſerve Death, but our *Sicilian* Laws dooms all to Death that have but the leaſt Hand in ſtealing of an Heireſs, but ſee the Lord *Euphenes*, he ſtickled hard to ſave his Foſter Son, let's avoid him, for I know he'll rail. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord Euphenes.

Euph. Unhappy poor *Palante*, the Law has caſt thee in ſpite of all that I could do to ſave thee, I'd give my whole Eſtate to reſcue thee from Death: In thee methought my loſt *Lyſander* liv'd, and in loſing thee I'm childleſs now indeed. I lov'd thee like my own Son, I reſcu'd thee from Pyrates, by which my Child was loſt.

Enter Alphonſo.

Alphon. Thus once again from twenty Years Exile.
(Toſſ'd by the Storms of Fortune to and fro)
Kind gracious Heav'n giv'n me Leave to tread
My native Earth of *Sicily*, and draw
That Air that fed me in my Infancy.

Euph. Ha! either my Eyes deceive me or 'tis my good old Friend *Alphonſo*.

Alph. My Lord *Euphenes!*

Euph. *Alphonſo*, welcome to *Sicily*, I thought thee dead with my unhappy Son, or what was worſe, in ſlavery, where no Intelligence cou'd find thee, for I have us'd moſt Diligence.

Alph. In Part you have gueſs'd aright, for I have been twenty tedious Years in pauling ſlavery, for when the *Argives* ſurpriz'd the Port they hurried me on board, and becauſe I made a brave Reſiſtance, they ne'er wou'd give me Leave to ſet'er at my Ranſom, ſo violent was their Hate, but now worn out with Age, unfitting for their Labour, they turn'd me Home, an uſeleſs Drone, your Son they

put

on board another Ship, and by ſome I heard it rumoured, he being wondrous fair, that they deſign'd to breed him for the Sultan's Uſe, but ſome Years after I heard he was retaken on this Coaſt.

Euph. Ha!

Alph. I conceal'd his Name, leaſt the many Conqueſts you have gain'd againſt them ſhou'd have wing'd their Revenge, and made 'em kill the lovely Child. I call'd him *Palante*, have you ever heard of ſuch a one?

Euph. Oh all ye immortal Powers, the very ſame, I took, and is *Palante* then *Lyſander*, and have I found thee once to loſe thee ever?

Alph. Ha! what means all this?

Euph. 'Twas Nature then that work'd my Soul, and I by Inſtinct lov'd him. Oh my *Alphonſo*, this Diſcovery comes too late, and inſtead of bringing Comfort to my Age, thou haſt plung'd me down in deep Deſpair.

Alph. Alas, my Lord, how have I err'd? pray explain yourſelf.

Euph. Oh *Alphonſo!* the Youth thou ſpeak'ſt of I retook from *Argive* Pirates, I bred him, and tho' not ſenſible who he was, I lov'd him tenderly: He is this very Day condemn'd for ſtealing of an Heireſs, now judge if my Grief falls not with Weight upon me

Alph. Unfortunate Miſchance, is there no Way to ſave him?

Euph. None I fear, but yet I'll try all Means, if my long Service to my Country, my Winter Camps, and Summer Heats, and all my ſtormy Fate at Sea can plead, I will expand my Deeds as *Rome*'s Conſuls did of old, make bare my Breaſt, and ſhew my ſcar'd Boſom to move and raiſe their Pity.

I that ne'er mention'd aught my Arm has done,
Will now urge all to ſave my darling Son. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE *a Priſon*

Palante *and* Clarimont *come forward.*

Pal. OH! *Clarimont*, I ſwear by my malignant Stars,
Death brings no Terrors with it but for thee;
The Thought of thine, and that I have involv'd
In my ſad Fate, my beſt and only Friend,

Sits heavy on my Soul, and gives me double Death:
My Father's Tears, whom now too late I know,
Pierce not my Breaſt with half this killing Grief,
This gnaws me worſe than my *Lucaſia*'s Loſs;
And, like a *Vulture*, preys upon my Heart.
I was rewarded, call'd *Lucaſia* mine:
For ſuch a Treaſure who wou'd refuſe to die?
But thou'rt condemn'd for only aiding me,
I am the Cauſe of thy ſad Fate, my Friend;
Hurry'd by me to an untimely Grave:
Thou fall'ſt for him thou ever haſt oblig'd.

Cler. No more *Palante*———
Why doſt thou call me by the Name of Friend?
Yet think I cou'd deſcend from Friendſhip's Rules:
For ſo I muſt ſhou'd I repine at Death,
Or fear to ſuffer with ſo brave a Man.
To die is nothing to a Man reſolv'd:
Why ſhou'd we wiſh to hold this mortal Frame,
By Nature ſubject to ſuch various Ills,
Which firſt or laſt brings certain Death to all?
Were there no Hand, indeed, but human Laws
To cut the Thread of our Mortality,
Then we had Cauſe for Grief; but when we reflect
We only leap th' Abyſs a little ſooner,
Where all Mankind muſt follow by degrees,
The Apprehenſion moves not me.

Pal. Oh! Noble Conſtancy!———
After Ages ſhall record the Story,
And rank thee with the bravelt *Roman* Youths;
And melancholy Virgins when they read,
In moving Accents celebrate thy Name.

Cler. What baleful Planet rul'd when thou wer't born,
That mark'd for thee this Path of Sorrow out?
Oh! ye malicious Stars, when ye had ſtood
So long the rude Buffets of blind Fortune,
And now juſt as the pleaſing Scene appear'd
I' th' Moment when th' art found of noble Birth,
And led to thy long wiſh'd for Bride *Lucaſia*,
Then to ſnatch thee hence, is twice to kill thee.
Oh! it is the Mockery of ſpiteful Fates,
When we with Labour reach the aim'd at Wiſh,
Straight this unſtable Fairy World removes,
We die, or are daſh'd back again to what we were.

Enter

Enter Eugenio *and* Lucaſia.

Luc. Faithful *Iras* how ſhall I reward thee?
Ha! ſee where ſtands *Palante* and his Friend!
Oh! lead me *Iras*, quickly, lead me back,
Elſe I ſhall grow a Statue at this Sight:
Not all the frightful Noiſe of Chains we've paſt,
And meagre Looks of Wretches in Deſpair,
Are half ſo terrible as this.

Pal. My *Lucaſia!*
Art thou come to take thy laſt Adieu, and
Bleſs my Eyes before they cloſe for ever?

Luc. Oh! *Palante!*

Pal. What! no more? Give thy labouring Sorrows vent,
That like Convulſions heave thy ſnowy Breaſts,
And ſtruggles for a Paſſage to thy Tongue.

Luc. O! I had dy'd e'er ſeen this fatal Hour;
But this good Man purſu'd with Care my Steps,
And ſtop'd my Hand, which elſe had giv'n the Blow,
When firſt I heard the ſad and dreadful News,
That thou, *Palante*, wer't condemn'd to die.

Eug. Still all I aſk is, that you wou'd have Patience;
I'll to Court where Lord *Euphanes* is,
Now begging for his Son, in Hope to bring you Happineſs.
[*Exit.* Eug.

Luc. Fly *Iras*, fly, and bring us inſtant Word.
Oh! my aking Brain is near Diſtraction;
For much I fear there is no Help for me.

Pal. Yet I rejoice in this, I'm found of Noble Birth——
That in ſucceeding Ages, when this Act,
With all its Circumſtances ſhall be told,
No Blot may reſt upon thy Virgin Fame;
No cenſuring Tongue reflect upon thy Choice;
And ſay thy Huſband was a Wretch unknown,
And quite unworthy of *Lucaſia*'s Arms.

Luc. What Comfort's in this late Diſcovery found?
Will the Greatneſs of thy Race protect thee?
Virtue and every Good was thine before;
Yet the cruel Pow'rs are deaf to all my Prayers:
Nor will thy Merit plead with angry Heav'n,
To ward the Stroke, and ſave thy precious Life.
Oh Greatneſs! thou vain and vap'riſh Shew,
That, like a Miſt, dazzles the Eyes of Men,
And as the Fogs deſtroy the Body's Health,

That poisons deep, and gangrenes in the Soul;
But seldom's found t' assist the virtuous Man.
Thou wert———
As dear to these desiring Eyes before,
And honour'd full as much in this poor Heart.
Oh! I cou'd curse the separating Cause,
And wish *Lucasia* never had been born.

Pal. Be calm, my Love, my ever living Dear,
Cease to lament, and give thy Spirits ease.
Oh! hear me Heav'n, and grant my last Request;
May Health, long Life, and ev'ry Bliss beside,
Conduce to make *Lucasia* happy still.
Let nothing fall to interrupt her Joy,
But make it lasting as you make it great.
Grant this, and I to rigorous Destiny
Submit with Pleasure.

Luc. Long Life; no, rather wish me sudden Death,
To rid me of my Cares, and that Way give me Ease.
Ha! I'm seiz'd with an unusual Terror, Fear
And Horror swim in Shades of Night around,
How sad and dreadful are these Prison Walls!
Thy Voice seems hollow too, and Face looks pale.
Oh! my *Palante*, my Heart———
Throbs, as if the Strings of Life were breaking.

[*A Bell tolls within.*

Hark! hark! Oh! 'twas this that it foretold.
Ope' Earth, hide me in thy unfathom'd Womb,
To drown the Call of Fate——this dismal Bell.

Cler. Madam———
Be patient, add not to his Misery;
For whilst he sees you thus, his Soul's unfit
For aught but Earth; th' Approach of Death is near,
A little Time is necessary now,
To calm his Mind to suffer like a Man.

Luc. Oh! Heav'n help me. [*Faints.*

Pal. Oh! She's dying; do not thus [illegible] my Soul with Grief.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Gentlemen, this Bell gives warning, that within Half an Hour you must prepare to die.

Pal. 'Tis very well, we shall be ready.
Canst thou conduct this Lady to her Father's House?

Luc.

Luc. Stand off, and touch me not: No, I will stay with thee; push me from thee, my dear *Palante*; [thee.
For I shall die apace, and go before.

Officers. The Officers all wait to conduct ye to the Place of Execution.

Cler. We come now, Friend, when shall we meet again.

Pal. The blest'd Pow'rs can tell, in Heav'n sure.

Luc. *Oh! all ye Maids that now are crown'd above;*
Did any feel, like me, the Wrecks of Love?
By Tempests torn from my dear Husband's Side,
And made a Widow, when I'm scarce a Bride.

SCENE *the Governor's House.*

Enter Governor and Count Piro, *and Lord* Gravello.

Gover. This is strange *Palante* should be found The Lord *Euphanes*'s Son; but fear not Nephew, the Law has pass'd, and he shall suffer.

Piro. I urge still, my Lord, she was my promised Wife; Her Father so design'd her, had he then been known *Euphanes*'s Son. I urge that, speak my good Father.

Gover. My Lord, I had; yet let me own, I rather wish the unknown *Palante*, had suffer'd for my Daughter, than the Son of one, who tho' my Foe, I must acknowlege great and brave.

Gover. So wou'd I my Lord, but there's no Fence for Accidents; I do expect to be beset with Prayers and Tears, but all in vain; see where he comes.

Enter Euphanes *and* Alphonso.

Euph. Behold! Lord Governor, my aged Knees, are bent to thee,
'Tis in thy Power to wrest this heavy Judgment of the Law; Suspend it at least, till the King shall hear the Cause, And save my Son.

Gover. Base *Euphanes*, your Speech carries a double Meaning, you pray and threaten with the same Breath, we are not to be frighted Lord; the Laws of *Sicily* have had their Course, your Son falls by them.

Euph. Oh! mistake me not, I am as humble as your Pride can wish me; but give me Leave to speak, tho' 'tis my hard Fortune to offend; let me the Anguish of my Soul deliver to that injurious Lord, the Father of *Alfonso*'s, or by the more known Name, *Palante*'s Wife, hard-hearted Man! had'st thou

Theſe Hands ſhall cruſh the Organs of my Life,
And ſtop at once this Breath replete with Miſery.
Lear. Fly, and acquaint the King with her Reſolves;
And beg his Preſence, to allay the Storm. [*Ex. Attendant.*
Leon. Oh, my *Lorenzo!*
For thy Death, curſt be this fruitful *Lombardy*,
May Rapine wake her Genius from Repoſe,
And in her Cities place the Seat of Famine;
May Tempeſts lay her ſtately Fabrics waſte,
And make her Deſolation great as mine.
Lear. Royal Madam!
Leon. Interrupt me not with that deteſted Voice;
Give me the precious Relick of my Love;
The nobleſt *Heart* that ever Man poſſeſs'd;
Nor will I part with it, till Life forſake me;
Nor when I die, for here I'll have it plac'd,
[*Points to her Breaſt.*
A ſacred Pledge, and Witneſs of my Truth;
The ſureſt Token for my Lord to know me,
When in the other World we meet again. [*Exit.*
Lear. Upon your Lives guard her with ſtricteſt Care,
And let no Means of Death be near her.

Enter Agoniſtes.

Ago. My Lord, the King is coming hither.
Lear. 'Tis well; and are my Orders all obey'd?
Ago. Exactly; but ſee, the King appears.

Enter King *and Guards.*

King. Haſt thou in ev'ry Part perform'd our Will?
Lear I have, great Sir.
King. 'Tis well; I've ſent *Antenor* to the City,
To quell the Riots there; and that once paſt,
I ſhall again poſſeſs my Crown in Peace.
Thoſe Drones, pretending to have Stings, appear,
And in full Body would arraign my Juſtice.
In vain the *Fox* wou'd wear the *Lion*'s Skin,
Without the *Lion*'s Strength — But ſay,
How does our Daughter bear her Minion's Death?
Lear. The Royal Dame, like *Roman* Matrons, bore,
Unmov'd and calm, the mournful Tale of Death.
King. Then is half my Vengeance loſt.

Lear. But when I nam'd your *Preſent* of his HEART,
Both Majeſty and Reaſon quite forſook her,
And wild Diſtraction ſhook her beauteous Fabric.
She rav'd, and curs'd *herſelf*, and *all the World*;
Then took the Relick of her much-lov'd Lord,
And vow'd to part no more.

King. Thou doſt revive me with this Story.

Lear. Oh, Royal Sir,
My Heart is ſwoln with exceſſive Sadneſs.
Oh! could my Eyes, inſtead of Tears, ſhed Blood,
They could not, ſure, expreſs the dreadful Scene,
Which by your fatal Order was diſplay'd.

King. Art thou ſo tender in thy Nature!

Lear. Oh! think upon the mourning Princeſs, Sir,
That peerleſs Monument of loyal Truth,
Whoſe Soul diſdains to be out-done in Love,
But vows to die for *Him*, as *He* for *Her*;
Then aſk your Heart, if all's at Peace within.

King. And art thou grown her Advocate, *Lorenzo*? *Antenor* will not thank thee for the Office.

Lear. My Father, even in his Height of Hatred,
Would weep to hear the Sorrows which I ſaw.
Oh, Royal Sir! what muſt your Subjects do,
When that ſad Day to *Lombardy* arrives,
[redacted] your Majeſty muſt yield to Fate?
[redacted] worthy found to fill your Throne,
[redacted] virtuous *Leonora* is no more?
The Child unborn will curſe that haſty Doom,
By which you have deſtroy'd the nobleſt Pair
That ever *Hymen* join'd in Nuptial Bands.

King. Name it no more, I do not care to think on't;
I wiſh thy Father had but half thy Virtues.

Lear. *Lorenzo* gave a Packet to my Hands,
Which he receiv'd, he ſaid, from an old *Hermit*,
With full Inſtructions for your Majeſty.

King. Where is the Packet?

Lear. He did intreat I would return it to him;
And I perform'd his laſt Requeſt with Care,
But the ſame *Hermit* waits without, to tell ye,
With heavy Heart, the great important Story.

King. Admit him ſtraight.

Enter

Enter Hermit.

What wou'd you, venerable Sir, with me?

Her. Theſe twenty Winters have I paſs'd in Prayer,
From Noiſe of Courts, and Buſtle of the Great,
Bound by a Vow to expiate my Sins,
And ſave a Child which thou haſt taken from me.
Lorenzo, whom the Lord *Alcanor* bred,
And ſtill, for weighty Reaſons, call'd his own,
Was only Son to me; his Hand I join'd
Where Love, long ſince, had join'd his tender Heart;
Even to thy Daughter, the Princeſs *Leonora*.

King. Ha! and dar'ſt thou juſtify this Treaſon?
Is the baſe Offspring of a dreaming Prieſt
Worthy to rule, and mingle with my Blood?
I know you well; all your Humility
Conſiſts in outward Form, a mere Diſguiſe
To cover Pride and bold Ambition with!
Which ſtill aſpires to teach and govern Kings.
But know, that Garb of Sanctity, grave Sir,
Shan't awe my Hand from puniſhing a Traytor.
Guards, ſeize him.

Her. Hold! know'ſt thou this Face, my Kinſman, tell me?
Or has thy Memory loſt the Duke of *Milan?*

King. Ha! the Duke of *Milan!* O! my Uncle!
Why wou'd you, Sir, conceal y[illegible]
And draw this Load of Guiltineſs upon [illegible]

Her. When he,
Who now uſurps my Dukedom, drove me out,
From Court to Court, I ſought in vain Relief.
Yourſelf in War, unable to aſſiſt me,
The Tyrant grew in great Alliance ſtrong,
And ev'ry Prince refus'd to ſhelter me;
One Ev'ning, as I walk'd alone in *Venice*,
And melancholy muſing what to do,
Having receiv'd my Orders to depart,
I met a Hermit, who call'd me by my Name,
And told me all the Failings of my Life;
Then bad me enter holy Orders ſtrait,
And expiate my Sins in fervent Prayer.
Full twenty Years, if this I well perform'd,
My Son, he ſaid, ſhould wear a Regal Crown,
And I ſhou'd be again reſtor'd to *Milan*.

But

But if, before that Term of Years expir'd,
I lag'd, or once repin'd at what I bore,
My Son and I ſhou'd periſh -- Oh fatal Thought!
For now I have found th' ambiguous Prophecy;
The Crown he meant, was Martyrdom for Love.

King. Oh moſt unhappy Prince!

Her. This, when I told that honeſt Lord *Alcanor*,
He offer'd to receive my Son for his,
Who then was three Years old, and breed him for me;
Then bound himſelf by Oath to keep the Secret.
I ſtrait took Orders, and finding him recall'd
I ſoon reſolv'd to fix my Dwelling here,
And in a lonely Cell, hard by the Bower,
I liv'd unknown to all but Lord *Alcanor*.
My Friend, upon his Death-bed, charg'd *Lorenzo*,
To pay the Duty of a Son to me;
But told him not how much he ow'd it to me.
The twenty Years being now expired quite,
I purpos'd to diſcover to your Majeſty
The great important Story of my Life;
And, for which Purpoſe, to my Son I gave
The Packet which this Lord return'd me back.
But oh! my Soul, when moſt I hope for Comfort,
I am become moſt miſerable!
Wherein your [illegible] ceaſe to diſe the Horror of my Guilt,
Who will be [illegible] to drive me to Deſpair;
When beauordial of remaining Hope,
That you and *Leonora* will forgive me.

Lear. Help, help the Princeſs; ſee, ſhe comes,
Mad with her Woes, and graſping ſtill the Heart.

King. Open, Earth, and hide me from this Object.

Enter Leonora, *held by her Women*.

Leon. Off! off, Tormentors; off, and give me Way;
Am I a Princeſs, and dare you detain me?
Ha! the King! Oh! let me kneel before you,
For all the Storms of Life will ſoon be over.
Permit me to believe, that once I was
The only darling Pleaſure of your Soul;
Commanded Slaves, who at my Nod ſtill fled,
And were the very Creatures of my Will:
Inform me then how I have loſt this Power,

That

That thoſe who ſhould obey, dare to controul me.
All that I aſk, is to be rid of them ;
I want no Daggers, Aſps, nor Poiſons now ;
All ſeveral Bleſſings for a ſpeedy Death ;
But only Leave to lay a Father's Preſent
Next my poor Heart, and ſleep my Cares away.

King. Look up, my Child, behold thy Father mourns
Thy too unhappy worthy Huſband's Fall.
Oh ! let my Penitence attone my Crime ;
See, *Leonora*, Nature is revers'd ;
A weeping Father kneeling to his Child.
Oh ! promiſe me that thou wilt live, my Daughter,
And we will all revere thy Huſband's Mem'ry :
For him a Monument ſhall ſtraight be rais'd ;
The *Parian* Marble, and *Corinthian* Braſs,
And Gold from *India* ſhall the Pile adorn ;
And yearly all his Soldiers gather round,
To hear Orations in his Praiſe for ever,
Whilſt I reſign my Crown and Rule to thee.

Leon. Oh! poor Temptation to a wretched Life !
What is a Crown, compar'd with what I feel ?
Can Crowns allay Extremity of Woe ?
Oh, no ! your Offers want that healing Power ;
And if your Sorrow's real, or only feign'd,
It matters not, ſince my *Lorenzo* 's gone.
Since you have murder'd him by whom I liv'd,
Here, by this precious Relick of my Love,
Which you have in the pureſt Metal plac'd,
I ſwear, and witneſs all ye ſacred Powers
That guide our Lives and pre-ordain our Fates,
Hear, and confirm my ſtedfaſt Vow. [*Kneels.*

King. O hold, my Child !

Leon. No Sleep ſhall ever cloſe theſe Eyes again,
Nor Food ſuſtain this hated Life I wear,
Nor aught profane the Kiſs upon my Lips,
Which from my Huſband I receiv'd at parting,
Till from theſe Multitude of Woes reliev'd,
I re-enjoy my Love. [*Riſes.*

Lear. Oh, Madam !
Why will you puniſh all the World for one ;
For one raſh Act committed by a Father ?

King. Oh ! that my Crown could raiſe him from the Grave !

With

With eager Tranſport I would lay it down.
With more Content, with more ſubſtantial Joy,
Cou'd I behold you in each other's Arms,
Than e'er the Scepter gave me.

Her. I wiſh thy Soul had been thus touch'd before;
Then my *Lorenzo*, then my Son had liv'd.

Leon. Theſe are your Wiſhes, when Relief is paſt;
Why will you cruelly interrupt the Dying?

King. Why wilt thou wound me with thy Unbelief,
And rack me worſe than e'er thy Huſband was?
What Proof of my Repentance ſhall I give thee?
By all the Fruits of Earth and Lights of Heaven;
By that ſuperior Light, the glorious Sun,
From which for ever let my Eyes be ſhut,
If they could e'er behold a Sight more pleaſing.

Lear. Now is my Time. [*Exit.*

Leon. In vain, in vain you uſe theſe Imprecations,
Since in my Breaſt they cannot make Impreſſion;
For he, alas! is gone for ever from me.

King. Oh, my Child! why doſt thou turn thy Eyes away?
And is thy Father ſeen ſo hateful grown,
Thou canſt not bear to look upon him?

Enter Learchus *and* Lorenzo *at the upper End of the Stage.*

Leon. Ha! ſee, ſee, ye Murderers, who comes here?
It is the lifeleſs Shadow of my Huſband;
He's ſent by Heaven to warn your guilty Souls,
Of endleſs Torture, for your barbarous Crimes.
See here my Love! I graſp the Subſtance ſtill;
A tender Father's Preſent to thy Wife;
The beſt and richeſt Gift, when thou wert gone
Oh! it has told me all; and bid me haſte
To fly Oppreſſion, and enjoy thy Preſence.
And now I feel the happy Moment on me;
Life gives way, and I am coming to thee. [*Faints.*

King. Support our Daughter.

Lor. Hold off; let me embrace the beauteous Mourner:
Oh! ſpeak to me, my Dear; my *Leonora* ſpeak:
Thy Soul is ſummon'd by thy Huſband back.
Oh! leave me not to periſh in Deſpair.

King. Ha! what do I ſee! *Lorenzo* living!

Her.

Her. My Son alive ! I thank thee gracious Heaven,
And all that has been inſtrumental to it.

Lor. Oh, *Leonora!* oh my beauteous Wife!
Daſh not my riſing Joy at once, my Love;
Look up, my Fair; 'tis thy *Lorenzo* calls.

Leon. Ha! 'tis he, the very He! Oh Tranſport!
'Tis my real, my dear, my faithful Huſband.
Say how, oh! how haſt thou retriev'd thy Heart!
Or art thou by ſome Miracle ſupported?
Thus will I hold thee faſt within my Arms,
From whence no mortal Strength ſhall wreſt thee forth,
Without the Life of *Leonora* with thee.

Lor. Oh, thou Excellence! thou wond'rous Woman!
How ſhall I requite thee?

King. Proclaim it to the World, *Lorenzo* lives;
No more the Son of old *Alcanor* now,
But Heir Apparent to the Crown of *Milan.*

Lor. What do I hear?

King. Yes, thou'rt of noble Blood; ſee there thy Father.
Kneel to him.

Lor. Am I then, Sir, your Son? Oh, pardon me
If I enquire why thus you have conceal'd me,
So long unknowing of my Duty?

Her. Riſe, my Son; another Time I'll tell thee all;
May Heav'n ſhower its Bleſſings on you both.

Leon. Oh Extaſy! thy Father living and
Mine reconcil'd, and thy dear Life reſtor'd!
'The Joy's too great for mortal Senſe to bear;
'Tis ſure the Epitome of that above,
Which Angels, in their ſep'rate State, enjoy.
There wants but *Antimora* and thy Friend,
To make thee happy too.

King. If thou haſt been ſo very good, *Learchus,*
To preſerve them too, thy King will thank thee.
Embrace this Man, *Lorenzo,* for he ſav'd thee;
And here the Hatred of your Houſes ends.

Lor. I'm all Confuſion! Was I ſav'd by thee?
Oh ſpare my Words, and read 'em in my Eyes!

Lear. I aſk no Thanks; the King has over-paid me,
Since he forgives this only Breath of Duty.
Come forth, my *Antimora,* now no more
Bound by the Duty of a Siſter's Love. [*Enter* Antimora.

And

And oh! I wiſh I cou'd produce *Cardono!*
I did my beſt to ſave him, tho' my Rival;
But notwithſtanding all the Care I us'd,
He expir'd of his Wounds.

Lor. Alas! my Friend.

Anti. Your Pardon, Royal Sir. [*Kneels.*

King. Riſe, fair *Antimora*; I forgive thee.

Anti. Oh my raviſh'd Senſes! tho' I no more
Muſt call you Brother, yet methinks I feel
The ſame tranſporting Joy for your Deliverance,
As if you truly were my Brother.

Lor. Thou ſhalt be my Siſter, lovely Maid;
And the ſame fond tender Care I'll pay thee;
And wiſh I really were thy Brother now,
To ſhew how much I prize this worthy Man.
Yet take her from my Hand, *Learchus*, and,
With her, take the Heart that thou didſt kindly ſave.

Lear. The two great Bleſſings Heav'n or Earth can give me. [*They embrace.*

King. Now thou haſt made me more than King, *Learchus*;
And my Regards ſhall ſound thy Praiſes forth,
And to the World proclaim thy matchleſs Virtue.

Lear. If my Delay of Duty had diſpleas'd,
I wou'd have offer'd myſelf, great Sir,
And dy'd, to expiate my honeſt Fault.
Your Pardon, Royal Madam's what I want,
For all the Grief which I have caus'd in you.
I had no gentler Means to ſave *Lorenzo*,
But by appearing to obey the King.
I us'd the Heart of him *Cardono* ſtabb'd,
To work my Mind, and raiſe a Father's Pity,
Hoping your real Diſtreſs might move the King,
And wake Repentance in his Royal Soul.
My Plot ſucceeded, and I'm happy in it.

Leon. Let tender Maids, who feel the Force of Love;
For ever bleſs, and ever praiſe thy Name.
May'ſt thou ne'er aſk of Heaven or Man a Boon,
But may it be with double Portion granted.
Come to my Breaſt, thou Partner in my Grief,
And witneſs, ſacred Truth, how dear I hold thee.

Exeunt

Enter Captain.

Capt. The Citizens hearing *Lorenzo* lives,
Laid down their Arms, and bleſs'd your Majeſty;
But Lord *Antenor* was in the Buſtle ſlain.

Lear. Alas! my Father!

King. Let this fair Virgin recompenſe thy Loſs,
While all thy Father's Honours live again;
And with a better Grace adorn thy Brow.

But oh! be warn'd by his unhappy Fate,
What Dangers on the doubling Stateſman wait!
Had he prefer'd his King's and Country's Good,
This public Vengeance had not ſought his Blood;
But while the ſecret Paths of Guilt he treads,
Where Luſt of Power, Revenge, or Envy leads,
While to Ambition's lawleſs Height he flies,
Hated he lives, and unlamented dies.

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.

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